Helena Bothwell:

1797

THE BEGGAR GIRL AND HER BENEFACTORS.

1608/361

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF WELCH HEIRESS, JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS, AGNES DE COURCI, AND ELLEN COUNTESS OF CASTLE HOWELL.

A poem, a drama, a novel, which represents virtue in lively colours, models the reader on the virtuous characters, who act without his perceiving it; they become interesting, and the author inculcates morality without seeming to mention it.

LE MERCIER.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

CHAP. I.

Page

A ſhort chapter, containing three occurrences in one day, by no means new in the polite world, though perfectly ſo to the Beggar: an arreſt, a race, and an elopement. - - - - - - 1

CHAP. II.

"Now a widow, and pleaſe your honour, chuſes a ſecond huſband, as unlike the firſt as ſhe can; why, therefore, may not battles, and pleaſe your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?" - - - 12

CHAP. III.

"O momentary grace of mortal men,
"Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
"Who builds his hope in air of your fond look,
"Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt,
"Ready with every nod to tumble down
"Into the fatal bowels of the deep." - - 21

CHAP. IV.

Shews, for the information of travellers, that though inns, except the inn founded by one Squire Watts of Rocheſter, be not places where folks with little money, may be quite comfortable, yet that they are not all alike. - - - - - 32

CHAP.

Page

CHAP. V.

" What is that vice that ſtill prevails,
" Where almoſt every paſſion fails,
" Which with our very dawn begun,
" Nor ends but with our ſetting ſun,
" Which like a noxious weed can ſpoil
" The faireſt flower, and choak the ſoil?
" 'Tis ſlander, and with ſhame we own,
" The vice of human kind alone." - - 52

CHAP. VI.

Shewing an old friend with a new face, and proving the impoſſibility of perſuading a fine lady that it is better to be reſpectable than ridiculous. - - 63

CHAP. VII.

Recommending Lady Lydear's mode of regulating a family to every rich widow, who wiſhes to get rid of a tall overgrown girl without the trouble of deeds and ſettlements. - - - - - - - 78

CHAP. VIII.

Very loving, and of courſe very ſhort. - - 108

CHAP. IX.

" Tell me, ye learned, ſhall we for ever be adding ſo much
" to the bulk, ſo little to the ſtock!"

" Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make
" new mixtures, by pouring only out of one veſſel into
" another?" - - - - - - - - 112

CHAP. X.

The long ſtory, about great folks with hard names. 127

CHAP.

Page

CHAP. XI.

The long ſtory continued. - - - - 146

CHAP. XII.

No end to the long ſtory. - - - - 160

CHAP. XIII.

The long ſtory is at length concluded. - - 184

CHAP. XIV.

" If theſe characters do not take, I ſhall wonder;
" If they do I ſhall wonder not leſs." 204

CHAP. XV.

" Knowledge and wiſdom, far from being one,
" Have oft times no connexion; Knowledge dwells
" In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
" Wiſdom in minds attentive to their own."

On which authority the author aſſures her young readers, wiſdom and love are ſynonimous terms. - 219

CHAP. XVI.

" *A Begging Box,*" *addreſſed to thoſe accompliſhed Authors, who prove the abundance of their own ſuperior knowledge, by writing for Novel readers in a confuſion of tongues, beſeeching them to beſtow their charity on the Beggar Girl, in two lines of Italian from Taſſo, for page* 239. - - 234

CHAP. XVII.

" If there be a ſtyle which never becomes obſolete,—a certain
" mode of phraſeology ſo conſonant and congenial to the
" analogy and principles of its reſpective language, as to
" remain ſettled and unaltered; this ſtyle is probably to be
" ſought in the common intercourſe of life, among thoſe
" who

Page
" who ſpeak only to be underſtood, without ambition of
" elegance." - - - - 248

CHAP. XVIII.

" Human nature is never ſo debaſed, as when ignorance is
" armed with power and inflated with pride." - 263

CHAP. XIX.

The Beggar begins to grow familiar with great houſes and fine manners. - - - 277

CHAP. XX.

" Oh friendſhip, thou ſoother of the human breaſt; to thee
" we fly in every calamity; from thee, the wretched ſeek
" for ſuccour; on thee, the care-tired ſon of miſery fondly
" reſts; from thy kind aſſiſtance the unfortunate hopes re-
" lief, and may be ſure of diſappointment!" - 295

CHAP. XXI.

What befel the Beggar at Mount Pleaſant, and ſhewing the Wiſdom, if not the Politeneſs of the old Adage, " *look before you leap.*" - - 315

CHAP. XXII.

Hiſtory of a Wooden Leg. - - - 335

THE

BEGGAR GIRL.

CHAP. I.

A ſhort chapter, containing three occurrences in one day, by no means new in the polite world, though perfectly ſo to the Beggar: An arreſt, a race, and an elopement.

MRS. BUHANUN and her adorer, Mr. Frazer, we have before ſaid, were not exactly of the ſame opinion with reſpect to our heroine; and from the agreement in the laſt chapter the reader may poſſibly conclude the gentleman's idea of matrimonial management was founded on the liberal axiom, of "Let the wife *ſay* what *ſhe* pleaſe, and the huſband *do* what *he* pleaſe;" and while he enjoyed his own ſelf applauſe, on an arrangement that excluded Roſa not only from preſent, but future claims on the Major's fortune.

Mrs. Buhanun, in order to give ſome part of this day to *buſineſs* and *Mr. Frazer*, permitted Kattie to dine out without her, and ſtrolled into town, to make ſome purchaſes againſt the race days, on which ſhe pre-determined Kattie ſhould be more than captivating. The heart of the proud mother, while ſelecting ornaments for her idol, was expanded, and ſhe condeſcended to make the lady who meaſured the ribbons a confidante of the ill-treatment ſhe had for a ſeries of years patiently ſubmitted to from her deceaſed huſband and his colleagues; ſhe concluded the affecting recital

with the ſtory of the birth, parentage, education, and entrance into Caſtle Gowrand of Roſa Wilkins, a beggar, who had been received into her family as a relation of the Buhanun's, and largely conſidered in the Will of Wallace Buhanun; the whole of which was fabricated to impoſe on, and inſult her.

Mrs. Buhanun's underſtanding was a literal one; but Mr. Frazer was a man uſed to the turnings and windings of human cunning; he aſſured her, that Colonel Buhanun's letter was all a fudge; that the woman at the burn ſide was herſelf the identical beggar, who firſt abandoned her child, and then prevailed on the infatuated Major to adopt her; thus allowing or rejecting, as beſt ſuited himſelf, the truth of different parts of the memorandum contained in the Major's letters, he had communicated his diſcoveries to Mrs. Buhanun, who implicitly believed every word, and particularly repeated them to the lady haberdaſher, with the finale, that ſhe had turned the beggar out of doors.

Mrs. Buhanun had been a great cuſtomer at this ſhop, having indeed paid more bills there, than to any other of her tradeſmen, and nobody could be more civil to ladies who bought a great number of articles, and paid a high price for them, than the haberdaſher.

Mr. Giblet had begun the world a gentleman and failed; commenced banker and failed; turned ſhopkeeper and failed: During theſe ſeveral failures, it was impoſſible he could avoid having great concerns with writers; and writers in Edinburgh, as well as lawyers in England, chuſe to be paid. Mr. Giblet was now a ſecond time ſhopkeeper, and reſolving to bring all his buſineſs into [illegible]g compaſs, made his eldeſt ſon a writer; [illegible]e might be either plaintiff or defendant at a m[illegible] expence.

Scarce had Mr [illegible]uhanun concluded the tale of her injuries, whe[illegible]r. Giblet bowed to the ground, "He was vary l[illegible] to ſea her luking ſae weel, and vary glad [illegible]ing M[illegible]ſs Kattie wes going to be marred tul the Honorable Maiſter Angus; and vary ſorry tul here ſhe baden ſi[illegible] a dele of trouble aboot the laſs that ſtayed

BRITISH OIL MUSEUM 30 68 MAY

ſtayed with her, and begged to know if her account was tul be cérred tul the general accoont of the famely?"

"Account!" ſaid Mrs. Buhanun; "why what account has ſhe?"

"Only the mourning."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Buhanun would pay for no mourning."

Mr. Giblet bowed, and went out directly.

Mr. James Giblet was one of the talleſt, moſt conceited, and moſt ignorant young men who added W. S. to his name in all Edinburgh.

If Mr. James Giblet, W. S. took any thing into his wiſe head to do, or undo, it was never the *ſhould*, or *ſhould* not, but the *can* or *cannot*, that determined him. True, Roſa was young, accompliſhed, innocent, and beautiful; but when had youth, innocence, accompliſhment, or even beauty, power to diſarm the ſavage ferocity of ſuch a heart as that poſſeſſed by Mr. J. Giblet, W. S. when either intereſt or revenge was at ſtake.

Mr. James Giblet, W. S. was announced to Mrs. Buhanun; he underſtood Miſs Kattie was on the point of marrying to the Honourable Mr. Angus; now the Honourable Mr. Angus had great intereſt and great patronage; two things as acceptable to Mr. James Giblet, as to Mr. Saundy Frazer; and very ready was he to comprehend how he could pay court to the handſome widow.

The mild law of Scotland allows no actual arreſt at the commencement of a ſuit, except in caſes when oath is made that the debtor is going to leave the country; ſuch oath, whether true or falſe, is an actual arreſt, till bail is given the party will not remove; and as this is very eaſy for a reſident, and very difficult for a perſon unconnected in the place, it certainly is a very national mode of proceeding; that is to ſay, it *protects* the native, and *perſecutes* the ſtranger.

Away then went Mr. James Giblet to Leith Walk, preceded by two red faced men of his acquaintance, who interrupted Mrs. Steward in the midſt of an harangue on the imprudence, which ſhe inwardly conſidered as the folly of our heroine's ſigning the releaſe.

The men advanced towards Rosa, Mr. Steward was out, and his wife, gasping herself for breath, explained to her the nature of their office.

"I can't understand it," said our trembling heroine; "I thought the paper I signed freed me from Mrs. Buhanun."

The men knew nothing of Mrs Buhanun, nor any paper; all they wanted was security she would not leave Edinburgh.

"Not leave Edinburgh! I leave it Wednesday morning; I must go; the world shall not detain me."

"Nae trothe but ye mun pay yer deet; we canno let ye gang oot an oor seight."

Mrs. Steward was exceedingly embarrassed; her attachment to Rosa increased with her troubles; but she could not venture to apply to any of her friends on behalf of a stranger, whose story would so soon become the chat of the town.

Rosa knew nobody; she could therefore make no applications; but finding the demand was not from Mrs. Buhanun, she sighing asked the amount.

"We caunna tele hoo muckle et es; but ther's Maister Jemmy Giblet standen oot o the doore."

Maister Jemmy, who heard what was passing, now entered, and agreeably surprised our heroine with his father's bill of six pounds ten shillings, and twenty shillings cost, which she instantly paid out of the money given her by Frazer.

"And now," said she, when Mr. James Giblet and the other two *gentlemen* were gone, "my dear Mrs. Steward, I must at last sell my clothes, to get to London."

Mrs. Steward wept; it was just at the close of a quarter; she could barely make her small income last; could not lend money, for the best of all reasons, *she had it not*; so the trunks were again turned over, and dress after dress taken out.

All her best muslins, laces, &c. were, after two years wear and tear of Mrs. Buhanun and her daughter very much decreased in value, and those of a more common sort were pretty well reduced by herself.

"Here

"Here is nothing, I fear," said she, despairingly; her eye at that instant glanced on a red case, in which, for the last twelve months had lain a broken gold enamelled watch and chain, presented to her by order of the Colonel.

This was an unthought of treasure, which Mrs. Steward knew might be immediately turned into cash; so her heart once more at ease, Rosa again packed her trunks, and then joined Mrs. Steward, in anticipating the pleasures of the race: Reader, our heroine was just eighteen, and at eighteen a race thou knowest, is an important object! more especially as Major Buhanun himself could not, had he been living, have painted the superlatives of Edinburgh higher than his fair relation, Mrs. Steward.

It would be indeed difficult to conceive the beauty of the spectacles, which astonish and delight on the first view of Leith sands during the races: The animated, pleased, and pleasing countenances, which adorn the numerous elegant carriages, and attract crowds of graceful horsemen; the well dressed and well looking middle rank of contented pedestrians; the hardy and industrious of the inferior class, who claiming their annual holyday, pour from their twelve and thirteen floored habitations, and mixing with their more fortunate fellow creatures, hasten to the level sands, between innumerable rows of healthy children, who ranged by maternal care on the side of the hills, with no other covering on their heads but caps, which outvie the snow in whiteness, resemble a hanging garden of blown lillies: The circuit of carriages, down to the edge of the receded ocean; the bird's eye view across to the lands of Fife, to the proud Highlands; the numerous marine parties; the refreshing sea breezes; the crowded scaffolds; the thronged pier; and universal exhilaration of all ranks, form a scene of natural grandeur and social delight, which cannot be exceeded in the known world.

Mrs. Steward hired a coach, and Rosa's wish to join her friends in England, did not prevent her feeling both

both pleaſure and admiration at a ſight ſo novel, picturesque, and charming.

Twice Doctor Cameron paſſed the carriage; firſt prevented from ſpeaking by the cold withdrawn glance of Roſa, and afterwards too much hurt to attempt it. The little party returned, ſatisfied with the excurſion of the day and with each other; and having chatted away the evening, our heroine received from Mr. Steward eleven guineas, for the broken watch, and retired to dream of Elinor, of Mrs. Walſingham, and of the races.

Tired out by the fatigue and vexation of the two preceding days, Roſa fell into a profound ſleep, as ſoon as ſhe had committed her guileleſs ſoul to the mercy of its Maker, from which ſhe did not awake till five in the morning, when the family were diſturbed by loud knocks at the door.

Roſa awoke in a fright, and haſtened to her window; the ſound of voices perfectly familiar reached her from the ſtreet, the moſt audible of which was that of a female in diſtreſs; ſhe could not believe her ſenſes! was it, or was it not Mrs. Buhanun, who in a tone of anguiſh beſought her to riſe and admit her, and whom the inſtant ſhe heard the ſaſh lift up, ſhewed herſelf the picture of deſpair in the ſtreet, her hair diſhevelled, her dreſs in diſorder, and her fine features ſwollen, and disfigured with anguiſh?

"Oh!" cried ſhe, folding her hands, "Miſs Buhanun, dear, good Miſs Buhanun! do not diſtract me; keep me not on the rack, for the love of God; is Kattie; *my* Kattie, my darling, my charming child, is ſhe with you? Say, yes, for God's ſake do, I will love and pray for you as long as I have breath." And down the diſtracted mother dropped on her knees.

Before Roſa could anſwer, Mrs. Steward, who had alſo riſen, and who was always tremblingly alive to the honour of her family, haſtened to receive Mrs. Buhanun into her houſe. She thought Miſs Kattie had ſtayed with ſome party ſhe viſited without appriſing her mother of her intention, and though ſhe could not think

ſuch

ſuch a latitude was allowable, yet fearing the exclamations which were the effect of maternal ſolicitude, would, if heard, furniſh anecdotes to the diſhonour of the name of Buhanun, ſtrove to conſole the woman ſhe deſpiſed.

When Roſa joined them, all Mrs. Buhanun's reſentment, all her prejudice, every trace of unkindneſs, were abſorbed in the ſorrow brought home to herſelf: ſhe ſaw before her an amiable, beautiful, innocent girl, expoſed by her injuſtice to all the ills to which perhaps her own obſtinate folly might by this time have brought the lovely Kattie; nor daring to aſk what ſhe dreaded to hear, ſhe caſt her flowing eyes eagerly to the door, from whence having gazed with convulſive eagerneſs, ſhe withdrew them in frantic terror, calling on Kattie, dear barbarous Kattie! to return to her fond mother.

"Oh Miſs Buhanun! forgive and pity me," ſhe cried; tell me, is my Kattie with you? is ſhe? ah! ſay ſhe is here."

If all remembrance of unkindneſs was loſt in the grief of ſuch a mind as Mrs. Buhanun's, how much more was it in that of our gentle heroine! All Major Buhanun's children were dear to Roſa; and if her heart was leſs bound to Kattie than to the two younger girls, the anxiety of the deceaſed parent, for her welfare, had been ſuch as to inſpire her with ſentiments in her favour. So young and lovely a girl, taken from, or voluntarily abandoning the protection of her only parent, was an event ſo new to her, ſo dreadful to Mrs. Buhanun, and ſo dangerous to the young creature herſelf, that Roſa had no words to expreſs either her feelings or apprehenſion; ſhe ſat down in ſpeechleſs grief by Mrs Buhanun, whoſe haughty ſpirit, ſubdued by ſorrow, gladly accepted her offered ſupport, and wept in agony in her boſom.

Mrs. Steward, more collected, though little leſs affected, endeavoured to aſſuage the violence of that grief ſhe however now feared was too juſtly founded.

Mrs. Buhanun by degrees acquainted them, that Kattie and herſelf had been engaged to ſpend the laſt day

day with Mrs. Maxwell, who having ſome viſitors from the ſouth, had made a party to dine at Roſlin, and go from thence to ſee Lady Clark's hall, of Oſian at Penycuke; that as ſhe had herſelf *buſineſs* of *importance* to tranſact with Mr. Frazer, ſhe had permitted her daughter to go to St. Andrew's ſquare alone, charged with her apology to Mrs. Maxwell; that uneaſy at her not returning, ſhe had ſent the ſervant, at two in the morning, to inquire for her, but the houſe being ſhut, and the family gone to reſt, he returned without diſturbing them; that ſtill uneaſy, ſhe had again diſpatched him to Mrs. Maxwell's, with orders to make himſelf heard, and to her diſtraction and aſtoniſhment, he returned with an account that Mrs. Maxwell having been taken ill the evening preceding the day on which the intended excurſion was to have taken place, Miſs Kattie, who had called, and promiſed to appriſe her mamma of the diſappointment, had not been there ſince; ſo that it ſeemed ſeventeen hours had now elapſed ſince the unfortunate girl had taken the moſt imprudent ſtep a young girl like her could take, and that whoever were her abettors or adviſers, it was a well digeſted pre-concerted plan.

Mrs. Steward ſtill uſed every humane effort to compoſe the afflicted mother, adviſing her to return to her own home, and to keep the affair a profound ſecret, in hope a few hours might produce a favourable eclairciſſement; but to reaſon with a woman whoſe paſſions were always out of reaſon, was a vain effort. Mrs. Buhanun's grief and exclamations were really terrifying. Kattie was an agreeable, good-natured, thoughtleſs girl. It was not in her nature to deſerve an enemy; and the danger ſhe might at this moment be encountering, endeared her to Roſa, while her heart bled for the agonizing ſorrow ſhe ſaw the wretched mother ſuffer.

"Kattie!" ſhe cried, "dear cruel Kattie! why, oh why! have you left your mother? my comfort, my pride, my lovely child! oh! where, where is ſhe! has ſhe indeed deſerted me?"

Theſe

These exclamations were followed by such floods of tears as rendered Rosa almost as distracted as herself.

Mrs. Steward still repeated her advice, to keep the matter, turn out how it would, secret, and Rosa coinciding with her, Mrs. Buhanun, with "all that fond solicitude natural to misery, when it asks of every body that relief no body can give," implored Mrs. Steward to accompany her home.

"Oh Miss Buhanun!" said she, "I fear to ask you; God forgive me! what pains was I taking all yesterday to complete your ruin, at the very time when my darling child was so cruelly effecting my own! Oh Kattie, Kattie! if you had killed me, it would have been mercy."

Mrs. Steward's well grounded dislike of Mrs. Buhanun had been suspended by compassion,-but this involuntary self-accusation made her shudder, and had she been quite as deep in heavenly secrets as Mrs. Buhanun and Mr. Frazer were, when they attributed the calamity at the burn side to the particular intervention of celestial power, she no doubt, would have considered Mrs. Buhanun as suffering under the unerring law of retributive justice; but however ill disposed she was towards her, she abated nothing of her regard for the honour of the name, and solicitous to conceal what she could not but consider as a disgrace, assisted Rosa to support the weeping mother home.

"No news! is there no news of my child?" she asked, in broken accents, the moment her maid appeared.

"Miss Emma, madam, has dislocated her wrist, falling down the stair."

"What business had she on the stair? where was she going? that girl is a perpetual plague,—oh my dear Kattie!"

"She was running after you, madam; she heard you weep, and insisted on following to comfort you."

"She comfort me! I shall never know comfort more,—oh my dear cruel Kattie!"

"Doctor Cameron has juſt ſet Miſs Emma's wriſt; we ſent for him."

Roſa had by this time quitted the room, to viſit poor Emma; the Doctor was leaving the bedſide as ſhe entered: he had been told a ſtrange ſtory of her leaving Mrs. Buhanun, without aſſigning a reaſon, or conſulting him, nay without informing him of her intentions, and felt, as warm friends do feel, a thouſand times more hurt at a ſuppoſed ſlight, than offended at a real injury. He ſtood erectly ſullen as ſhe flew by him to the embrace of Emma, and then ſtalked out of the apartment.

The door had not cloſed after the Doctor, before his heart ſmote him; he remembered her indignant glance, as ſhe paſſed him the day before, and though he was unconſcious of any offence ſhe could poſſibly have taken againſt him, yet there was no effect without a cauſe, and had he then inſiſted on an explanation, ſhe would not perhaps have taken ſuch a ſtep, without conſulting him; he returned.

Jeſſy had been awakened by the ſhrieks of her ſiſter, and ſat upon the bed ſtaring with affright till Roſa's entrance, when ſhe clung round her neck, and wept on her boſom.

Emma's hand was claſped in her's, and the pillow on which ſhe lay was wet with her tears

Roſa did not weep, but ſat in that kind of ſuppreſſion of the expreſſions of ſorrow which is beyond deſcription painful.

Doctor Cameron participated in all the tenderneſs of the ſcene; he advanced and retreated ſeveral times, his under lip in motion, before he could ſpeak.

"What have I done to you, Miſs Buhanun," ſaid he, at laſt; "why are you offended? or why do you act as if you were? have I deſerved you ſhould leave Mrs. Buhanun—leave *me*, without acquainting me where you were going, or what had become of you?"

"You knew, Sir, at leaſt, I had left Mrs. Buhanun," replied Roſa, with unaffected coldneſs.

"Did

"Did I! then it muſt have been by the aid of the weird ſiſters."

"How, Sir! did you not act in concert with Mr. Frazer?"

"No, I never did any thing in concert with Mr. Frazer, in which you were concerned or intereſted."

"No! what, not make out my account? the account of Roſa Wilkins!"

"Roſa Wilkins! who is ſhe? what account do you mean?"

"Not charge my chaiſe hire from Caſtle Gowrand to Edinburgh?"

"Chaiſe hire, Miſs Buhanun!"

"Why mock me with an appellation to which you know I have no pretenſion?"

"By———"

Yes, Doctor Cameron, the moſt ſober, moral man in Edinburgh, one of the heads of the trong church, was provoked even to ſwearing! and did it with as much energy as the heartieſt ſinner.

"By heavens! Miſs, you are mad, or want to make me ſo!"

"I am an impoſtor, Sir"

"I begin to think you are."

"Not worthy your notice."

"You are the devil, I believe."

"Very well, Sir; Mr. Frazer can inform you, Sir."

"Can he? then he ſhall do it immediately;" and the Doctor pulled the door after him with a violence that jarred Emma's wriſt, and made Jeſſy ſtart.

CHAP. II.

" Now a widow, and please your honour, chuses a second husband, as unlike the first as she can; why, therefore, may not battles, and please your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?"

MR. FRAZER was enjoying one of those calm delicious slumbers which witness a quietude of mind, and dreaming of being father-in-law to a Duchess, when Doctor Cameron's loud and repeated knocks at his door put the agreeable vision to flight, for which he was on the point of being a very angry gentleman, when the Doctor entered with a tremendous contraction of black brows, which put apology out of the question.

" I am just come from the widow's," said the Doctor.

Mr. Frazer started up.

" I believe that girl is mad."

" What, Miss Kattie, Doctor? heaven forbid! you surely cannot mean Miss Kattie."

" She may be mad too for aught I know, and I suppose she is; but it is not her, it is that fascinating witch, that Miss Buhanun, I mean."

Mr. Frazer shrunk under the bed cloaths, and repeated, " Miss Buhanun!"

Perhaps had not Mr. Frazer reckoned on Miss Buhanun's being many miles on her journey to Carlisle, without seeing Doctor Cameron, his rest would not have been so calm and undisturbed.

" She talks," resumed the Doctor, " like an idiot; she who never uttered a sentence but to be admired, or a monosyllable without a sensible meaning, runs on without rhyme or reason the most unheard of nonsense, and says you *can tell*; now, Frazer, I know you are sweet on the widow, and if you like her 'tis your affair, not mine,

mine.—much good may ſhe do you; but I can't think, and yet ſhe talks ſo oddly,—you have not ſurely, you could not,—Mrs. Buhanun, I know, can put a great deal of money to certain uſes,—but ſure you cannot have been tampering with Roſa about the legacy, you have too much honour: I have a great regard for you, Frazer; but if—but I won't ſuppoſe it, for it is what I never could forgive."

Mr. Frazer did not like the turn of Doctor Cameron's countenance, more than the tenor of his diſcourſe.

"Have you ſeen her lately?" he aſked, with affected compoſure.

"I tell you I have juſt left her."

"At Steward's?"

"Steward! who is he? no, I left her with your widow."

"My widow, Doctor! you flatter;" and Mr. Frazer bowed his head; but whether in return for the compliment, or to hide his aſtoniſhment, he beſt knew.

Roſa with Mrs. Buhanun! it was a riddle-me-ree to Mr. Frazer, and he was full as loth to believe it as the Doctor had been to ſuſpect his tampering about the legacy; however, he had better ſee his way before he ventured an expoſition; he aroſe and dreſſed, while Doctor Cameron fumed round the room, one moment ready to charge Frazer with duplicity, the next lamenting ſo fine a mind as that of Miſs Buhanun ſhould be deranged.

They reached the palace in very ſo-ſo humour, and found Mrs. Buhanun ſtill calling for, and lamenting Kattie, her dear Kattie! Mrs. Steward and Roſa in vain endeavouring to ſooth and pacify her.

The two executors entered together.

"What's the matter, madam?" ſaid Mr. Frazer, looking tenderly anxious at Mrs. Buhanun. "I thought, Mrs. a—a," directing a ſcrutinizing ſide glance at Roſa; "you were on your way to the ſouth."

"Miſs Buhanun," ſaid Doctor Cameron, "I have brought Mr. Frazer, now, if he can explain your myſtery, I ſhall—"

"Oh

"Oh my dear Mr. Frazer!" cried Mrs. Buhanun, running up to him, and hanging on his arm, "I am utterly ruined, my heart is broken; Kattie! my dear cruel Kattie! is gone,—she has left me,—she is run away."

Oh that I could write as some writers have written; that I could describe, as some authors have described; that I could just now faithfully depicture chains rattling, owls screeching, bats flapping their wings, candles burning blue, or not burning at all, while the shadow of some monstrous hideous figure glides along a tattered piece of tapestry; that I could drag wind, rain, thunder, lightning, and all the jarring elements into the plot; and, oh too! that a mirror was hung exactly opposite to my fair expecting reader, that she might, from her own terror-struck phiz, form some idea of the instantaneous change in the long face of Mr. Saundy Frazer.

"Gone! Miss Kattie gone! how? when? where?"

"Oh me! oh me! I know not; I can't find out; she went out early in the morning to Mrs. ——."

Mrs. Buhanun, who had hung *with* rather more tenderness than was strictly proper, on the arm of her friend Mr. Frazer, till rudely shaken off in the first emotions of his surprise, now made a motion towards resuming her situation, but was frightened back by the loud and rude reproaches which began with "And are you such a cursed driveller," and ended with a declaration "that neither mother nor daughter had common sense."

It was now the turn of the rest of the party then and there assembled, to be terror struck.

Driveller! could the smooth tongued, civil, adoring Mr. Frazer call the divine Mrs. Buhanun a driveller? impossible! and could the divine Mrs. Buhanun bear to be so called, without making one word of answer? more impossible still.

The secret was exactly this: Mr. Alexander Frazer and Mrs. Harriet Louisa Buhanun had three whole days been—man and wife.

When

When Mr. Frazer finiſhed his miſſion at Caſtle Gowrand, perfectly well ſatisfied with the diſpoſition of all things there, he informed the fair miſtreſs of that deſirable manſion, that ſuch was the burning ſtate of his deſires, it was not in nature poſſible he ſhould ever reach Edinburgh alive, except ſhe met him at Kinhorne, and then and there bleſſed him with her white hand; and that moreover, he was in poſſeſſion of certain important ſecrets, which in that ſad caſe muſt die with him.

Either of theſe miſhaps would have been too much for the handſome widow; ſo ſhe ſet off quite alone, in a hired poſt-chaiſe, married Mr. Frazer, and got his ſecret, after which ſhe returned in the prettieſt diſpoſition imaginable, to be a puppet in the hands of dear Mr Frazer.

"To think," continued the bridegroom, "of any woman who was not a downright idiot, letting a forward young chit—"

"Who, Mr. Frazer, my Kattie? my Kattie forward! a girl whom every body admired, bred up under my own eye."

"Angus has got her," ſaid he, without regarding the eulogy from the fond mother on her Kattie.

"Indeed he has not," ſaid Doctor Cameron, not much amuſed by an epiſode he did not comprehend; "if I could have ſeen either you or Mrs. Buhanun yeſterday, I had ſomething to ſay from that gentleman."

"Oh dreadful!" cried Mrs. Buhanun with a freſh guſh of tears; "oh dreadful! to think of the dear unfortunate taking ſuch a ſtep, at ſuch a criſis; why did not Mr. Angus declare himſelf before? that might have prevented—"

"Good God?" exclaimed Frazer, walking about, "there never was ſuch an unfortunate affa'r; but let us conſider, Doctor Cameron, good Doctor Cameron! we are jointly concerned in this buſineſs; if we could keep it ſecret, if it could be huſhed up, there may be be no harm, only an innocent frolic; cannot Mr. Angus be amuſed?"

Doctor

Doctor Cameron was one of those whimsical beings who hated the zig-zaggery of worldly wisdom, and had Major Buhanun consulted him, there would not have been a secret to bait Mr. Frazer's hook with at Kinhorne; in the case of Mr. Angus he really had been anxious to prevent the mistake from injuring the daughter, or exasperating the mother; and he was also generously anxious to see the woman he loved, as she loved not him, move in a sphere suitable to her natural and acquired grace; if therefore he admitted a small curve into his system, it was but "hiding his honour a *little* in his necessity;" but the politics of Mr. Frazer began to open on him with *too much* of that convenient axiom; and well knowing the event he lamented himself, would be of very little importance to Mr Angus, he resolved to come to the point every way; leaving therefore the widow and the two ladies to lament, to consult, and to conjecture, he led the way to another room, with a resolute air Frazer could not mistake, and therefore he reluctantly followed.

If Mr. Frazer had, in the history of our heroine, that to tell Doctor Cameron that would astonish and grieve him; if the pretended zeal for the Buhanun family, which extorted from her the resignation of her legacy, made his heart glow with indignation; if the exposure of Rosa's mean origin inflicted on him a much severer mortification than it had on her, he had that in his turn to tell the subtle Frazer, which paid all with double interest.

No astonishment or regret could be greater than Mr. Frazer's, at finding he had been the dupe of a dupe in the golden advantages he promised himself from Mr. Angus's espousal of Mrs. Buhanun's daughter; nor was his grief short of his astonishment, that he who had

"————— planted in his memory
"An army of good words,——"

should have fallen into the very snare he had laid for others; he had married a widow, for whom he cared nothing;

nothing; who was encumbered with debts, and laden with folly; intending to make her pride, and her daughter's beauty, the ſteps to his own preferment; inſtead of which, he ſhared in the inevitable diſgrace of the family, and loſt the friendſhip and countenance of Doctor Cameron, whoſe acquaintance was both an honour and advantage. No wonder if, on the firſt aſſault of all theſe evils "he fell into a royal paſſion," and regardleſs of the envy it might excite, declared his happy ſtate.

"So then!" ſaid the Doctor, "you have in your great zeal for your friend's family given *yourſelf* Miſs Buhanun's legacy!"

Frazer was now deſperate; he had borrowed the money which he had, with ſuch ſhew of ready friendſhip, lent to Mrs. Buhanun, in hope of having it returned back an hundred fold, and he knew it would be exacted of him; ſhe was environed by creditors of all deſcriptions, that he alſo knew; and, that neither her nor himſelf poſſeſſed the means of ſatisfying them, was a ſecret every body knew; he roared like a tyger, ruſhed into the drawing-room, and petrified both Mrs. Steward and Miſs Buhanun, by his rude and ſevere invectives againſt his wife, while ſhe, who had treated with contempt the gentleman like admonitions of her brave firſt huſband, trembled every limb, and dared not meet the eye of the noiſy coward, who wanted not *will* to do all he *dared*.

The children and ſervants, affrighted, ran into the room.

When Emma, with her wriſt hanging in a ſaſh, and Jeſſy ſtaring with terror, underſtood this was the father their mother had given them, Emma, between affright, grief, and pain, fainted; and Doctor Cameron, who now from his ſoul pitied the poor victim of vanity, was perſuaded to enter the ſame room with a wretch he deſpiſed.

After Emma was carried to bed, "Miſs Buhanun," ſaid Doctor Cameron, "what do you now mean to do with yourſelf?"

Emma

Emma caſt a beſeeching look at our heroine; but the Doctor reſumed; "This is no place for you"

Mrs. Steward hoped Miſs Buhanun would return with her.

Roſa, who though not yet perfectly ſenſible of the injury done the good Doctor, felt her confidence in him return, looked at the affrighted children.

"How," ſaid ſhe, "can I leave theſe dear relics of a friend I ſo loved and honoured?"

"Be aſſured, Miſs Buhanun," anſwered the Doctor, "this is no place for you; you *muſt* leave them; the poor Major did not guard againſt an event like this; the lady named in the truſt with us could only now have interfered with propriety; this miſerable woman will be deſerted by every body; ſhe is already deſpiſed, and will be ill-treated by her huſband; he will keep the children for the ſake of their fortune; but remember, my loves, on the ſmalleſt perſonal ill-treatment you may be taken from him, and while I live you have a friend and protector, who will be zealous and reſolute in your defence; but except he forgets his manhood, conſider the ſtate of your poor mamma; ſhe has now no conſolation but what your duty and affection may afford."

The girls burſt into freſh exclamation.

"Oh their papa! their dear papa! oh that he was alive!"

Roſa could no longer refrain her tears, and they hung on her as their laſt hope.

The Doctor, addreſſing Peggy, who was ſobbing in a corner of the room, committed the children to her particular care, with charge to inform him minutely of their treatment and welfare.

There is, it has been ſaid, one direct road to the hearts of domeſtics; this the generous Cameron could not miſs; but though the note he put into her hand was not accepted without thanks, Peggy was by no means to be claſſed in the number of mercenary ſervants; ſhe was born in the family, and was far more bound to them by love than intereſt.

Roſa,

Roſa, entreated her, for the young ladies' ſake, to conciliate the favour of her new maſter.

"Eh gude lorde!" ſobbed Peggy, "heres a toorne! *my* maiſter! Saundy Frazer, the wright's bairn, tul mary tul oor laird's weedow! hoo can ai caw him maiſter?"

"You muſt neither ſpeak nor think of what he was, Peggy."

"Hoot! nae thenk, hoo can ai help thaut Meſs? En gude Gode, Saundy Frazer gang tul oore braw laird's auld Caſtel."

A meſſenger now, to the ſurpriſe of all parties, invited them to coffee in the drawing-room.

"I believe, Doctor Cameron," ſaid Roſa, with a look he could not withſtand, "we ſhould be friends."

"Cruel Roſa!" he anſwered, his lip quivering, and his eyes ſurcharged with moiſture, "you could not receive an ill impreſſion of me; you could not withdraw your confidence without deſpiſing me; go, I cannot forgive you; oh! you *will* not know me; to render you in my eye the firſt woman in the creation, needs there more than that you ſhould be yourſelf? what is it to me who or what you are; I ſay with your own country poet,

"Let high birth triumph,—what can be more great?
"Nothing——but merit in a low eſtate."

I ſee you pre-eminent in lovelineſs; your voice thrills through my heart; and my judgment is pleaſed with every ſentence that drops from your lips; your name —ah Roſa! would I not with tranſport exchange it for my own; but you have told me your heart could not be *mine*; and did I love *you* leſs becauſe my ſelf-love was wounded; yet you could believe—"

Roſa was affected and convinced; ſhe put her hand to his lip, which he had the reſolution to refrain from kiſſing, and almoſt whiſpered, "The human mind is ſuſceptible of no pain ſo ſevere as that which ariſes from a neceſſity of deſpiſing the object of one's eſteem."—This little quotation, followed by a queſtion half arch, and

and half ſentimental, "Don't you pity the credulity of a friend who was reduced to this neceſſity, Doctor?" made up the painful breach friendſhip had ſuſtained; and at her requeſt he returned to the bride and bridegroom.

Mr. Frazer's features had already reſumed their ſerene caſt; he was particularly officious in ſetting the chairs, aſſiſting his wife in making coffee, and every poſſible attention to the ladies; the bride's eyes were ſtill red and ſwelled, her countenance pale, and a tremor remained on her nerves, which induced our heroine to offer to preſide at the breakfaſt; ſpite of every effort tears would burſt from her eyes, and at length, unable to ſupport herſelf, ſhe fainted away.

Mr. Frazer *ſaid* he was affected; the Doctor adviſed an immediate journey to Caſtle Gowrand.

Mr. Frazer hoped, conſidering the dreadful ſituation of *his* family, Miſs Buhanun would not leave them.

The Doctor's eyes ſtruck fire; he ſaw into the ſoul of the man; no human being could be more unſuſpicious than Doctor Cameron till his confidence was broke; none ſo hard to be impoſed on after.

In the paroxyſm of his rage, in the morning, Frazer had dropped ſome expreſſions reſpecting Mr. Angus, and the ſinecure in his gift, which then accounted for his extreme violence and diſappointment, and now ſerved as a clue to that labyrinth of cunning which had ſo ſoon ſmoothed his pliant brow. The Doctor waited impatiently for Roſa's anſwer, and was ſatisfied to hear her advert to her intention of going to England, and her promiſe to Mrs. Steward, to return with her; that lady, indeed was much fatigued, and her ſituation rendered reſt neceſſary; chairs were therefore ſent for, and the ladies returned home: Mr. Frazer at the ſame time went to his own houſe, and Mrs. Frazer retired to her chamber, to weep her own fate as well as that of a beloved child, to remember the *paſt*, to fear the *future*, to make *compariſons*—to be *miſerable*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

" O! momentary grace of mortal men,
" Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
" Who builds his hope in air of your fond look,
" Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt,
" Ready with every nod to tumble down
" Into the fatal bowels of the deep."

AS it was impoſſible to conceal an event which moſt of the pretty women in Edinburgh choſe to be vaſtly ſorry for, it became a duty in the two executors to unite in every poſſible means for Kattie's recovery; expreſſes were ſent off in all directions, and conſiderable rewards offered; but ſuch an unfathomable myſtery hung over the tranſaction, that ſome concluded ſhe had drowned herſelf; others ſaid ſhe was gone off with Mr. Angus; and others that ſhe concealed herſelf, becauſe ſhe diſliked him; but all agreed in the main ſtory, " that the ſun of bonnie Kattie's fame had ſet, never more to riſe," and followed Cheſterfield's maxim, " of whiſpering it in confidence, in order that it might be more known and more credited."

Miſs Bruce's eyes were really monſtrous on the occaſion; this poor virgin, who was eternally talking without ſaying any thing, hired a chair by the hour, to hear all ſhe could, and tell all ſhe heard. The people of faſhion were pouring into town; and the Siddons, the Kemble, the Crouch, the Kelly, all would have been talked of, had not the elopement of bonnie Kattie of Caſtle Gowrand engroſſed every body that whole day; the next a new ſubject ſtarted, in the ſame unfortunate family, which was the marriage of the widow Buhanun to Saundy Frazer, a W. S. indeed, but ſon to a mechanic! for the introduction of ſuch a being into the family of the Buhanun's, not one branch of it, from him whoſe rank and title are equally reſpectable, to him who ſells ſnuff, at the ſign of the Highlander, Holborn-Hill,

Hill, would forgive Mrs. Frazer; ſo, like the followers of Lear, a blow cut them off, and after them no lady could excuſe, no gentleman pardon, Mrs. Frazer; nor was there now a houſe in Edinburgh ſo dreary as that of the late charming widow Buhanun's.

What a falling off was here! the bonny Ducheſs of A. was all vinegar, the Ducheſs of B. all gall, and the Ducheſs of C. all water-gruel, or the matter. Lady A. hoped the horrid woman would not be ſeen; Lady B. ſhewed her large white teeth to her old man; Lady C. D. E. and F. gave orders to ſhut their doors againſt her; but Lady H. the friendly, benevolent, generous Lady H. was ſorry for all parties, and according to her mode of going where nobody elſe would go, and doing what nobody elſe did do, reſolved to call on the poor woman, when ſhe had time.

As to the men, they as uſual laughed at, and betted on the buſineſs; but what ſhocked Mrs. Frazer moſt was the two puppet-ſhew lords, paſſing in their fine habiliments, to ſhoot in the Links, followed by all the rabble of Edinburgh, without ſo much as a glance up at her window.

Roſa, when ſhe returned to Mrs. Steward's, exhauſted and fatigued, tried without effect to get ſome reſt; her mind had been during the laſt thirty hours in a perfect chaos, ſhe again read Mrs. Walſingham's letter, again looked over that of Elinor, and tried to ſpell the elaborate epiſtle of Mrs. Betty Brown. Her impatience to leave Edinburgh, which the events in the family of her reſpected patron had ſuſpended, returned.

She could not be of the ſmalleſt ſervice to her who had ſo unworthily parted with the Major's reſpected name; the young ladies were now of age to be left to themſelves, under the roof of a prudent mother; that their's was not deſerving the title, was a misfortune it was not in Roſa's power to help; nor could ſhe, by ſtaying, render one recollection leſs poignant, or turn aſide one of the thouſand juſt reflections which Mrs. Frazer's beſt friends paſſed on her conduct.

Ther

There were beſides other ſtrong motives to urge her departure; nothing is more reſpected in Scotland than good blood; while conſidered as even the illegitimate offspring of a Buhanun, ſhe was ſomebody; but the odium of her birth, ſhe foreſaw would imply every thing diſgraceful. The only thing of which ſhe was aſhamed, for poverty had no terrors, was the abandoned life it was known her mother led, at the time ſhe deſerted her, and this was ever a ſource of grief and mortification to her. Frazer had not been ſparing of his communications and embelliſhments, even in her preſence, and no doubt but he had been, at leaſt, equally induſtrious in her abſence; ſhe would become an object of wonder and of impertinent curioſity; her character, which ſhe now conſidered as her only real good, might become involved in the imprudence of the Buhanuns, ſo as to deprive her of the power to return with credit to the line of life ſhe had ſo unfortunately left at Mrs. Harley's, or as private governeſs in a family, which were what ſhe now depended on, as her only eligible reſource. Having in vain courted reſt, ſhe aroſe, and Mrs Steward, on whom the events of the laſt few hours had left a very painful impreſſion, joined her.

Roſa frankly communicated to this good woman the reflections that had occupied her, and Mrs. Steward, though ſhe every moment became more intereſted in her fate, acknowledged the juſtice of her concluſions, and indeed added ſtrength to them, by her knowledge of the diſpoſition of the Caledonian.

While they were talking over the affair a double rap was heard at the door, and the ſervant ſaid, a gentleman deſired to ſpeak with the lady.

The gentleman followed ſo cloſe no denial could be given, and preſented a note to Roſa that called up all the pure blood into her cheek; ſhe handed it to Mrs. Steward, who handed it to her huſband, who very compoſedly turned the gentleman out of the room, and kicked him down the ſtone ſtairs.

Whatever the ſeverely treated gentleman might intend to ſay or do, on this rough treatment, was interrupted

rupted by the drawing up of a coroneted carriage, to which he thought proper to uncover his powdered head, and walked away as faſt as his ſhort legs would carry him.

Lady Hopely had paid Mrs. Frazer a viſit at Holy-Rood-Houſe, where the forlorn bride, tranſported to find one lady of faſhion would ſtill notice her, entered into a full though not exactly *true* or coherent account of all her misfortunes; the whole of which, even to the two laſt, the elopement of her daughter, and her own marriage, ſhe had the ingenuity to aſcribe to the Major's ill conduct, as the original ſource of all; and as it was impoſſible to retrace all her grounds of complaint, without introducing anecdotes both of the burn ſide, and our heroine; ſhe, on the ſtrength of Mr. Frazer's penetration, amuſed her noble viſitor with a hiſtory of Mrs. Walſingham and Roſa, from what ſhe had ſeen, heard, and invented; poſitively aſſerting, that ſame adventureſs of the burn ſide, was the identical beggar woman, who abandoned her child, and happening to gain an aſcendancy over the Major, had prevailed on him to fetch her to Scotland, and not only to give her his name, but to introduce her into his own houſe, and make her the companion of his daughters. The inferences from this ſtory are obvious, as ſhe concluded by obſerving, that really with one diſtreſs and another, her mind was ſo weakened, ſhe found it impoſſible to manage her affairs; and Mr. Frazer being of a genteel profeſſion, a friend of the Major's—and—and"

Mrs. Frazer heſitated; ſhe could not juſt then recollect any other very ſtrong inducement for accepting the hand of Mr. Frazer, at leaſt ſuch as ſhe choſe to avow, and therefore actually did bluſh.

The reader will ſcarce believe, after the mutual kindneſſes that had paſſed between our heroine and Mrs. Frazer, ſhe could have given the above curious anecdotes, without ſome little qualm of conſcience; but the real truth is, Mrs. Frazer was ſo elated by Lady Hopely's viſit, ſo deſirous of ſtill maintaining her rank in the world, by making a decent tale out of one her heart had

had informed her many times in the courſe of the laſt twelve hours, was very, very bad, and ſo agitated by the loſs of Kattie, that ſhe really had run on without intending to injure any one, her whole regards being, as uſual, centered in dear ſelf.

Lady Hopely, among a thouſand eccentricities, not one of which ſprung from a blameable ſource, and many from the inexhauſtible benevolence of her heart, always felt herſelf intereſted for thoſe people who were going out of the favour of the world; adverſity was the ſeaſon of her friendſhip, and the favourites of fortune were ſeldom hers; but in Mrs. Frazer's hiſtory, contrary to cuſtom, curioſity put diſtreſs out of her head; ſhe had mentioned, among other aggravations of the Major's cruelty, the manner in which he had cloathed the Beggar Girl; the education he had given her; the muſical inſtruments, which, by the girl's own account, coſt ſo much money,—the piano forte, for inſtance, and the harp; then the mother's apartment, which, though hid under the ſame thatched roof with Ferguſon's hut on the burn ſide, contained elegancies much ſuperior to any at Caſtle Gowrand. All theſe things ſounded ſo apocryphal to Lady Hopely, that ſhe had the ſtrongeſt curioſity to ſee the heroine of ſuch a romance, and accordingly, without noticing Mrs. Frazer's heſitating bluſh, requeſted to ſee this Beggar Girl.

Mrs. Frazer, not intending to excite intereſt for any but herſelf, was rather ſurpriſed at Lady Hopely's requeſt, but ſhe could not refuſe to give her Mrs. Steward's addreſs; and her ladyſhip on her part was as much ſurpriſed to hear the Beggar had left the good Mrs. Frazer; however, after tranſporting the bride, with an invitation to bring her huſband to dine at Hopely-Houſe, ſhe hurried to her carriage, and was ſet down at Mrs. Steward's in a very critical moment, both for the gentleman who had undergone the ceremony of kicking, and him who had been the acting party; for as the gentleman as ſoon as he could ſtand upright in the ſtreet, gave indications of impertinence, Mr. Steward was neither in the habit or humour to bear,

there would have been no anſwering for conſequences, had not her ladyſhip ſo opportunely arrived.

Lady Hopely alighted from her carriage, and underſtanding on aſking on which flat Mr. Steward lived, that it was himſelf ſhe addreſſed, gave him her hand with an air of frankneſs and condeſcenſion all her own, and was led by him into the ſame apartment he had juſt left, where ſhe beheld Roſa, tears ſtanding on her crimſoned cheek, and her amiable hoſteſs pale as death.

It was very eaſy for Lady Hopely to diſtinguiſh which of the two females ſhe ſaw was her to whom her viſit was intended; but is by no means as eaſy to paint her aſtoniſhment, when our heroine, in the full blaze of lovelineſs, and the confidence which innocence and good breeding is ſure to inſpire, returned her compliments, after Mr. Steward had announced her name and quality, and in a manner equally free from preſumption and ſervility, but full of native grace and internal dignity ſeat herſelf, as ſoon as her ladyſhip had taken a chair, and again riſe with more animation though not leſs reſpect, to reach one for Mrs. Steward, as that lady, leſs collected, ſtood in irreſolute confuſion, wondering what could have brought ſuch a viſitor to her houſe.

The party being ſeated, Lady Hopely, whoſe eyes reſted on our heroine with an expreſſion that apologized for their earneſt gaze, began to feel herſelf embarraſſed; ſhe had followed the impulſe of curioſity in the quality mode, without aſking herſelf if it were right or wrong, and reſolved to ſee the little Beggar, without once ſuppoſing a beggar could be transformed into the elegant reſemblance of a woman of faſhion, with a perſon ſo adorned with grace, and a face ſo beautifully intelligent as ſhould command reſpect; but the proof was before her; and bluſhing at her own precipitancy, ſhe withdrew her eyes from the modeſt brow of Roſa, to that ſpot of the carpet where the note ſtill lay, with a large coroneted ſeal uppermoſt, which had occaſioned the unfortunate gentleman to be kicked down ſtairs.

Lady

Lady Hopely felt her reſpect diminiſh, and curioſity was again predominant.

"And, pray, ladies," ſaid ſhe, with an ironical ſmile which brought the blood in Mrs. Steward's face, "who does Lord Lowder correſpond with here?"

Mr. Steward, without anſwering, picked up the note, and having put it into her ladyſhip's hands, ſhe read aloud as follows:

"I find you are an adventureſs, but I aſk you no queſtions,—I like your perſon—name your terms—my gentleman will ſettle every thing—he has my authority—I am a man of honour.

LOWDER."

"Humph!" ſaid Lady Hopely, throwing the note from her with contempt, "there lies honour! this note, child, is, I preſume addreſſed to you; I ſaw the *gentleman* paſs from the houſe as my carriage drew up; and did he ſettle every thing? you know, I preſume, this man of honour has a beautiful young wife, and ſeveral children by a firſt marriage."

"I have not, madam," ſaid Roſa, riſing, offended at the changed manner of Lady Hopely, "the honour to know more of him than that he has inſulted me, nor of you, than that you, from more curioſity than ——"

"Than politeneſs, I preſume," interrupted her ladyſhip.

"A being of my rank, madam, will not dare to differ in opinion with a perſon of your's."

"Charming!" ſaid the good Counteſs; "if you have but an equanimity of this ſpirit; if you can but deſpiſe this man of honour."

"I have however kicked this gentleman," ſaid Mr. Steward.

It was not only our heroine's face that was now ſcarlet, the lily on her neck and arms was covered by

the impetuous and indignant roſe, and Lady Hopely looked at her as if her fine eye meant to penetrate her very ſoul.

"What a hiſtory has that fooliſh woman been giving me," ſaid her ladyſhip; "Mrs. Frazer I mean."

"I dare ſay a very true one," replied Roſa, who inſulted by a lord, and affronted by a lady, was no longer aſhamed of having been a beggar.

"Impoſſible! it cannot be *all* true?

"To the beſt of Mrs. Frazer's knowledge, I believe."

"And how did ſhe diſcover your mother?"

"My mother!" exclaimed Roſa, bluſhing ſtill deeper.

"Yes, the Mrs. what was her name, at the burn ſide?"

"Mrs. Walſingham?"

"Yes, the ſame."

"Does Mrs. Frazer ſay Mrs. Walſingham is my mother?"

"Yes, that is a part of the hiſtory ſhe has been giving me, which you dare ſay is true."

"Mrs. Frazer's diſcoveries are wonderful, but I will no longer dare to ſay they are true."

"Then you don't own this Mrs. Walſingham as your mother?"

"*Own her!* would to God I could *claim* ſuch a mother! No, madam, you have heard that I am a miſerable out-caſt, taken by a dear liberal heart, that has long ſince ceaſed to beat, from the loweſt claſs of wretches; this is what Mrs. Frazer has told you, and this is true; but know, madam, I am more abject than even *ſhe* has told you; *my* unhappy mother, if alive, diſgraces that ſex to which Mrs. Walſingham is an honour; if I have a father or other relatives, they are of the ſame miſerable deſcription: This, madam, is what I ſuppoſed you had heard, and what I dared to ſay was true; but when to gratify an ill-grounded ſpleen, or to form excuſes for her own conduct, Mrs. Frazer connects my fate with that of her excellent huſband, or the dear woman who till yeſterday I have mourned as loſt; ſhe

diſhonours

diſhonours herſelf, and on herſelf only the falſehood will recoil.

Roſa's ſpirit was high, but it had in it nothing of the termagant; though the ſenſe of mean birth, of extreme poverty, and dependance, had ſomething humbled its natural forte; the pride of conſcious rectitude, innocence, and honour, were eaſily rouſed into becoming dignity; but when theſe were aſſerted, it retreated to its humble poſt, and left her acutely ſenſible of all the calamities of her fate, aggravated at this moment by tender regret for loſt and abſent friends.

Lady Hopely's penetrating eye was ſtill fixed on her's, and it was ſorrow, not guilt, that made her turn her face towards the window, to conceal tears which were at once a pleaſing and painful tribute to the memory of paſt ſcenes; the firſt object on which her tearful eye glanced, were the man of honour and his gentleman ſtriding backwards and forwards in great apparent wrath; Lord Lowder—but Voltaire, among his other preſcient writings, drew his lordſhip's portrait before the blazing of bonfires, ringing of bells, and firing of guns announced the grand event of his birth.

"This nobleman carried himſelf with a haughtineſs ſuitable to a "perſon who bore ſo many titles; he ſpoke with a noble diſdain to "every one; held his noſe ſo high, ſtrained his voice to ſuch a pitch, "and aſſumed ſo imperious an air, that every one who had the ho-"nour to converſe with him, were violently tempted to baſtinado his "lordſhip."

The reader is now as well acquainted with Lord Lowder as he can reaſonably deſire, and we have only his gentleman to introduce. Mr. Linton was at preſent, and it will be impoſſible for us to trace him farther back than his preſent ſervice, the fac totum of Lord Lowder; he had been recommended to his lordſhip, when on his travels, as a deviliſh clever fellow,—and a deviliſh clever fellow he proved himſelf to be; he was the boſom friend of his Lord, the tyrant of the family, the averſion of the firſt Counteſs, and the terror of the ſecond; he was hated by his lordſhip's children, and deſ-

piſed

piſed by ſuch of the Lowder family as cared about their noble chief; he was, in fine, ſo much the kindred ſoul of his lord, that had gallantry been as much in vogue, and the ladies as humble in their attachments as ſome of our quality dames have ſince proved themſelves to be, and moreover, had not Mr. Linton's ſire finiſhed his famous life at a place remarkable for ſtopping the career of ſoaring geniuſes, that is to ſay, had he not been hanged before the birth of the Right Honourable Lord Lowder, his lordſhip and his gentleman might have paſſed for as near relations as many other two brothers in the polite world.

Roſa's tears changed to a half ſhriek at ſight of theſe perſonages; ſhe fell back in her chair; and Lady Hopely, who had been loſt in admiration of that firmneſs of character which had ſo well ſupported itſelf, was, as well as Mrs. Steward, alarmed for her; the concern ſhe expreſſed gave a new turn to the manners both of her ladyſhip and our heroine; the former became all condeſcending goodneſs, the latter all grateful ſenſibility; and thus from a circumſtance that threatened mortification ſucceeded one of the moſt fortunate events of our heroine's life.

Lady Hopely, informed by Roſa of the Major's reaſons for introducing her to Mrs. Buhanun, *only* as the protégée and part heireſs of Colonel Buhanun's fortune, without mentioning the diſtreſs from which that gentleman relieved her, applauded both motive and act. Having formerly known Colonel Buhanun, and being particularly intimate with many of his connections, ſhe was exceedingly minute in her inquiries after him, and warm in her commendations of his protégée.

"But what," ſaid ſhe "can be done for you? If by taking you under my immediate protection, I provoked the clamour of all the tabbies in town, that would not give me the ſmalleſt uneaſineſs; but, my dear, you have the misfortune to be ſo very beautiful, that you cannot hope to be admitted into any family where there are unmarried girls; mine, for inſtance, would never forgive me for bringing among them ſo formidable a rival; and with reſpect to ſettling you in Scotland,

land, women are women all the world over; were you a little beggar *looking* thing, indeed we ſhould all be mighty fond of patronizing you, if it were only for the novelty of the thing; but the Miſſes in Edinburgh have really ſuffered ſo much from the monopoly of all the men, by that fooliſh widow and her bonnie Kattie, that as ſoon as you are followed, which will be the inſtant you are ſeen, all their folly will be given, nay perhaps imputed to you."

Roſa's colour roſe.

"Ay, ay," continued Lady Hopely, "I believe you are a very good girl, but, as I ſaid before, you are intolerably handſome, and that is a crime to which all ſorts of miſdemeanors are attached; I think you will do right in going to London; here, take this morocco purſe, it contains my addreſs; I deſire you will call on me in the winter, when I go ſouth; and in the mean time, if I can ſerve you by recommending you, or any other way, make uſe of me, and don't fail to let me hear of you. Adieu, my dear; avoid *honourable men* and *handſome women*; adieu."

Lady Hopely then ended her viſit with as little ceremony as ſhe had begun it, and was out of ſight before Roſa thought her gone.

Under the ſanction of ſo reſpectable an adviſer, added to the reluctantly given opinion of Mrs. Steward, Roſa became impatient to commence her long journey. A Newcaſtle coach left Edinburgh at four o'clock; it was now two; but in the unabated zeal of her new friends, ſhe found the aſſiſtance of an hoſt; her trunks were ſent to the waggon, and the ſmall ſelection of changes for immediate uſe packed, while a haſty dinner was ſerving; after which a coach was ſent for, and, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Steward, ſhe ſet off to meet the ſtage, which was directed to take her in a little diſtance from the town, in order to avoid any further notice from the *man of honour* or his *gentleman*.

So entirely had Roſa's mind been engaged, that ſhe had not given one thought to her friend Doctor Cameron, whoſe carriage happening to paſs her on the north bridge, he immediately pulled the cheque, merely to

ſay

ſay how d'ye, and to apologiſe for not having called as he had been to Dalkeith on a conſultation, and was now going to attend another in Hanover-ſtreet; ſhe bowed, kiſſed her hand, and the carriages went on.

"Good man!" ſaid Roſa, "how ungrateful ſhould I have been, but for this accidental rencounter; you muſt, my dear Mrs. Steward, account for my ſudden departure. and ſay every thing for me your own feelings can ſuggeſt."

Mrs. Steward promiſed, and our heroine's heart ſunk as ſhe once more paſſed Holy-Rood-Palace and raiſed her ſwimming eyes to the window where ſhe had laboured ſo many weary hours for the ungrateful widow of her lamented friend, and his charming but unfortunate daughter; there ſhe ſaw Emma and Jeſſy ſitting in melancholy obſervation of the crowds which at this ſeaſon of hilarity fill every part of Edinburgh. The idea, that this was probably the laſt time ſhe ſhould ever behold the beloved girls, filled her with anguiſh.

"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "and is this then all that remains of the happy ſociety which delighted the long ſummer's day, and cheared the dreary winter's night; ſweet girls! amiable children! may the ſpirit of your father hover over, and bring a bleſſing on all your ſteps!"

Scarce had ſhe uttered the heartfelt benediction, when the ſtage drew up, and Roſa's white hand waved from the window as long as ſhe could retain a diſtant glance of her friends.

CHAP. III.

Shews for the information of travellers, that though inns, except the inn, founded by one Squire Watts of Rocheſter, be not places where folks with little money, may be quite comfortable, yet that they are not all alike.

FEW as were the connexions, and fewer the comforts on which Roſa turned her back when ſhe left Edinburgh,

burgh, an indeſcribable ſenſation, a mixture of ſorrow and regret, with the dark ſhades a little tinted by melancholy pleaſure, pervaded her mind, as from the back ſeat of the coach ſhe caſt a laſt look at the Caſtle, at Arthur's ſeat, the Calton, the Bas, and all the wonders on which Major Buhanun had ſo ably deſcanted, in their approach to the beloved metropolis of his dear country.

As Edinburgh was at this time too gay and too full both of buſineſs and pleaſure, to be left by the voluntary choice of any of its inhabitants, Roſa was in the ſtage, as ſhe felt herſelf in the world, "alone;" but notwithſtanding every moment removed her nearer to the place ſhe had ſo earneſtly wiſhed to reach, and further from that ſhe had as earneſtly wiſhed to leave, her regret, her affections, and deſires reverted to the land of cakes.*

On looking forward to the end of her long ſolitary journey, there was indeed little for imagination to dwell on with delight; no home to raiſe a throb in her ſinking heart; no kind relatives to expect; no certain friends to greet her return to her native land: If Mrs. Harley exiſted, ſhe was ſure to be unchanged in diſpoſition, but of, or from her it was long ſince Roſa had heard. Elinor's warm heart was ſtill the ſame; but inſtead of governing Dr. Croak and his family, ſhe was herſelf under the commands of her noble relatives; and ſhould the Doctor's miſmanagement of her fortune, render him ſtill the object of their diſpleaſure, even he might not be able to repair the misfortune of the loſs of the franked cover of her letter, as he might be ignorant of the place of her reſidence.

Mrs. Walſingham had indeed, in her letter, declared her intentions of going to London; but ſhe had alſo hinted her uncertainty of continuing there; and even if this were not the caſe, by what clue was it poſſible a being ſo unacquainted with the inhabitants and cuſtoms of the metropolis, ſhould find a perſon who avowedly had ſtrong reaſons for concealing herſelf!

In the indignant ſorrow with which ſhe was overwhelmed at the fraudulent barbarity of Mr. and Mrs. Frazer;

* Scotland is often ſo called by the natives.

Frazer; in the tranſports of joy which the diſcovery that Mrs. Walſingham had eſcaped the calamity of the burn ſide, theſe were reflections that had eſcaped her; but now alone, no body either to irritate or conſole her, her mind ſhrunk from the forlorn aſpect which promiſed in its termination infinitely leſs of uncertain good, than certain unavoidable evil; and thence perhaps the increaſing regret with which ſhe reckoned every mile ſtone, that announced the diſtance from Edinburgh.

Want of reſt, anxiety, inceſſant vexation, and exertions of ſpirit very unequal to her natural ſtrength, had ſo exhauſted Roſa, before ſhe was toſſed from ſide to ſide in a very uneaſy ſtage-coach, that nothing but her wiſh to leave the ſcene of ſo many mortifications, could have ſupported her; that wiſh now abating in its force, ſhe became more ſenſible of the fatigue of travelling in ſo unpleaſant a manner; her delicate frame could ill endure the conſtant motion, which two or three fellow paſſengers would in ſome degree have taken off, and the long night's jumble from Berwick to Newcaſtle had nearly annihilated her: It was with the greateſt difficulty ſhe alighted from the coach, or ſat upright before the untouched breakfaſt.

The danger ſhe might encounter, and the expence ſhe would incur, by ſtopping at an inn on the road, more eſpecially as ſhe had paid the fare of half the journey, only prevented her aſking for a bed, inſtead of proceeding onward.

The coach was changed at this place; and as ſhe had neither eat nor drank, and really looked as ſhe felt, near expiring, ſhe was not diſturbed by any demands at the inn; but being lifted into the ſtage, unable to thank the landlord for his civility, ſhe was carried on without feeling the leaſt abatement in the uneaſineſs of the motion from the change of the coaches to Durham, where, when the ſtage ſtopped, it was diſcovered ſhe had fainted away; water was brought, and ſhe recovered to a ſenſe of the moſt acute pain, but ſtill reſolved to proceed on her journey; her wiſhes however far exceeded her ſtrength, for on ſtopping at

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an inn further on the road, the driver had the humanity to look into the coach, where finding her again fainted and her face covered with a cold dew, he declared he believed the young gentlewoman was dying, and therefore lifted her out of the coach into the inn, where he insisted on leaving her and her portmanteau, and then, having taken up another female passenger drove off, whistling the little Plough Boy.

Rosa's appearance, and every turn in her countenance, had gentlewoman written on it in legible characters; her habit was genteel, and the alabaster whiteness of her hand proving she was of the superior order of beings, procured her the notice of the lady landlady, who though in the habit of accommodating people of fashion *only*, condescended to give her own directions about the bed to which Rosa was carried, and sent for her own doctor to visit her, determined so charming a young lady should not be lost for want of care.

The doctor's attendance was followed by the usual et ceteras, such as bleeding, composing drafts, and a nurse.

Rosa, almost expiring with pain, weakness, and fatigue, did not think of her situation till the next day, when she awoke with some small degree of fever, but almost recovered from the fatigue that had overpowered her. The phials arranged along the chimney piece; the fat lady who told her she had the honour to be her nurse; and the officious enquiries of the sleek doctor, who next the innkeeper and the lawyer, was the greatest man in the little town, very sensibly affected our heroine, and she mechanically took her pockets from under the pillow, in order to satisfy herself as to the exact state of those finances on which she foresaw so many claims; the purse was not to be found in that pocket; she felt her heart bound to her throat, but proceeded to search the other; in four words, the purse was lost, and Rosa had nothing for it but to suppose either the fat nurse or polite lady landlady had taken care of it for her.

The nurse disclaimed, and with truth, any knowledge of it, and the landlady's answer was truly feminine;

nine; it was both an exclamation and double interroga ion, "My God! this is a pretty buſineſs! what has ſhe no money then? does ſhe pretend to have loſt her purſe?" The innkeeper recommended it to his ſpouſe, to keep her temper; he dared to ſay ſuch a pretty woman muſt have friends of one ſort or other, if ſhe had no money.

But ah grief of griefs! Roſa acknowledged ſhe had loſt every ſhilling of money ſhe had in the world, without one friend to aſſiſt her with more.

"But you have a portmanteau," ſaid the landlord, glancing his eye on it as he quitted the room.

Nothing could in the lady landlady's eſtimation be more ſudden than the recovery of the fair patient, whom the doctor an hour before declared had every ſymptom of a ſtrong fever; ſhe proteſted that it was all a fudge, that the *young woman* was able, and muſt be willing to bundle into the firſt conveyance; who would take her ſtory of loſing her money on truſt! for her part, ſhe wanted all her beds; the Duke of Dunderhead was every moment expected from the north, and my lady ducheſs was very particular about the ſleeping rooms of her own woman and her tall footman, the latter of whom always had the bed this trumpery thing, meaning Roſa, now occupied; wherefore the chamber maid was diſpatched to the agoniſed Roſa, to inform her ſhe was welcome to ſtay at the Roſe *that night*, provided ſhe gave up her room to the Duke of Dunderhead's footman, but every bed in the houſe would be full to-morrow night.

Roſa, who deigned not to anſwer this prudent meſſage, had already left her bed; and as the fat nurſe had enough to do to collect the phials, pack up her own bundle, and hope Miſs would contrive ſome ſatisfaction for her, who had ſat up all night, with no refreſhment but a diſh of tea and a pint of ale, ſhe was trembl.ingly adjuſting her cloaths, while the tears of unutterable anguiſh were chaſing each other down her pale cheeks.

What at this moment would ſhe not have given to be at Edinburgh with dear Mrs. Steward, near the friendly good Doctor Cameron, nay even at Holy-Rood-

Rood-House, bearing the injurious taunts of Mrs. Frazer; she wrung her hands and beat her bosom; what, alas! could she do! alone, unknown, without money, at an inn on the great north road, no friend to apply to, a debt already incurred she had no means to discharge, ordered, in effect, to quit that house without means to insure admittance into any other, "God of heaven!" cried she, impatiently, "what have I done! why am I thus made the mark of every calamity!"

"You have done nothing, my dear," said a short thick woman, in a travelling dress, who having heard Rosa's misfortune talked of, as well as the landlady's message, had an irresistible curiosity to see a young person, who having put angel into every body's mouth in the morning, was at noon changed into a "trumpery thing." "You have done nothing, that is no harm; but lost your money, which is the greatest harm of any thing."

Rosa was startled at the hoarse discordant sound, and looked round at a figure ill calculated to dissipate the unfavourable impression made by her masculine voice. Her short thick person was arrayed in a blue riding habit, with crimson cape and cuffs, and a dubarré silk waistcoat, and a green beaver hat and black feather; she had a large gold watch and chain hanging on the outside her habit; her ears were weighed down by bobs of the same precious metal, and all her fingers were decorated with rings; she appeared to be about forty five or forty-six years old; her loose and sallow skin proved her bulk to be greatly reduced from what it had been, and a hollow troublesome cough gave omen of inward decay.

"Innkeepers," continued the stranger, "are nothing but upstarts; they are so used to cheating, no wonder they think every body like themselves; if you have lost your money, you have; and it don't at all signify, when folks are in misfortune, to sit down and cry Lord help us! you have an honest face of your own, I say, let who will gainsay; and so here," pulling out a yellow canvas bag pretty heavily laden, "I'll lend you what money you want; which way are you going?

Surprise

Surpriſe tied Roſa's tongue; an act of ſuch open confidence from one whoſe appearance would rather have precluded than raiſed expectation of the kind, was ſo new, ſo unhoped, and ſo unlikely to happen, that ſhe could not credit her ſenſes.

The ſtranger ſaw her aſtoniſhment, "Why, to be ſure," continued ſhe, "you may ſtare, and to tell you the truth, I am ſurpriſed at myſelf; I never did ſitch a thing in my whole life before, though Garnet gives a great deal to the poor; and, God help me, I know enough of that; however I ſhan't ſtay in this houſe a minute longer than I can help; ſo juſt ſend for your bill, and ſay what you want, and my little Phill ſhall ſtay with you, and come to me for the money."

Little Phill was a fine fair boy, about five years old, with flaxen hair, roſy cheeks and ſcarlet lips, whoſe dimpled ſmiles ſtruck Roſa the inſtant ſhe beheld him, as the ſtrong reſemblance of ſome perſon ſhe had ſeen, but could not recollect who or where.

When a ſtranger had left the room, Roſa ſighed deeply at the painful neceſſity ſhe was under not only to accept a pecuniary obligation from an abſolute ſtranger, but to conſider it as peculiarly fortunate.

The woman was evidently vulgar and low bred, but the power to do a generous act bleſt alſo with the will, threw a veil over all the diſagreeables about her; at any rate it was more bearable to confeſs an obligation to her, than even to receive a favour from the flinty innkeeper; and any thing was preferable to lying ſick at the mercy of ſuch people, to die perhaps among hard hearted ſtrangers in the flower of her youth; to be conſigned to earth, and no friendly tear dropped on her grave; no mark to guide dear Elinor to the humble ſod that covered her poor remains. Her tears continued to flow as theſe ſad thoughts occurred, while the boy played round, and bid her not cry, for his mammy had a great deal of money. Roſa turned from the child to the window, and in that moment ſaw the coachman who had left her at the Roſe, returning with the ſtage, winking and making grimaces at her, which ſhe could not comprehend, and

was

was therefore offended at; but another ſurprize quite as convenient, and much more agreeable, awaited her: The honeſt coachman had found her purſe in the ſtraw when he changed his paſſengers ſouth for thoſe north, and having heard from the driver of a returned chaiſe of the landlady of the Roſe's anger at having a ſick body left on her hands, who either had no money or had loſt it, had driven his ſtage with uncommon ſpeed, and no ſooner pulled up to the inn than he jumped from his box, and ran up with joy in his eyes, to reſtore the purſe to the right owner.

The feelings of a ſenſible, delicate mind, on ſuch an event, would ſuffer by an attempt to deſcribe them: Roſa ſent the little boy for his mother, to whom with an eloquence of gratitude, ſhe would have wanted in accepting her favour, ſhe diſplayed her reſtored property, and thanked her for her kind intention.

The woman was ſo much pleaſed, and in ſuch good humour, that though ſhe ſaid ſhe grudged every ſixpence paid to the landlord of the Roſe, yet as ſhe was going further north, and our heroine was bound for London, why they would dine together.

Roſa's ſpirits now, as her diſtreſs had before done, rendered her inattentive to the fever that hung about her; ſhe rung for her bill, which, as the doctor was appriſed of her ability, and as the nurſe had returned to be paid, amounted in the whole, including every expence, to five pounds eleven ſhillings, being near half the ſum contained in her purſe, which ſhe paid with conſcious pride to the unfeeling innkeeper, and then joined her new friend, though ſhe was too ill to partake of the dinner.

The ſtranger herſelf had no appetite, and while little Phill devoured the pudding and tarts, ſhe gave our heroine to underſtand ſhe was on a tour in the north, to viſit among her relations, whom, ſhe thanked God, were all well to do, as, and again ſhe thanked God, ſhe was herſelf; that her couſin, one Thomas Chapman, a wealthy farmer, was to fetch her from the Roſe in his own chaiſe cart, to paſs a couple of days, may be more, may

may be leſs, with his wife, and to ſtand godmother to his daughter; from thence ſhe had two more couſins to ſee before ſhe returned home to her good man, and warmly preſſed our heroine to accompany her to her ſeveral couſins, where ſhe aſſured her of a hearty welcome.

Roſa was now from principle what ſhe never could have been from choice, the companion of a woman of low-breeding and coarſe manners; but ſhe was by no means inclined to prolong an acquaintance ſo ungenial; ſhe therefore civilly declined every thing that could lead to a further connexion; and underſtanding Mrs. Garnet expected her couſin every moment, and that no London ſtage would paſs the Roſe till next day, ſhe reſolved, low as her purſe was, to croſs the country in a chaiſe eight miles, to where the Leeds coach paſſed at ſix that evening, rather than remain another night at the Roſe, notwithſtanding the landlady appriſed her, that the Duke of Dunderhead having deferred his journey ſouth for a few days, her room would *not* be wanted for my Lady Ducheſs's tall footman.

Before the dinner was cleared, Mrs. Garnet's couſin, Mr. Thomas Chapman in his *own* chaiſe cart, arrived at the Roſe, when again ſhe preſſed Roſa to be of her party, aſſuring her couſin, ſhe was a vaſt well behaved young body, and mighty good company.

This the farmer ſaid he ſhould have known by her pretty looks, and joined his invitation to his London couſin's, both which ſhe civilly declined, but requeſted the good farmer would ſee her ſet off before him.

The boy, who had taken one of thoſe childiſh attachments to our heroine, which, if not ſo permanent, is at leaſt as ſincere as thoſe of a more advanced period, whimpered at parting with her, and Mrs. Garnet again paſſing an eulogium on her pretty behaviour, and the goodneſs of her company, vowed if it was not for ſtanding godmother to her couſin Chapman's little daughter, ſhe would have returned to London, rather than loſe ſuch good company. Her idea of good company muſt however be allowed

allowed to differ from the common acceptation of the phraſe, for Roſa had ſilently attended to all the anecdotes and buſineſs with which Mrs. Garnet had entertained herſelf, ſo that all the goodneſs of her company was compriſed in an animated ſilence.

Roſa, though very unwell, aſſumed, at ſtepping into the chaiſe, where ſhe was followed by the civil maſter and miſtreſs of the Roſe, a chearfulneſs very foreign to her heart, and hearing at the little inn where the Leeds ſtage ſtopped, that it would be full an hour before it paſſed, ſhe requeſted to be ſhewn to a room where ſhe might lie down till it arrived.

The agitation of her mind had been more powerful than medicine; it had been a ſucceſsful antidote againſt the compoſing draughts ſhe had ſwallowed during the night; but though ſuſpended, their effects had not evaporated. The Leeds coach ſtopped at the uſual time, but as it was full, and as the ſervant, who was ſent to inform her of the circumſtance, found her in a ſound, though reſtleſs ſleep, they had not diſturbed her; it was midnight when ſhe awoke, under all thoſe terrors which ſoporifics uſually leave on weak nerves, and a tranſient delirium which took from her all power of recollection of the place and circumſtances ſhe was in.

The woman of the houſe was a direct oppoſite in perſon and mind to the landlady of the Roſe inn; ſhe had looked in on her gueſt, and perceiving by the ſtarts and catches in her ſleep, ſhe was indiſpoſed, left a maid to watch her, with orders to be called when ſhe awoke.

When Roſa's memory was clear, ſhe was informed of the reaſon ſhe had not been called, and heard, to her great vexation, the Leeds coach was the only one which paſſed that little town, and it would not again paſs ſouth till the ſame hour next day. At that hour ſhe was incapable of travelling; the fever had increaſed, her head was affected by the leaſt movement, and though the landlady had not called in medical aſſiſtance, ſhe grew worſe every hour.

There

There was a gentleman in this town, the largeſt man, and the greateſt feeder in the pariſh; in fine, he was God's vicegerent, the vicar.

The vicar had a lady, whoſe whole life was a comment on the perpetual motion; ſhe was a great dreſſer, a great viſitor, a great card player, and a great church goer; her head was ſtored with whims, her heart with vanity, and her beaufet with drugs; ſhe read Buchan, and pretended to that profound knowledge in the medical ſcience, that it was not her fault if the whole pariſh was not diſeaſed by her compounds.

To this lady our landlady would have applied, on behalf of the ſick ſtranger; and perhaps it was happy for Roſa, Madam Parker the vicar's lady, was gone to pay a week's viſit to a lady in the neighbourhood, during which period, as phyſic was not in the way of dame Nature, the fever took its departure, and left Roſa in the hands of an excellent kitchen phyſician.

Mrs. Ellis's houſe was a low white building, with a brown board hanging in front, on which was inſcribed, "This is the Red Lion," the Leeds coach and no other, gave their horſes water under this brown wooden Red Lion; but it was nevertheleſs a houſe of great repute, as tho' the landlord, who was alſo a farmer, generally took his cup at other inns, his wife brewed the beſt ale, and ſold the beſt liquors five miles round.

On the ſixth morning of Roſa's ſtay at the houſe of this good woman, as ſhe ſat in a clean parlour, and with an aching heart calculating over her expences, in burſt the landlady with the important news, that Madam Parker, the vicar's lady was returned, and that it was a great pity Roſa got well ſo ſoon, becauſe for certain Madam Parker was the beſt potecari in all their parts.

This landlady, as well as the more poliſhed one at the Roſe, had a very quick perception into the circumſtance of her gueſts; ſhe looked in Roſa's face, and ſaw in the languid caſt of her eye the low ſtate of her purſe.

She

She left the room in the midſt of an eulogium on the phyſical excellence of Madam Parker, and ſeating herſelf in the porch at her door, exclaimed, "Lord have mercy on me, what will ſuch a pretty creature do in Lunnun without money!"

The reſult of Roſa's inquiſition into the amount of her finances were the entire loſs of appetite for dinner, an earneſt wiſh to procure a place in that night's ſtage, and a requiſition of her bill.

Mrs. Ellis's huſband being gone to a cock-fight, ſhe earneſtly begged the young gentlewoman would that day eat a morſel with her, and notwithſtanding all Roſa could ſay to the contrary, the good woman would have her morſel laid in the parlour, and would teaſe Roſa into taſting a number of little delicacies ſhe ſet on table.

The more ſhe obſerved of the beauty and delicacy of her gueſt, the more frequent did the exclamation riſe to her lips, of, "Lord have mercy upon me, what will ſuch a pretty creature do in Lunnun without money!"

Mrs. Ellis was an inſtance in humble life

"Where the head might take a leſſon from the heart, and Learning wiſer grow, without his books;"

ſhe was talkative, but not impertinent; generous, not profuſe; prudent, not parſimonious; the burthen of her ſong all this day was a cock-fight; and as ſhe was quite alone, hoped Miſs would not be anger'd if ſhe juſt aſked her to eat a morſel *with her*.

Though Roſa could not withſtand her entreaties, her anxiety was inſupportable; the if bill at the Roſe, for one night, came to five pounds eleven ſhillings, what would that at the brown wood Red Lion amount to for eight, with ſuch ſuperior comforts? She turned to the window, and wept.

"Oh the father! Miſs, why do you fret?" ſaid Mrs. Ellis, in a conſoling accent, "dear heart, I wiſh I could ſerve you; you are going to Lunnun, Miſs?"

Roſa ſighed, and the landlady's eyes gliſtened.

"Well,

"Well, Miſs, I hope you have good friends there, for Lunnun is a ſad place for young women, without money or means.

Roſa, drying her eyes, anſwered, ſhe had been in London.

"Oh dear! then ſhe was no ſtranger there—nay, may be, ſhe knew it well."

"No." Roſa ſaid ſhe had lived at a few miles diſtant, and only paſſed through it in her way to Scotland, whither ſhe went with a gentleman.

"Dear! dear! a relation, may be?"

"No.

"A ſweetheart, then?"

"No."

The benevolent enquirer began now to look with a doubting eye on her gueſt.

"I beg pardon, Miſs, but the gentleman had ſome ladies belonging to him, I ſuppoſe?"

"Yes," replied Roſa, half angry at her curioſity, "he had a wife and daughter."

The good woman claſped her hands together.

"Oh the father! lack a daiſy! well now, pray don't be anger'd, Miſs, I am certain I mean nothing but good; but pray now do be ſo kind as to tell me, have you ever been a tootreſs?"

"Something like it," replied Roſa, with a melancholy ſmile.

Again the landlady claſped her hands.

"Was ever any thing ſo lucky! Madam Parker had been to viſit Lady Lydear, who had beg'd her to look out for a tootreſs for Miſs Betty, who had a huge lump of money to her portion; now Lady Lydear would do any thing in the world Madam Parker adviſed; and to be ſure Madam Parker would do any thing to ſerve her, and reaſon good, for her huſband was the vicar's tythe-gatherer."

And ſhe added, "I am ſure you are fit for the place; them there taper fingers was made to be a lady or a tootreſs; and yonder goes madam; I'll run after her; you ſhall have the place; Lunnun! God love your pretty face, why, you will live in clover at the hall."

Roſa

Roſa was ſo much ſurpriſed at the hurrying good humour of the landlady, and ſo much pleaſed at her evident frankneſs of heart, that ſhe had no power to detain her; although the laſt thing ſhe would then have thought of, was the place the friendly creature was ſo anxious to procure.

From the window where ſhe ſat, ſhe ſaw Madam Parker had been overtaken, and preſently perceived her returning with the landlady to the inn.

Madam Parker entered the room where Roſa ſat, with all the conſequence of a vicar's lady. She had been told Roſa was handſome and in diſtreſs, but ſhe condeſcended to ſpeak to her nevertheleſs; for, as ſhe obſerved, it did not become the wife of a vicar to be hard hearted.

Roſa fixed her eyes on this tender hearted lady, who, very fine and very dirty, was the wonder of the common folks in the little town; and as ſhe had not penetration to diſtinguiſh between wonder and approbation, the vicar's lady was very well with herſelf.

She immediately gave our heroine to underſtand, Lady Lydear, the richeſt woman in the county, was her boſom friend. She complained, with the voice of a boatſwain, of weak nerves, and with the face of a dairy maid, of ill health; which were the only objections, except indeed thoſe made by the vicar, againſt her entirely living with dear Lady Lydear; who was a monſtrous good woman, and certainly had applied to her, well knowing ſhe was a judge of what was proper, to get a tootreſs for Miſs; who, dear creature, had been let run wild among the ſervants; ſo indeed had young Sir Jacob before the vicar recommended Mr. Jolter, a mighty clever man, to be his tootor and ride a hunting and ſhooting with him, and take care of his money; "now," ſhe continued, "if I thought you capable, as you are a young creature, who may be ruined by ſome feller or another, and fellers this age care not what miſchief they do to poor young maidens; and as Mrs. Ellis informs me you are a poor young body in great diſtreſs,——"

Roſa's colour roſe.

"Who,

"Who, I, madam! I;—I proteſt, Miſs,—dear madam——"

Shall I never, thought our heroine, riſe above the littleneſs of falſe ſhame! the woman perceives I am poor, and what is there in that, ſince I know I am innocent?

"You ſaid truth, Mrs. Ellis," ſaid ſhe, "I am diſtreſſed, and this lady knows it.—make no apology."

"To be ſure! Madam Parker thought it all fair; for if poor people were too proud to own their diſtreſs, and to aſk aſſiſtance, how were other people to relieve them?"

The *people* and *diſtreſs* bore hard on Roſa's patience; ſhe could not feel much inclined to reſpect an affluent mother, whoſe care of her daughter was guided by ſuch a perſon as Madam Parker appeared to be. The propoſal was indeed altogether forced on her, and ſuch as ſhe was not inclined to give a thought to, till Madam Parker went on to ſay, a relation of the family meant to carry Miſs with her to London, in the courſe of two months, and Mrs. Ellis reminding her what a little bit of a while two months were, when ſhe might go to Lunnun free coſt; and recollecting the rapidity with which her purſe had, and ſtill muſt decreaſe; the hopeleſſneſs of her ſituation, and the uncertainty of meeting a reception at the end of her long journey when ſhe got there, that would alleviate any of her preſent diſtreſſes, the indifference with which ſhe at firſt heard of the place, changed to an earneſt deſire to obtain it; ſhe became anxious to prove her capability for the undertaking, and curious in her enquiries reſpecting the lady and her family.

Madam Parker was profuſe in her praiſes of both, and Roſa preſented Lady Hopely's addreſs as the perſon who would recommend her.

No ſooner did Madam Parker hear of her quality connexion, than ſhe became perfectly ſatisfied Roſa was in every reſpect entirely qualified to form the mind and manners of the greateſt fortune in the county, and expreſſed a particular intereſt in her welfare; ſhe invited her to dine at the vicarage next day; promiſe

miſed to ſend her ſome medicines, and bidding Mrs. Ellis take great care of her, made a very cordial exit.

"Oh the father!" cried Mrs. Ellis, the moment ſhe was gone, "what a golden day! why Lady Lydear is as rich as a Jew, and as generous as a church-warden, though to be ſure that is only an old woman's ſaying; only indeed there is one thing her ladyſhip is——" Mrs. Ellis ſtopped.

"Is what?" aſked Roſa, anxiouſly.

"Why, my dear," anſwered the good woman, drawing her chair cloſe, "every body has a ſomething."

"Certainly," Roſa ſaid, "but what was Lady Lydear's ſomething?"

"Nothing to ſpeak of," Mrs. Ellis anſwered; "but all ranks in this poor world had their bitters and ſweets; ſhe was ſure found it ſo, and always had for that matter; her firſt huſband, a goodiſh kind of a man enough, never thought any thing too hot or too heavy for her, but then, poor man, he was always ailing; no end to doctor's bills till he died, and ſo obſtinate, that though Madam Parker would have given him phyſic enough for nothing, he would take nothing but what coſt money; ſo that the pounds and pounds he coſt was enough to make a grizzel fret; her ſecond ſpouſe, a foine tall portly man as one ſhould ſee in a ſummer's day, as merry as a greg, and as briſk as her own March beer, till one harveſt, one parſon Whitfield, as ill luck would have it, got hold of him, and he no ſoonder got acquainted with godly folks than every thing went to rack and ruin, and at laſt, ſhe was ſure it was enough to have driven her diſtracted, what does he but take one of the empty barrels, and ſet up for a preacher himſelf; there was a pretty meſs! and all his ſpite was againſt tiplers, when, God knew, what would ſuch a bit of an inn as their's be, if it were not for people's liking her fine ale; well, he preached all her cuſtomers out of the houſe, and her almoſt out of her ſenſes, and would have preached himſelf into York Caſtle, had it not pleaſed God one fair day the old barrel ſtaved, over her poor dear

dear tipped and broke his neck; ſhe ſhould never forget it, the longeſt day ſhe had to live;—then her third ſpouſe——"

"Heavens!" cried Roſa, "another."

"Ay, God help her! worſe than the other two, and put them both together; always cocking, racing, boxing, or drinking, at other people's houſes. So that indeed, as ſhe ſaid before, every body had a ſomething; and as to Lady Lydear, a fine lady! a rich lady! a charitable lady! but, to ſpeak truth, a little oddiſh, turned night into day, and day into night; went to bed when other folks got up, and got up when other folks went to bed; but wiſe folks muſt hear and ſee, and ſay nothing, that was her way, and a good way too; ſhe had proſpered by it in ſpite of three huſbands, and ſo might her gueſt, ſhe begged pardon for being ſo bold."

Roſa thought ſhe had ſeen enough of the polite inverſion of time to bear it with a tolerable degree of patience, if that were all ſhe had to fear. The ſun had often riſen ſince Major Buhanun's death, in all its ſplendor, before his widow returned from her evening parties; and it had as often ſet before ſhe was viſible the ſucceeding day; ſo that, to Mrs. Ellis's evident joy, that trait in the lady's character had no effect on our heroine.

The more indeed ſhe thought on the deſperation of her fortunes, the more eligible and fortunate did the proſpect now before her appear: It was exactly the ſituation in life ſhe conſidered herſelf able to fill with credit to her own abilities, and though a dependant, not a ſervile employ. It would be, ſhe conſidered, impoſſible for her to reach London even in her reſtored ſtate of health, with the money in her poſſeſſion, without being expoſed both to inſult and humiliation; and though her cloaths, and what few valuables ſhe poſſeſſed, were ſent to London in the waggon, ſhe concluded they might be eaſily returned from thence. The deſire of ſeeing Elinor; of viſiting Mrs. Harley, and inquiring for Mrs. Walſingham, had not abated of its energy; it was not the will, it was the power only

only she wanted: At all events, in her present situation, an eligible asylum was of all things the most important; her future first and dearest hope was to hear of her friends; and Mrs. Ellis, quitting her to attend to the affairs of her house, she wrote an account of her adventures and distresses to Mrs. Steward, and inclosed a polite note to Lady Hopely, apprising her of the early use she had made of permission to apply to her for recommendation.

It was with bitter reluctance Rosa had, after many struggles, brought herself to resolve on writing to Doctor Cameron, for a small sum of money to answer the exigence of the moment; the necessity for this step was now less urgent; if she succeeded in her present plan, she would not want it, and if she failed, there would always be time for such a mortifying concession.

She accepted part of Mrs. Ellis's delicate morsels for support with a better grace than at dinner, as she had now hope of being able to pay her bill without feeling the inconvenience she had dreaded. The barometer of Rosa's health acted with her spirits; and these being now rising, she hoped to be able to go to the hall the very next day.

Mrs. Ellis objected to that; a day or two could make no odds to Lady Lydear; but as Rosa suggested what the good woman had not before thought of, namely, that as Lady Lydear had probably commissioned others of her friends, as well as Mrs. Parker, she might be suited: That Mrs. Ellis allowed, and therefore as the sooner Rosa could go with safety to her health, the better, she recommended the stage in which she had intended to go to London, which passed the Hall lodge.

Rosa asked if it would not break too far on the evening, as it was fourteen miles, and the stage seldom passed till ten; so that it would be near twelve before she got there.

Mrs. Ellis reminded her she had before said, "that Lady Lydear turned night into day."

Rosa smiled, but knowing the difference fine ladies made between pleasure and business a little better than Mrs. Ellis, she resolved to be guided by Mrs. Parker, whose intimacy at the hall, as well as her superior rank, rendered her a more able counsellor.

The broken slumbers, frightful dreams, and nervous wakings, which had weakened our heroine as much as her fever, were now no more; she laid her head on her pillow, in the consoling hope, that her ill fortune was again changing, and that she would not be exposed to the thousand evils and mortifications her busy fancy, under the impression of ill health, low spirits, and pecuniary distress, had drawn in such vivid colours; she rested well, and her looks were so mended in the morning, that Mrs. Ellis, whose husband being now at home, she only brought in breakfast, uttered her old exclamation as she retired, of "Lord have mercy upon me! what would such a pretty creature do in Lunnun without money!"

Rosa, like the hero of old, never thought any thing done, while there was any thing to do. She felt so well, and so anxious to be at a certainty respecting Lady Lydear, that under the idea Mrs. Parker might advise the same mode of travelling Mr. Ellis had already done, she prepared every thing for her departure, and ordered her bill; but no bill could she get, it was not, the generous landlady said, the fashion to charge the servants of great folks any thing at inns.

"But I am no servant," replied Rosa, colouring; "I never may be."

"God forbid!" Mrs. Ellis hoped in her soul there was no fear of that; but however, if she got the place, she must invite her to the hall, and she would be sure to go, and carry a few friends with her, and so she would be paid that way; if she did not get it, why, as her good man said, she should certainly go and see Lunnun some time or other; why, she would surely call on her there, and go with her to see the wild Beasts, and the court, and the parliament house, and bedlam, and the Prince of Wales, and old mother Thingembob, and all the rest of the out-of-the-way sights, and that was another way of payment.

"But

"But here," cried she, interrupting Rosa, who began to object to her settlement, "here is Tom Gibs, Madam Parker's foot-boy, in his Sunday's coat, coming to call you to dinner. Oh the father! if you had not belonged to a lady, you might have fasted for she; however I shall put on my chintz gown, and my flounced petticoat, and run over to take a cup of tea, as madam invited me."

The saving so much of her little pittance, would not have reconciled Rosa to the acceptance of such an obligation, from a woman in Mrs. Ellis's station, had not her prospects been mended; and it was much less likely to have that effect now; but the servant waited, and the notable woman was already in the bar with her surly husband; so that without hurting both the peace and feelings of a generous, though humble mind, she could not resume the subject.

Madam Parker did not understand, or not practise, that beautiful and instructive sentiment, which says, "The ostentatious display of prosperity is an insult on the unfortunate," for every cupboard of the vicarage were ransacked to make a shew on the side-board; she talked incessantly of her riches, opulence, great connexions, and good family, while the vicar, after saying grace, first helped himself plentifully to the roast pork and apple pudding, and then without taking time between his mouthfuls to speak, pushed the dishes towards his wife and her guest.

"His belly was blown up with luxury,
"And eke with fatness, swollen were his eyes,
"And like a crane, his neck was long,
"With which he swallow'd up excessive feast,
"For want whereof the poor did often pine."

Rosa, equally disgusted with the vicar's want of good manners, as with his lady's overflow, was glad when the entrance of Mrs. Ellis in some degree relieved the insipidity of the party; and Madam Parker having approved of her setting off that same night, withdrew, to write the letter of introduction to her dear friend Lady Lydear; after which, the best tea things being arrang-

ed, the vicar filled his monſtrous craw with muffins and coffee, and then dropped aſleep, leaving the ladies to their own chat, till the ſtage drew up to the door by order of Mrs. Ellis; and Roſa's portmanteau being already delivered to the coachman, ſhe had no poſſible opportunity of forcing payment on the good Mrs. Ellis, who indeed ſtudiouſly avoided coming near enough for the ſlighteſt whiſper, and thus, having received the important letter from Madam Parker, and the beſt wiſhes of Mrs. Ellis, our heroine was again ſeated in a ſtage coach.

CHAP. V.

"What is that vice that ſtill prevails,
"Where almoſt every paſſion fails,
"Which with our very dawn begun,
"Nor ends but with our ſetting ſun,
"Which like a noxious weed can ſpoil,
"The faireſt flower, and choak the ſoil?
"'Tis Slander, and with ſhame we own,
"The vice of human kind alone."

THREE paſſengers, two male and one female, one of whom reſigned his place in front to our heroine, fortunately preſerved her from the great fatigue ſhe had experienced in her lone journey from Edinburgh.

After a few minutes ſilent accommodation between all parties, one of the males aſked Roſa if they were to have her company all the way to London?

Roſa, whoſe thoughts were little in train for ſmall talk, on the queſtion being repeated, returned a cold monoſyllable, "No."

He was very ſorry for that; for his part he liked the company of women much better than men; which indeed was but natural; for he ſuppoſed the women liked men better than women; and particularly addreſſing Roſa, added, "I dare ſay you are of my way of thinking, maum?"

Roſa's

Rosa's dislike of the forward manners of the man would have prevented a repetition even of the cold monosyllable, "No," had he not again supposed "she must be of his way of thinking?" when the manner more than the "No," raised the risible faculties of the other passengers, and so mortified the inquirer, that after a moment's silence he resumed a conversation with his female fellow-traveller, which it appeared the stoppage of the stage had interrupted.

"So then," said he, "you had not heard this part of the story before you left Edinburgh?"

"No, Sir," she replied, "it was the general talk, that Mr. Angus, after paying honourable addresses to the handsome Miss Buhanun, had deceived her friends, and carried her off; and it would have been natural enough for so good and honourable a man as Doctor Cameron to pursue the seducer of his ward; but as to what you have been saying, which I presume you would *not* say without good authority——."

"O depend upon that, maum; I'll take my oath to every tittle."

"Well, Sir, 'tis all very strange; I have passed but one year at Edinburgh, yet have heard of so many amiable traits in the character of Mr. Angus, that I am one of those who wish the story of the seduction was not so well authenticated."

"That is the wish, I believe," joined the other passenger, "of every body who knows any think of Mr. Angus or his family."

"Yes, yes," resumed the first speaker, "he is a devilish good fellow; but there cou'd be no great harm in a little fun with a fine girl, eh maum?" addressing Rosa, "I should like to hear one of your "No's," to that now."

Rosa found poor Kattie's imprudence, and Mr. Angus's want of moral rectitude was the theme of general conversation; but as that, she thought, was the natural consequence of the indefensible step they had taken, she lamented, without being surprised at it; and taken no notice of the impertinence of the man's address, wrapped her cloak round her, resolving to listen to the conversation, without becoming a partaker of it.

"I did

"I did hear," ſaid the female, "there was a young girl with them when Major Buhanun came to Lord Aaron Horſemagog's apartments, a natural daughter of ſome branch of the family, who was ſo very beautiful Mrs. Buhanun did not chuſe ſhe ſhould be ſeen with her daughter; and nothing can be more likely, than that a girl, caged up as they ſay ſhe was, ſhould act imprudently; but as to Doctor Cameron, ſo humane, ſo good a man, with ſo excellent a heart, I cannot account for his conduct; it muſt be a madneſs; he is his own maſter, a man of known independence, great practice, and held in univerſal eſteem; if therefore he was partial to the young perſon, he certainly might."

"Take my word for it," interrupted the firſt ſpeaker, "the girl has all her Ps and Qs; ſhe is as artful as the devil; how elſe could a commmon beggar impoſe herſelf ſo long on the family, as a gentlewoman—ſhe is indeed ſo deep."

Roſa unwrapped her cloak, and placing her cheſnut ringlets behind her ears leaſt a ſyllable ſhould be loſt, liſtened in breathleſs attention; her panegyriſt went on.

"That there is no fathoming her. Doctor Cameron is, as you ſay, a mighty good ſort of a—that is, he—in ſhort, though he may be a fine doctor, he is what I call an ignoramouſe in what I call the world; but the plain ſtory is this, take my word for it: Mr. Angus knew better than to *marry* a pretty Miſs with no fortune, or next to none; for what are a few thouſands to him? well, he forms a league, what I and our lord calls offenſive and defenſive with Doctor Cameron; ſo this Miſs Buhanun, as ſhe has the aſſurance to call herſelf, what does ſhe but ſneaks out to the Doctor's, meets Mr. Angus there, concerts the plan, and next morning the little tit, as I call ſuch girls as bonnie Kattie, runs off; well, what does the confident then! run off too, perhaps you'll thi. k; no ſuch thing; ſhe was what I call too far north for that; the fooliſh old Major made a ſort of a codicil to his will, and left her five hundred pounds, ſo ſhe demands that;—Frazer, you know Frazer I ſuppoſe, Maum?"

"Indeed,

" Indeed I do not."

" I do," ſaid the other perſon.

" A low fellow," continued the anecdote monger; " I wonder Mrs. Buhanun—ſhe is a fine woman, curſed handſome,—I have often waited on her from our lord; if I had thought—but they ſay ſhe is herſelf only the daughter of ſome tobacco ſeller in London; ſo the girl, as I ſaid, demands the legacy; Frazer naturally demurs; ſo then off ſhe goes, and the very next day off too goes Angus and the Doctor. Now this I think is plain enough; but I'll bet a cool hundred our lord keeps her in view hollow."

" 'Tis a great pity, Mr. Linton," joined the other male traveller, " your lord cannot employ himſelf to more advantage."

" Women, Sir, women are the devil; and beſides, to tell you the truth, we have a great bet depending."

" A Bet!"

" Yes, maum, two thouſand; I'll tell you how it was: There was our lord, the Duke of Evergreen, Lord Aaron Horſemagog, Dicky Pollygraph, and Mr. Janus Tumbledown, the great counſellor, talking over little Kattie's affair as they walked Princeſs-ſtreet, when who ſhould ride by but that whimſical devil, as I and our lord calls her, Lady Hopely; ſhe pulls the check, and begins rattling our lord moſt unmercifully; her ladyſhip is game, you know, maum; ſo our lord looked a little blank, and the Duke ſays he cocking his one eye; Lord Lowder ſays he, I am ſorry to hear this; what *you*, ſays he, *you* let a girl ſlip through your fingers!"

" I'll bet a thouſand, ſays our lord, I have her in a month; I'll have the honour to go your lordſhip's halves, ſays Dicky Pollygraph, in his little finiking no meaning way; Done for two thouſand, roared Lord Aaron; I take half, ſaid his grace, drawing his hand from his muff."

" His muff, Sir! why 'tis July."

" The old Duke is game, maum, he takes eſpecial care of the radical heat. Done, ſays our lord; done ſaid all parties. Mr. Janus Tumbledown, having

now

now very little better employment, minutes down the bet, and let our lord alone for winning it; he never ſtarts a woman without running her down; and if ſhe is ſkittiſh as I and our lord calls it, oh! dam it 'tis a done thing."

"But, pray, Mr. Linton, how does the Counteſs contrive to kill her time, while the Earl is ſo happily amuſed?"

"Why, Sir, my lady is that ſort of a woman that gives us rope——hem! you take me, maum? ſhe led us a devil of a life at firſt; but our lord never gives in—"

"Never?"

"Oh dam it no! never! that's game, int it, maum? and faith my lady is now as good game as ourſelves; ſhe plays higher, is more extravagant, and leſs at home, except at night, I muſt do my lady the juſtice to own, ſhe does paſs *ſome* part of every night at home; as to our lord and I, 'tis a matter of indifference where we eat, drink, or ſleep."

"And pray, Sir, how long has Lord Lowder been married to his preſent Counteſs?"

"Near two years, Maum; 'twas a match of Lord Gauntlet's making, and to tell you the truth, I and our lord were ſick of the buſineſs before it was half compleated; but old Gripus wanted rank, his daughter a huſband, and we wanted money, ſo that—you take me, maum,—that's game, int it?"

"You ſeem to be on very happy terms with this lord and lady of yours, Mr. Linton."

"Why, Sir, as to my lady, ſhe is civil enough to me, and ſo indeed am I to her, for the matter of that; but I know ſhe hates me like the devil: 'as to my lord, I know him pretty well, and he knows me; if I ſays the thing he does it, and if he ſays the thing, why, if I like it I do it; but I can't help laughing to think how quizziſh the old Doctor will look when he finds my lord has got the girl."

"But pray how came Lady Hopely to know any thing of Lord Lowder's diſappointment? ſhe is not, I preſume, in his lordſhip's confidence?"

"Oh,

"Oh, that is a part of the ſtory I forgot; the girl, you muſt know, got to the houſe of one Steward, a fooliſh fellow with a ridiculous prating wife, who pretended to perſuade Lady Hopely ſome ſtuff or other; that is, they ſaid they were ſure ſhe was modeſt,—they ſure, they be hanged,—ſhe is an old ſtager, been on the town from her infancy, ſeen her myſelf, met her at the back of the boxes a thouſand times."

"The lady was ſurpriſed, if that were really the caſe, Lord Lowder would give himſelf ſo much trouble about her."

This was rather an unexpected inference; it puzzled the perſon who would "*take his oath to the truth of every tittle,*" but he proved himſelf *game*.

"Why, I have before told you, maum, my lord's game; he is indeed the very ſoul of contradiction; I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have heard of my lord's ſpeeches?"

"Oh certainly!"

"Well, and what do you ſay to them, Sir! an't they trimmers! I and our lord always compoſes them over night, and you may ſee by them my lord is not to be joked with; that's game, int it, maum; the girl's a fine girl; beſides, as I tell you, he has a great bet depending; and ſhe behaved ſo curſed inſolent; I'll be bound our lord gives a good account of her; he'll teach her how to behave to a man of his rank."

The reader may conceive our poor heroine's feelings during this converſation; her heart, at one moment buſting with indignation, and the next ſinking with terror; ſhe was ſeveral times on the point of aſſerting her innocence, of confronting her ſlanderer, and convicting him of the greateſt baſeneſs man can be guilty of, "*Sporting with the character of a virtuous woman*;" but as often as her outraged honour was provoked into an impatience of further bearing, ſome hint of the power, the reſolution, and intentions of this great lord withheld her, and ſhe ſhrunk into the corner of the coach, trembling at every ray of light from the few houſes it paſſed, till it ſtopped at the porter's lodge belonging to the hall, which in that moment appeared to

her a terreſtrial paradiſe, ſo anxious was ſhe to eſcape from the man of honour's gentleman, for it was no leſs a perſonage who blending his own ſpiteful recollections of the kicking he had received from Mr. Steward, with the evil diſpoſition of his ignoble lord, was at once the object of her terror and abhorrence.

He jumped out of the coach, and offered Roſa his arm, which ſhe inſtinctively declined, and threw herſelf trembling on the coachman who ſtood at the ſtep.

She was proceeding to the lodge, when the voice of her tormentor, ſpeaking to the coachman, ſuddenly ſtopped her; he was going, he ſaid, to the hall; his ſtay there would, he believed, be but two minutes, in which caſe he ſhould croſs the park, and meet the coach at Shawford's farm gate; but as it was poſſible he might be detained, bid them not wait, and then bruſhing by the trembling Roſa with all the inſolence of mean pride, piqued and offended at deſerved mortifications, he entered the gates, and our heroine's portmanteau being delivered to the porter, the coach drove off before ſhe had power to ſpeak. The porter ſeeing her genteel appearance, ſtood with his hat off, and aſked if he ſhould conduct her to the houſe?

"The houſe!" repeated Roſa, "God defend me! when ſhall I enter a houſe that will ſhelter me from injury?"

The porter underſtood nothing of this exclamation, but the word "ſhelter," and anſwered, if ſhe choſe to wait till the rain, which indeed was nothing but a Scotch miſt, ceaſed, ſhe might ſhelter in the lodge.

"Where did he ſay he would join the coach?" ſaid Roſa, wholly engroſſed by the fear of again meeting the *gentleman*.

"From Shawford farm," anſwered the man, "'tis but a little bit acroſs the corner of the park, and he'll get there, if he don't ſtop at the houſe before the coach."

What now could Roſa do? there was a chance he might leave the hall before ſhe could reach it; but as it was only a chance, ſhe conſidered that as the coach was gone on, if he remained there ſhe had no poſſible means of avoiding him. The porter told her no carriage

riage was to be hired within nine miles; she was an absolute stranger to the country, and every creature who inhabited it; and if it should be her misfortune again to encounter a wretch, who was equally her enemy and that of truth, she would do it with more safety under the roof of a person of rank, whose protection her youth, sex, and recommendation, gave her a natural right to claim; conscious therefore she could easily clear her character from the aspersions his vain folly had cast on it, as far as regarded her own actions, though those which proceeded from her despicable origin, and the deception put on Mrs. Buhanun by the Major, were uncontrovertble facts, she, after long hesitation, resolved to be guided by the porter, to the house.

The dark night, rendered more dismal by the closing of the high trees over head, as she followed the porter up the avenue, with the distant howling of dogs, added to the terrors of her mind; and as she seemed out of the aid of all earthly power, she, *the thing is not without the example of many very good christians*, recommended herself to heaven.

"Bless me! ma'am," cried the porter, you are very godly; but if you are going to stop in our family, it will be of no use to you; for though there is a parson in it, I believe you may pray by yourself."

Rosa's heart already recoiled from the situation she had been so anxious to obtain; and coming at once to an opening in the wood, the house in full view, every room lighted up as if for an entertainment, struck her with a fresh panic; this was the road to London, and though not the direct one from Edinburgh, it was far from impossible that Lord Lowder himself might be a visitor there.

The porter's pace not being slackened by feeling, he went on to the house, through the stable yard, but stopped short at the door, and asked who she was going to?

Rosa, almost sinking under the terror of her own apprehensions, could hardly articulate. "What sort of

of a perſon," ſhe aſked, was the houſekeeper?" The anſwer, "A very good old gentlewoman," determined her, and ſhe deſired to be ſhewn to her.

After traverſing vaulted paſſage after paſſage, the porter rapped at a door, which being opened, our heroine was deſired to walk in by a freſh coloured country damſel, and received with great courteſy by an elderly woman, whoſe dreſs and figure were neatneſs itſelf.

Roſa's apology for troubling her, was, having a letter to deliver from Mrs. Parker to Lady Lydear, and being very much indiſpoſed, ſhe had on that account, as well as the lateneſs of the hour, and the company ſhe perceived were in the houſe, requeſted to be ſhewn to her, in hope ſhe might be permitted to recover from her fatigue before ſhe waited on her ladyſhip.

Mrs. Gerrad commended her prudence and forecaſt; ſaid there was but one lady viſitor in the houſe; and then aſked if ſhe was recommended by Mrs. Parker, to teach Miſs Betty? Roſa replied in the affirmative; and the houſekeeper eyeing her with viſible pleaſure, increaſed in her civilities, and deſired her to order any thing ſhe could like to take.

Roſa, merely to prolong the chat with Mrs Gerrad, aſked for a glaſs of water, and to her infinite ſatisfaction, heard Mr. Linton only ſtopped to deliver ſome papers, and went away immediately. This, and there being but one lady viſitor in the houſe, re-aſſured her.

She requeſted to be ſhewn to a bed, and retired with the repeated good nights of the houſekeeper, lighted by the ſtill room maid to a very handſome chamber.

On the ſtairs ſhe was met by a tall girl in white, followed by a mean looking man jumping down half a dozen ſteps at once, with ſuch a hoydening velocity as had almoſt precipitated her backward, and did ſtrike the light out of the ſervant's hand.

Roſa's diſpoſition was naturally lively when not ſaddened by reflections on the miſadventures of her life; but

but to that kind of mirth which is called *romping* with men, and which too often levels the delicate barrier betwixt broad laugh and female modesty. She was an absolute stranger; no such thing had ever been thought of at Mrs. Harley's, and at Castle Gowrand, where all the holyday hours were passed at the burn side, there needed no gross amusements to wing every passing hour with delight: even in the giddy amusements of Mrs. Buhanun and her daughter there was preserved an undeviating decorum of behaviour. So that from all she had witnessed of the conduct of well bred young women, she concluded the rude hoyden and her companion were some of the inferior domestics.

The servant having relighted the taper at a lamp on the stair, she was conducted to the chamber, and left to reflection. She could not but feel the light in which Linton had been pleased to paint her character, though founded on the grossest falsehoods, might bear too near a semblance to truth, not to gain some credit. The meeting Mr. Angus at Dr. Cameron's; Kattie's elopement so soon after; and her own sudden departure from Edinburgh, were circumstances which so unfortunately tallied with each other, that had it been possible for her, in the purity of her own heart, to have foreseen the inference chance and malice might combine to draw from them, she would, no doubt, have braved every humiliation which could result from Mrs. Frazer's representation; but regret was vain, and she had too much right sense to dwell intensely on that which, though unfortunate, was not criminal.

That Kattie Buhanun had certainly gone off with Mr. Angus, notwithstanding Doctor Cameron's positive declaration to the contrary, she did not from many circumstances doubt; they had left Edinburgh on the same day; and though he had been seen there after, it was not improbable that he might have secret reasons for their taking different routes to England; but then how to account for Doctor Cameron being his companion! her opinion of that gentleman, had, it is true, been a little shaken by Frazer; but how noble! how tender!

how

how candid! and how manly was his juſtification! Could he, the guardian, the friend, the man of unimpeached character, league with the ſeducer of his own ward? impoſſible! it was all an impenetrable myſtery, except what particularly concerned herſelf; that indeed was plain enough.

That a profligate nobleman, who had ſo little reſpect for himſelf, as to inſult a modeſt unprotected woman, ſhould find mortified pride a painful ſenſation; that himſelf rejected, and his grand agent puniſhed he ſhould be inflamed with rage and reſolve to purſue her, even if not ſtimulated by a bet of two thouſand pounds, merely to teach her, as his *gentleman* ſaid, how *to behave to a man of rank*, were, her underſtanding and her fears told her, but too probable; and they alſo told her ſuch a ſubject would not have been made the theme of unguarded converſation in a ſtage coach, had the turpitude or injuſtice of the act been of the ſmalleſt import, either to Lord Lowder or his *gentleman*; and ſhocked and diſguſted as ſhe had been at his libertine addreſs, ſhe was now much more ſo at the unmanly revenge, with which, according to his *gentleman's* account, he was now purſuing her, nay, ſhe had perhaps eſcaped perſonal inſult by that illneſs which ſhe conſidered as a misfortune; for if he really had, as the *gentleman* inſinuated, followed her, he had probably purſued that ſtage to London, which indiſpoſition obliged her to quit.

With reſpect to her own hiſtory, ſhe had lately begun to feel an increaſing reluctance to avow the meanneſs of her origin; and it ſeemed this fault was puniſhed in the very letter of the act, by an expoſure of the truth, with additions at once falſe and diſgraceful.

This had often ſtruck her in the courſe of her journey, and ſhe ſeveral times reſolved no longer to retain a name to which, in truth, ſhe had no right; but there was a poſſibility that a reſumption of her own might expoſe her to the recognition of an abandoned mother, of a father who was one of the refuſe of ſociety, and that too perhaps at a time and in circumſtances moſt important

to her welfare and intereſt; this idea again diſcouraged her.

Yet why ſhould a meeting with her natural connexions appear ſo terrible? her parents might have repented the cruel manner in which they deſerted her; they might even now be ſeeking her; they might languiſh after their child, or they might be themſelves in want even of the feeble aſſiſtance God and nature gave them a right to receive from their daughter; they might be enduring the accumulated horrors of want and ſickneſs, aggravated by a remembrance of their cruelty to her; conſcience might at laſt have overtaken them; and ſhould ſhe preſume to reject the only means by which it might be appeaſed?

"Shall I," ſaid ſhe, "put it out of my own power to comfort, to aſſiſt, nay, it may be, to cloſe the dying eyes of the authors of my being! no, I will reſume the humble name to which God and nature has given me a right; that God who ſees and knows my heart, it is in his hands,—who have I to appeal to but him? how many evils ſhould I have eſcaped, if when my benefactor died I had dared to be *myſelf*?'

Having thus formed the reſolution to diſcard all local pride, and deſpiſe all local debaſements; a reſolution eaſier formed alone, by a ſingle taper, than kept in intercourſe with the world, ſhe repoſed her weary body, and exhauſted ſpirit, and proved with Roſſeau,

"The pangs of ſorrow, the attacks of misfortune reſpect the hour of repoſe; it is *remorſe* alone forbids that neceſſary reſtoration."

CHAP. VI.

Shewing an old friend with a new face, and proving the impoſſibility of perſuading a fine lady that it is better to be reſpectable, than ridiculous.

ROSA was in the habit of early riſing, but illneſs had weakened her, and the fatigue of the laſt day acted

as an opiate; a large houſe clock was ſtriking ten as ſhe awoke.

Bluſhing at the ſample of indolence this would give the family, ſhe haſtily aroſe, and having dreſſed with as much advantage as her portmanteau would afford, haſtened to apologize for her late riſing. On going out of her room ſhe perceived the ſhutters were all faſt; ſhe trod lightly along the paſſage, and by opening a wrong door found herſelf at the top of a broad grand ſtaircaſe, hung with fine pictures, which a cupola over head was calculated to light to advantage; ſhe deſcended into a handſome marble hall; as theſe windows were alſo cloſed, ſhe could not believe the day was ſo far advanced, notwithſtanding the evidence of the ſolar ray through the chinks; but a fine time-piece, which ſtood on a pedeſtal, pointing eleven, was conviction; ſhe turned from the right into a very large handſome eating room, and proceeded through it to elegant drawing and withdrawing rooms; the chairs were ſtanding as they had been uſed the night before, and one wax light was ſtill burning in the ſocket of a girandole; ſhe returned into the hall; the oppoſite ſide led to another ſuite of apartments, out of which a pair of glaſs doors, without ſhutters, opened into a beautiful park. Again ſhe returned to the hall, and puſhing back a double baize door, got into a paſſage which ſhe thought led to the houſe-keeper's room, and before ſhe was aware of her miſtake, found herſelf in a ſpacious kitchen, oppoſite a door that led acroſs a ſtable yard into the park

A maid ſervant, who ſat at the further end, with breakfaſt before her, ſtarted as if ſhe had ſeen ſomething ſupernatural; Roſa apologized for her intruſion and inquired for the houſekeeper's apartment; the girl's ſtrong white teeth were viſible from ear to ear.

"Oh yez, I'll zhow thee thaten, ef thaten be ale, but zhe's not gooten oop yet, nea, vor the matter o that, zhee's giſt gun to bed."

"To bed! what, has ſhe been up all night then?"

"Anon"

"Has ſhe been up all night?"

The

The girl grinned in a manner ſo diſguſting, that Roſa, turning away, ventured to croſs the ſtable yard to the charming park.

The grooms were the firſt beings ſhe ſaw, who ſeemed ſenſible of the approach to meridian. She was paſſing them, when a young man of eighteen or nineteen, with a fine unwaſhed face, matted brown hair, ſoiled linen, and ungartered hoſe, ruſhed out from one of the ſtables, and having overtaken her juſt as ſhe gained the park, caught her in his arms, without any ſort of ceremony, ſwearing, in a dialect as broad as the girl's, ſhe was a pratty laſs, and he would gie voive ſhillings vor a boos.

Roſa, on whom the unhallowed touch of groſs brutality had never before been laid, ſhrunk into nothing in his arms, and gaſping for breath, in vain endeavoured to free herſelf from his Herculean graſp; Bruin ſwore it did not ſignify, vor he wud hae a boos, coſt what it wud.

"A middle aged man, from whoſe habit Roſa hoped protection, appeared in ſight.

"Save me, Sir," cried Roſa.

"Zounds, Sir Jacob," cried the parſon, "is the "devil in you? juſt under your mother's window!"

"Wounds!" Sir Jacob ſwore, "he never thout o'that," and to the inexpreſſible terror of Roſa, was actually carrying her back to the ſtable yard, in ſpite of her ſhrieks and ſtruggles, when a movement in the window ſhutter pointed to by his companion was the ſignal of eſcape, both for the man in black and the youth in brown.

A lady demanded the cauſe of the ſhrieks which broke her reſt.

Roſa, ſcarce reſpiring, was beginning to re-adjuſt her dreſs, when the lady repeated her queſtion, with the addition of, who are you, child? what is the matter?

Roſa, on raiſing her eyes, ſaw another ſhutter opening, and a younger lady appeared at it, who, as far as the countenance was the "tablet on which her thoughts were viſibly charactered," ſeemed to be extremely amuſed at the ſcene; ſhe was indeed in a convulſion of laughter, and it was a few ſeconds before ſhe could ſpeak.

"Opon

"Opon my honor, Lady Lydear, that thon of yourth eth ſa fine dathing fellow; bleth me, Mith, you are a vath deal more frightened than hurt, I fanthy."

Lady Lydear was exceſſive ſorry her friend was diſturbed by that rude boy, and her friend lithped out entreaties her ladyſhip would not trouble herthelf to make any apology, for that ſhe had been vathly diverted; ſhe however hoped all the Yorkthire damthels were not tho thoon frightened.

Lady Lydear again apologized for her ſon, but as to the young perſon (Roſa ſtill ſtood trembling before them) ſhe proteſted ſhe knew nothing about her, nor could conceive who ſhe could be, or where ſhe could come from; however her head would be actually diſtracted; ſo good night, dear Lady Lowder.

As one lady's window cloſed at the end of this ſpeech, the other lady dropped a faſhionable bob, and ſhut hers.

Roſa, who had time to collect herſelf during this curious dialogue, looked fearfully round; one lady had wholly forgot the occaſion of her being diſturbed; the other's pretty liſp had made a joke of it; but the name of Lowder was of more ſerious import to her than any thing, except the Baronet and his "voive ſhillings," ſhe retreated with all poſſible expedition into the houſe, and by mere chance found her way to the room where ſhe had ſlept. Here, breathleſs with ſurpriſe and indignation, ſhe again threw herſelf on the bed; the houſe ſeemed all myſtery; the ſame ſtillneſs continued, except indeed about the ſtables, where the trampling of horſes, yelping of dogs, and whiſtling of grooms proclaimed mid-day.

The clock had ſtruck three before light treads along the paſſage, and opening of the lower window ſhutters, gave omen of living inhabitants, and ſoon after the ſervant, who lighted her to her chamber the preceding night, brought Mrs. Gerrad's compliments, and begged to know whether ſhe would favour her with her company to breakfaſt in her room, or whether ſhe choſe to have it ſerved in one of the parlours. She preferred the former, and followed the ſervant.

Mr.

Mr. Morton, the reſpectable white headed houſe ſteward, a middle aged butler, Mrs. Gerrad and a young woman highly rouged, dreſſed in a morning robe made and trimmed in all the extremity of the mode, were already ſeated when Roſa entered,

" With beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
" Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on."

Mrs. Waters was in the middle of a very accurate deſcription of one of her lady's *Fetes*, interlarded with inſtances of the high degree of favour in which ſhe ſtood, both with her lord and lady, all obliquely directed to her male auditors, who, though they were mere ruſtics, and both her ſeniors, were reputed rich enough to repay her attentions with ſomething more durable than the favours of a lord or lady; but from the inſtant of Roſa's appearance, *rouge*, dreſs and anecdote were diſregarded.

The old ſteward handed her to his ſeat at the upper end of the table, Mr. Butler placed a napkin before her, and Mrs. Gerrad hoped ſhe had not ſuffered much from the fright, ſhe was ſorry to hear the young Baronet's wild freaks put her into in the morning.

" Fright!" repeated Mrs. Waters, meaſuring her with her eyes, and concluding from her bluſhes ſhe was ' nobody,' " nonthenſe, the Baronet would not hurt a worm, tith hith way; Lord, if I wath to thet an alarum going every time he toucheth me!"

" I dare ſay," anſwered the old ſteward, dryly, " that would be very often; but you are more uſed to ſuch things perhaps than this young lady."

Whether Mrs. Waters received the old man's anſwer as a compliment or a reproof, we muſt not depone, for

" With the friends of vice the foes of ſatire,
" All truth is ſpleen, all juſt reproof ill nature,"

but conclude, not the latter, as ſhe inſtantly recommenced the amuſement ſhe was giving them before the ſubject was ſtarted; and a real amuſement it proved

to

to Rosa; for of such fine sights, fine entertainments, and fine guests, as were constantly seen at Lowder House, in town, according to Mrs. Waters's account, she had never before heard; and could she have given all her assurances implicit credit, it must have been a great consolation that Lady Lowder wath the thweeteſt woman in the world; and that the Earl wath not near thuch a rattle ath the world believed him, to be thure he did admire beauty, tha the did, and who did not?

Mrs. Gerrad observed she thought he must then be very happy, for Lady Lowder was a very fine woman.

"Thertainly, and no body could be more the rage; thee thet all the fathionth; and indeed between leaving off petticoath and thtayth, going bare necked, bare armed, and almotht bare legged, thee had liked to have killed herthelf latht winter; however, every body followed her fathion; and now ath nothing more could be done in dreth, exthept going thtark naked, thee ith bringing in the lithp; how do you like it, Mr. Morton? tith vathly admired, I athure you."

"I observe, young lady," replied the steward, "you have an unfortunate impediment in your speech; but I have not had the honour to hear her ladyship lisp yet."

"An impediment, Mr. Morton! me an impediment! you are the first person—you are really very oddish, Mr. Morton; but you are quite mistaken, 'tis the fashion to lisp; my lady does not pronounce the S this year; but you hear I have no impediment, S S S."

"Oh the unfortunate S! what has it done?" cried the good humoured old man, winking both his rheumy eyes.

"Dear, Mr. Morton, you really talk quite nonsense; can't you understand me? I think I speak plain enough; it has done nothing; 'tis my lady that does, and next year she may relent, and put an S into every thing."

Lady Lowder's bell happened to relieve her woman at that moment, and she hastened to answer it.

Mr. Morton now addressed Rosa; asked her opinion of the country, the weather, and such leading questions as would engage her in conversation.

After

After having said so much of our heroine's right mind, it may be needless to add she felt a peculiar propensity to reverence years—white hair was a passport to her favour which never failed in influence, except where the pained and sober eye retreated with disgust from the heterogeneous mixture of the follies of youth, with what *should be* the gravity of age.

Mr. Morton had a little of the garrulity of seventy three, without its tediousness or infirmities, "his age was a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly;" he, any more than Mrs. Gerrad, did not tell our heroine in words, he felt the influence of that letter of recommendation she carried in her countenance; nor that he was charmed with the native sweetness of her manner; but his looks expressed a cordiality she could not mistake, and as the surest proof how worthy he thought her of being approved by the family, he was anxious she also should approve them.

"That young person," said he, speaking of Mrs. Waters, "is *not one of our family*; she is the prime minister of two contending powers, to each of whom, by her own account, she is of equal importance; if indeed she is as close an imitator of the vices of one, as of the follies of the other, God help her. She was lady's woman to the first Countess of Lowder, till her ladyship not having perhaps a predilection for servants who lived long in her family, or for some better reason, thought proper to discharge her; but on his lordship's second marriage, he recommended the pretty Mrs. Waters to his Countess, who set out with such a determined resolution to make the very most of all *innocent* pleasures, that the constitution of one woman was absolutely inefficient to attend her; Mrs. Waters is therefore allowed a deputy, who sits up, and does the hard duty of the toilette alternately, except when the Countess travels alone, which to confess truth, happens as often as she travels at all, when the pretty Mrs. Waters being more conversible, and mistress, I believe, of more subjects to converse on than her colleague, rides in the carriage with her lady."

Encouraged by the frankness of the venerable satirist, Rosa asked when the Countess arrived, and how long she was expected to stay?

"We

"We understand from Mrs. Waters," answered he, winking both his eyes, "that her lady was actually on the point of having a terrible fit of the dolours, when the earl was obliged to set off at an hour's notice for London, and consequently left his lady at liberty to follow when she pleased, and she did please within that very hour: The noble couple never travel the same road; he goes by Newcastle; she by Carlisle."

"Does she visit here often?"

"Generally twice a year; going north and returning."

"And my lord?"

"Never, never, my late master was cousin to his mother; but since her death, which is now twenty, ay, twenty five years agone, he has not been at the hall; our lady indeed never visits, but Lady Lowder is so good as to wave ceremony; and shall I tell you the truth, young lady? and won't you think the old man a cross cynic, young lady? no, you won't, I can see it in your pretty eyes. without my glasses; you can understand how it is that,

"The soul's dark cottage, shatter'd and decay'd,
"Lets in new lights, through chinks that time has made."

and lowering his voice, "I'll tell you how it is; Lady Lowder, poor woman, finds it impossible to make two thousand a-year answer all her separate expences, and so having *particular objections to an inn*, visits all the way down and up from London to the north; you understand me, young lady?"

Rosa could hardly tell whether she did or not, but altogether her mind misgave her this was no resting place for her; the insult offered her by the young heir, under his mother's window, spoke very little for the authority of the parent, or the dignity of the lady of the mansion; and an ill governed house is never a safe asylum for a virtuous woman. It was hard necessity compelled her to seek her bread where she feared esteem and respect could not sweeten duty; that cruel motive still remained in even fuller force, since having troubled Lady Hoxely for a recommen-

commendation; she remembered "the advantage we possess by the good offices of friends is a kind of sacred trust, wherein we have their judgment as well as our own character to maintain, and therefore to be guarded with peculiar attention." But scarce the most trifling event of Rosa's life passed without either involving her in some fresh difficulties, or shewing her others she had narrowly escaped; and one circumstance equally remote from her rank, connexions, and imaginations, proved in this instance her peculiar blessing: had Lord Lowder happened to travel the same road, and with the same *prejudices against an inn* with his lady, instead of being frightened at meeting his gentleman, who was sent to deliver some papers to the Countess, she would most likely have had the honour of a tete à tete with his lordship himself; this idea made her shudder, and with a faint heart she presented Mrs. Parker's letter to Mrs. Gerrad, begging it might be delivered to Lady Lydear as soon as possible.

Mrs. Gerrad understood the purport of the letter, and wished from her soul it might succeed; "my lady," she added, "is a very worthy good woman; she has some few oddities, but——

Mr. Morton interrupted her; he desired he might deliver the letter; he believed he should know what to say.

Rosa was anxious to have her credentials presented, though less solicitous about its success, than about the steps she must take if it failed; she had heard nothing of the young lady, but concluding was her mother's companion, expected to be introduced to her when she received the fiat from her.

She asked at what hour it was likely Lady Lydear would be pleased to see her.

The old steward and Mrs. Gerrad looked at each other with a meaning Rosa could not comprehend, at length, "Plain sincerity, young lady," said the old man, "is, and always will be, the best policy; 'tis the natural bias of honest minds, and a certain indication not only of truth but wisdom; 'tis a rule I practise as much as *I can:* our lady lives out of all reasonable rule;

rule; she sleeps all day, and rises when the world goes to rest; she breakfasts at seven in the evening, dines at midnight, takes coffee at three in the morning, sups at five, and goes to rest at seven."

This was an inversion of time with a witness; Rosa was amazed; "and this," asked she, "always?"

"Constantly," Mrs. Gerrad said, "which indeed was a reason why people of rank so seldom visited the hall; as none but the needy or obliged would sacrifice their health to her lady's habits; Lady Lowder was almost the only exception she remembered; but her ladyship having been obliged to keep tolerable hours in the north for want of companions to keep intolerable ones, declared herself delighted at being once more in a house where she could turn night into day."

"But what," demanded Rosa, "becomes of the children?"

"Why, young lady," answered Morton, "that is the worst part of the story; the young Baronet will never be able to hold it; he gets drunk by this custom twice in the twenty-four hours; my lady has at last, at the young gentleman's own instance, got him a tutor, and he is now learning to write his name; so her conscience is easy about that: He dines with this tutor, the head groom, and game-keeper at two; staggers off to bed at five; rises again to dine with my lady at twelve, and reels off again about two; but then he's often up again and on horseback at five or six."

"But the daughter, Sir!" cried Rosa, in a voice of apprehension.

Mr. Morton had nothing to say about her, poor child! but he should have some hope of living to see one of his dear master's children honour his memory, if so sweet a young lady took charge of her.

The best light in which these faithful servants could paint the arrangements of the family, was strongly discouraging to Rosa; she thanked them for their frankness, and in expectation of an interview with their strange lady, went to her chamber, to alter her dress before the dinner hour in the house-keeper's room, chusing to associate with her till she was certainly fixed,

fixed, and the arrangements were made for herſelf and pupil.

On paſſing the lobby ſhe ſaw the hoyden, whoſe rudeneſs had annoyed her the night before, among a group of female domeſtics, handling the broom with uncommon dexterity; ſhe ſaluted our heroine with a horſe laugh, which was echoed by her companions, and ſo diſconcerted her, that when ſhe entered her chamber, the painful alternative of reſiding in a family ſo vulgar, eccentric, and diſagreeable; or expoſing herſelf to all the mortification, diſtreſs, and inſult, to which poverty is ſubjected, drew a flood of tears from her eyes; and it was with a heartleſs, though nice attention ſhe finiſhed her toilette; as no fond wiſh to gratify the admiring eye of virtuous friendſhip, no latent ſpark of vanity, no wiſh to pleaſe, nor hope of being pleaſed, lightened the ſhort labour.

The clock ſtruck; there was yet an hour before the dinner; ſhe had not ſeen a book in the houſe, nor implements for writing, but as thought was hopeleſs, and of courſe painful, ſhe rambled into ſeveral handſome open apartments, admiring the views through the windows, and at length having croſſed two of the moſt ſpacious, entered a large library, well ſtored with a great number of books in tolerable order and condition.

Pleaſed at a diſcovery that promiſed at leaſt a ſhort oblivion of anxiety, ſhe reached a Spectator, and ſoon loſt in one of Addiſon's charming viſions all thoughts of Lady Lydear, her ſon, and even the unfortunate viciſſitudes of her own life.

But the calm illuſion was not ſuffered to laſt, a ſmacking of whips, coarſe laughs, and loud hoic hoics, with ſhrill hollows, preceded the entrance into the room of the ſame young man who had given her ſuch undeniable proofs of ſtable breeding in the morning, followed by his worthy tutor, their countenances fluſhed with wine, and a ſtagger in their gait that made her tremble.

"So ho! ſo ho!" whooped Sir Jacob, the inſtant he ſaw Roſa.

"So ho! so ho!" echoed the tutor.

And Sir Jacob reeled towards her, swearing by jingo, now he would ha a boos.

Dreading the brutal rudeness of an intoxicated being, who in his sober senses had so terrified her, and seeing no other way to escape a second insult, she at once resolved to trust to her own agility, and his evident inability to overtake her, so fairly took to her heels, and had near gained the door, when her speed was impeded by running full against the Countess of Lowder.

When this lady shewed her divine face at the window in the morning, the distance, and the treble lace of her night dress precluded a possibility of distinguishing features so closely enveloped; but here she stood in her own proper person, wife of the Right Honourable the Earl of Lowder, and youngest daughter of Sir Solomon Mushroom, Knight.

From the time when the death of Colonel Buhanun became an undoubted fact, the sun of our heroine's favour in the family of the Mushrooms, proved, "our friendships are mortal."

No sentiment whatever had recalled to the minds of the fair and elegant Miss Mushrooms a single trait of the fondness they once professed for the pretty Rosa, although the impossibility of entirely forgetting how much they had been disgraced by even a school acquaintance with a little beggar, also proved "it is our enmities that never die."

Every former circumstance indeed now seemed to be forgotten by the beautiful Countess, and she stared at Rosa without betraying the smallest symptom of recollection. The latter was indeed increased in stature and improved in beauty since her last interview with the Miss Mushrooms of Mount-Pleasant, and the then lovely girl was fast maturing into a more lovely woman; the charms of Sophia Mushroom were, on the contrary, stationary, save only the milk of Roses and liquid bloom from Warren's, with a reasonable increase of haughtiness and vanity from the rank of her husband; it was therefore quite as possible for the Countess of Lowder to have forgot the little Beggar, as it was certain

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the little Beggar perfectly recollected her ladyſhip, who however was as much ſurpriſed to meet Roſa in the Baronet's library, as Roſa could be to meet her any where.

The lady of quality collected all the ſcorn and malignity with which her narrow heart abounded, into her countenance, for the good natured purpoſe of looking little folks into nothing.

The heart of our heroine, on the contrary, was ſpringing to her eyes; ſhe turned ſhort, and with a kind of April day face, glowing cheeks, and agitated eagerneſs, extended both her hands, her mind animated with a thouſand tender recollections of juvenile affection, and every feature animated with joy.

But the dignified deportment of the Counteſs of Lowder very opportunely repelled the approach of genuine friendſhip to a region where it was impoſſible that celeſtial plant could take root; ſhe caſt a vacant ſtare at Roſa, and turned to the young Baronet,

" Rolling her charming eyes in ſpite,"

and looking

" Delightfully with all her might,"

Roſa felt hurt and abaſhed; her ladyſhip was ſuperior to either; ſhe walked ſlowly on, took a Taſſo from a helf, and read with ſuitable emphaſis from a folded page,

" Oh could I preſs my faithful breaſt to thine,
" And on thy lips my fleeting ſoul reſign;
" So might we fainting in the pangs of death
" Together mix our ſighs and parting breath."

" That's your ſort," cried Sir Jacob, looking at is tutor with a kind of corrected archneſs, who moſt bſequiouſly bowed to her ſtately ladyſhip as ſhe paſſed im out of the library.

Roſa, confounded, and indeed a little aſhamed of her d friend, had no time to loſe; ſtupidity was faſt anging to a more troubleſome ſenſation; Mr. Jolter ggered off, the Baronet was advancing, and again re-

duced to the neceſſity of ſeeking ſafety in flight, ſhe had juſt gained her chamber, and ſhut the door when he bounced againſt it, inſiſting on admittance.

Roſa rung with violence, and again diſturbed the ſlumbers of the lady of the manſion, who alſo rung, and her bell ſet every ſervant in the houſe in motion.

Roſa was now determined not to remain in a houſe where ſhe was continually ſubject to inſult and mortification, whatever might be the event; and on Mrs. Gerrad's inquiring the cauſe of the commotion, declared ſhe would not give Lady Lydear any trouble, as ſhe could not on any terms accept a ſituation in her family.

Mrs. Gerrad adviſed patience, and called the old ſteward to ſecond her perſuaſions; but Roſa conſidering that in addition to the worrying of a brute, ſhe would be obliged to endure the ſcornful ſtare and perhaps, what was worſe, the ſociety of her unfeeling ſchool fellow, perſiſted in her reſolution, to the great mortification of both the reſpectable domeſtics.

Mrs. Gerrad's mother had many years filled the place to which her daughter ſucceeded at the hall; and Mr. Morton had been ſteward to three generations of the Lydears; he had acquired a competency in their ſervice, which far from alienating his affections, or abating his zeal for the family, endeared the one and increaſed the other; he was anxious to retain Roſa, not only as he admired her, but as he conceived ſuch an example and companion would be of the moſt important advantage to his young lady; and he now went to Lady Lydear's apartment, full of vexation, reſolved not only to relate, but remonſtrate.

Lady Lydear, widow of the late, and mother of the preſent Sir Jacob, was a foreigner of family; ſhe ſtill retained an agreeable countenance, had a large jointure and poſſeſſed great perſonals; the inverſion of time, for which ſhe never aſſigned a better motive than the old female one of "I will, becauſe I will," was a very unfortunate trait in her eccentric character, as it not only deprived her of the ſociety of reſpectable

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people of her own rank, but left her children open to low connexions and pernicious examples.

Sir Jacob had of himself insisted on the propriety of learning to write, without which he could not act as a magistrate, be returned to parliament, or serve in the militia, all which, as his father, grand, and great grand-father had done, he also resolved to do.

Miss Lydear had reached her seventeenth year, without shewing on any one occasion she considered herself as superior to the house maids, her companions, by whose aid she had actually beat off with brooms a relation of her father's who had attempted to rescue her from the vortex of ignorance and vulgarity into which she was sinking: A few months prior to this period of our Beggar's history, a young glazier, who was employed about the house, perceived something in Miss Lydear's disposition more brittle than the glass he was employed to repair, and communicated his discoveries to Mr. Grist the baker.

Mr. Grist was an honest Yorkshireman, who had no occasion to travel for information how to turn every thing to his own advantage; he conscientiously warned the old steward of the glazier, and instructed his own son how to profit by the silly lad's discovery.

Lady Lydear, though as her daughter, was such a mere baby, she had never thought of inspiring her with the smallest particle of self respect, was enraged at the degeneracy of her propensities; and it was on that account she employed one of her most polite nocturnal companions, Mrs. Parker, to inquire after a proper person to unlearn Miss Betty some things, and learn her all things.

CHAP. VII.

Recommending Lady Lydear's mode of regulating a family to every rich widow, who wishes to get rid of a tall overgrown girl without the trouble of deeds and settlements.

MR. MORTON presented himself at Lady Lydear's bedside, with his spectacles in one hand, and Mrs. Parker's letter in the other, just as she was exclaiming against the ungovernable state of her family, by which her rest had been twice so unseasonably broken.

Mr. Morton, nothing dismayed, delivered the letter, and after a panegyric on the bearer, launched out into a severe Philippic against both the young Baronet and his tutor, neither of whom, he protested, were worth the salt they eat.

The lady was too sleepy for argument; her son was very fond of her, very handsome, and had besides written a whole page of legible writing since the Rev. Mr. Jolter became his tutor; it therefore did not strike her how either could be so very worthless as old Morton protested they were; however as she knew the goodness of heart of the white-headed declaimer, and as his severity did not render her less disposed to think well of the person in whose praises he was so profuse, and who was recommended by her friend Mrs. Parker, she directed Rosa to attend her breakfast table at ten, and turning her pillow, bid Morton good night.

The old man immediately repaired to Rosa, and conjured her not to stand in her own light; he would take care her salary should be handsome, and she should be protected from the Baronet, who, after all, was only a spoiled child.

"I have," said he, "lived a few years and seen a few things; I know you will do for us, and pray, my sweet new acquaintance, let us do for you; you don't answer;

ſnſwer; I ſee you are not quite perfect, young lady; obſtinacy is an unnatural trait in a young character.

Whether the old orator was right in imputing obſtinacy to our heroine or not, ſhe accompanied him to the houſekeeper's room, leſs diſpoſed than ever to remain at the Hall; but her invention on the rack, how to reach London in ſafety with ſo ſmall a ſtock of money.

Eleven at night came, and ſhe was deſired to attend Lady Lydear's breakfaſt table.

Roſa had in preparing her mind for the interview, conſidered, that as ſome name would be demanded of her, ſhe muſt at once either for ever renounce that of Buhanun, or reſolve on continuing to retain it, in ſpite of the mortifications to which it might expoſe her; ſhe had ſome doubts whether Lady Lowder did or did not recollect her; ſhould the latter, which ſhe fervently wiſhed, be the caſe, the name of Buhanun would bring the little Beggar as freſh to her recollection as even that of Wilkins, though ſhe well remembered the laſt time the Miſs Muſhrooms viſited at Mount-Pleaſant, they had addreſſed her as "*Miſs Wilkins*," with a preciſion which nothing but cold premeditated malice could dictate.

True, ſhe had taken great pains to fortify her mind againſt local debaſement, and flattered herſelf with ſucceſs; her conſcious rectitude was unſullied, and ſhe had as much true humility in her heart as falls to the ſhare of any girl of eighteen; but theory and practice do not always mean the ſame thing, with wiſer and older heads than hers. Buhanun was a name ſhe wiſhed to drop, and Wilkins one, notwithſtanding all her reſolution, ſhe bluſhed to take.

Roſa never wanted an adviſer, without being inſtantly tranſported in imagination to the burn ſide, with her whoſe wiſe counſels were engraved on her heart; it was the thought of a moment, "Walſingham," ſaid ſhe, "was a fictitious name; I cannot injure nor offend by aſſuming an *aſſumed* appellation; yes, I wil bear the ſame name with the beſt of women; I ſhall be inſpired by

by the virtue, and protected by the ſpirit of him to whoſe ſoul it was dear."

And no ſooner had ſhe ſo reſolved than a glow of animated fortitude ſeemed to lift her above the vain Counteſs, whom ſhe rightly ſuppoſed would be with Lady Lydear.

She reached the breakfaſt room without one diſpiriting apprehenſion, and was announced by her own deſire as Miſs Walſingham.

Lady Lydear received her very graciouſly, and returned her eaſy courtſy by a polite bow; the footman reached a chair, and Roſa, on a motion from the lady, drew it cloſe.

Lady Lowder was indolently lolling on a ſofa, playing with a part of her decoration, for which, at the time Roſa was familiar with her, no mortal could ſuſpect ſhe would have occaſion, namely, an eye glaſs ſet with brilliants, and hung by a gold chain round her neck; ſhe alternately put it to her eye, in order, we preſume, to ſcrutinize the furniture, and poured cream into a ſaucer to feed her ſweet pretty little black noſed puppy, not for one ſecond forgetting how infinitely beneath the dignity of a new made Counteſs it was, to beſtow the honour of her notice, on ſuch a being as Roſa.

Lady Lydear's looks expreſſed the approbation ſhe felt, and entering immediately on buſineſs, profeſſed herſelf pleaſed with the perſon and manners of the young candidate for her favour, and obliged to Mrs. Parker for the recommendation.

Roſa was beginning to ſpeak her gratitude, when the young perſon who had ſo annoyed and diſguſted her in the morning, and the preceding night, romped familiarly into the room. If the ſurpriſe of our heroine was viſibly blended with diſguſt, the countenance of the young perſon was equally expreſſive of averſion, and the introduction of her, as the child whom her mother hoped Roſa would new model, was followed by ſuch proofs of ſpirit, and mature knowledge of a certain deſcription, as would have frightened Roſa from the undertaking had ſhe no other objection.

Miſs

Miſs Lydear had been appriſed by her particular friend, the houſemaid, that a Scotſwoman was ſent from Mrs. Parker, to lock her up, make her read the bible, and be falſe hearted to young Mr. Griſt, and ſhe was heroically reſolving to do neither one nor the other, at the ſame moment when Roſa was conſidering on the moſt delicate manner of declining the ſituation, frankly confeſſing ſhe felt herſelf inadequate to the undertaking.

"There's a goo now," cried Miſs, with a hoyden laugh.

Lady Lydear was both ſurpriſed and diſappointed; but ſelf-ſecluded as ſhe had been for ſome years back from the world, ſhe was not deficient either in obſervation or ſenſe, when ſhe could ſo far conquer habitual indolence and apathy as to make uſe of either; the ſtriking difference between the manners, not only of her own untaught daughter, but even the belle of faſhion and thoſe of our heroine, were greatly to the advantage of the latter; and ſhe declared ſhe could not accept a negative ſo repugnant to her wiſh without further conſideration.

"That's a good one!" quoth Miſs.

Lady Lydear bluſhed. 'Your care of this neglected girl ſhall be amply———"

"Don't vex yourſelf aboot me, mamma; I warrant I've ſtuff enow aboot me to teak care of myſelf; bent I as big as ſhe?"

Again Roſa declared her utter incapacity.

"I ſhall conſider the having ſo amiable a companion for myſelf as a———"

"Lead mamma's vound her tongue, and I'll voind my lags, vor I wunt be luck'd oop, I'll promiſe you thaten, and zoo here goes," and away ſcampered Miſs Lydear.

Lady Lowder burſt into a fit of laughter, proteſting her couſin was the greateſt droll in nature,—the very model of the Jordan, and ſhe really muſt go and kiſs the ſweet creature.

Lady Lydear felt ſomething more than drollery in "the ſweet creature's" behaviour, and having again endeavoured to prevail on Roſa to remain at the Hall, at leaſt for a trial, rung for Morton, to whom ſhe con-

ſigned her, with ſuch expreſſions of kindneſs and approbation, and ſuch hope that he would have more influence on his favourite than ſhe had, as delighted the old ſteward.

"Did not I tell you?" ſaid he, winking both eyes and ſtroking back his white locks as he led her down ſtairs; but though the good old man exerted all his powers of oratory; though he enumeratd the advantages of living with ſo generous a woman as Lady Lydcar; though he inſiſted on the certainty of the reformation of her daughter; and though he proteſted he ſhould feel his own youth renewed in now and then being permitted to pay his reſpects to her;—the brutality of the ſon, the pride of the viſiter, and the vulgar ignorance of the daughter, were objections too potent for all the eloquence of fourſcore; and in deſpite of her almoſt empty purſe, ſhe determined on leaving a roof where, though in the abundance of wealth, it was impoſſible a mind like her's could find content. She retired to her chamber, determined to proceed with that night's coach, and ſince there was no other reſource, humble her mind to the neceſſity of her circumſtances, and leave her portmanteau in poſſeſſion of the coachman, till they reached London, where ſhe would not ſuffer herſelf to doubt her troubles muſt have, at leaſt, a ſuſpenſion. This, out of innumerable plans, which in the exigence of the moment occurred to her imagination, was the only feaſible one; true, it ſubjected her to a momentary humiliation; ſhe muſt confeſs her poverty, but it was in the direct way of buſineſs, her ſenſibility could not be wounded even by the caution of a ſtranger, and it was a meaſure far leſs mortifying than he ſtudied contempt and affected forgetfulneſs of an old friend and companion.

Mrs. Gerrad very good naturedly came to invite her to ſup with her, and added, if indeed ſhe was, as Mr. Morton informed her, reſolved on going to London, ſhe would meet a perſon, who was alſo on her journey thither, whoſe company would be ſome protection to ſo young a traveller, both from her age, and her experience.

This

This was a very acceptable idea to Rosa, and she gladly accompanied Mrs. Getrad to her room, where she instantly recognised her acquaintance, in the blue habit, to whose kindness she was so much obliged at the Rose Inn, and found her neck encircled by the arms of the little boy, who climbed on the table to reach her, with a vivacity at once joyful and affectionate. The woman, whose red face seemed to have undergone a fresh and deeper dye since they parted, was rejoiced at a second meeting with so well behaved a "young body," who was such "good company."

Mr. Morton hoped Rosa would not persist in her resolution, and Rosa hoped he would not give her the pain of refusing to comply with his wish, as her mind was positively made up to go immediately to London.

Mrs. Garnet was again rejoiced; she had now visited all her relations, cousin Gerrad was the last; and tired enough she was of going from place to place, like a wandering Jew, and indeed her good man was tired enough of being at home alone, and please God, she would only go in the stage from the hall to Sheffield, and then take a shays all the way home; and if the young body would accept a part of it, without any preamble, why she was heartily welcome.

Rosa's heart bounded. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was the daily proverb of honest John Brown; it recurred to her memory at this moment, and with it, the almost forgotten friend of her youth: she gave a sigh to his memory, and secret thanks to Providence. She was now sure not only of decent company upwards of two hundred miles, but her purse would, in the offered conveyance, more than last the long journey. Thus relieved from the mortifying obligation of opening her circumstances, and asking forbearance of strangers, she thankfully accepted Mrs. Garnet's offer, and literally became such good company that old Morton declared himself undone.

Mrs. Waters, as high rouged, feathered and dressed as her lady, seemed to have lost all relish for conversation; she had her netting and her badenoire, which she took up by turns; but though, as old Morton observed,

ſerved, ſhe did not prattle, ſhe loſt not a ſentence from thoſe who did, and indeed condeſcended to be a part of the company for the ſole purpoſe of obſervation.

Mrs. Gerrad, anxious to pay every poſſible reſpect to her London couſin, propoſed cards, and Mrs. Garnet ſaying ſhe liked a game of wix well enough; Mr. Morton challenged Roſa, and Mrs. Waters declining to cut in, the party ſat down to a ſixpenny rubber.

The old ſteward having juſt thrown down three honours, at the calling point of the firſt game, was interrupted in the midſt of his triumph by the ſudden entrance of the young Baronet, followed by his ſhade in black.

The Rev. Mr. Jolter had a quick conception; he ſoon ſaw how deep an impreſſion Roſa had made on his pupil, and hearing ſhe was to be an inmate in the houſe, in which caſe he preſuppoſed certain conſequences of no leſs importance to himſelf than to the parties concerned; that is to ſay, he was willing to make himſelf *uſeful*, and reſolved to be well paid for being ſo; he had accordingly propoſed this viſit to the houſe-keeper's room.

Mrs. Gerrad roſe with reſpect, Mrs. Garnet with confuſion, Mr. Morton with gravity, Mrs. Waters to flirt with the Rev. Mr. Jolter, and Roſa to make her eſcape.

The Baronet was a little more rational than when he met Roſa in the library, and notwithſtanding his inebriety, remembered all that had paſſed, and feeling for the firſt time in his life, the power of beauty, like his brother Cymon, civilized by love, ſaid, "Ef he droove the young laſs vrom hir company, he wud goo himzel."

Mr. Morton put on his ſpectacles in aſtoniſhment; here was not only a change of manners, but appearance; he whoſe ſlovenly habits proved he conſidered, that "to make himſelf neat was but loſing time in this world," had actually acquainted his face and hands with ſoap and water; his linen was clean, his hoſe gartered, his ſhoes japan'd, and his fine brown hair, which had hitherto ſeldom been diſentangled by any thing but the comb "*de la main*" of Rabelais, was now dreſſed,

dreſſed. The old ſteward, when particularly pleaſed, was in the habit of ſtroking back his white locks, and his venerable face was now prominent, unſhaded by a ſingle hair.

Mr. Jolter, with the aſſumed importance of little minds inveſted with anthority, ordered every body to keep their ſeats, and with a look he intended to be very expreſſive, told Roſa ſhe would not be ſo coy when ſhe knew the Baronet better,—an intimation little calculated to reſeat her.

Sir Jacob, abaſhed by the ſcorn and indignation flaſhing from her eyes, drew back, and in a faltering voice, looking piteouſly at Morton, ſaid, "Do ye noo bag hir to ſtop, wull ye; I wunt touch her, ef ſhe duont loik it, rot me ef I do; zoo noo do ye zay zoo, wull ye mon?"

Morton convinced, by a change ſo brief, of the benefit the young Lydears would have derived from ſuch a companion as our heroine, wiſhed to remove the ill impreſſion ſhe had imbibed of the Baronet, and perhaps hoped it that were effected, ſhe would be prevailed on to reſcind her reſolution; he therefore begged ſhe would finiſh the rubber, in the confidence no offence would be offered her; but Roſa had too lively and indignant a recollection of the rudeneſs both of Sir Jacob and his friend in black, to be on any terms with either.

Mr. Jolter, with a rude ſtare and attempt at what he called fun, placed his back againſt the door, but Mr. Morton, whoſe anger was neither ſoon excited, nor eaſily appeaſed, was not to be trifled with; he inſiſted the young lady ſhould be at perfect liberty to go or ſtay, as ſhe pleaſed; and Jolter, with a very bad grace, let her paſs.

The ſon of Mrs. Garnet, whoſe infantine liking of our heroine increaſed every moment, followed her to her chamber, lamenting he was not a big man, to fight that great fellow in the black coat.

Roſa had before fancied that the tones of this child's voice were perfectly familiar to her ear, and on again attentively examining his round chubby face, flaxen hair, ruby lips, and the clear red and white of his ſkin,

her

her eyes ſeemed to reſt on objects of long acquaintance; it was the features, the complexion, and the voice of ſome body ſhe had known; every time he ſpoke, every turn of his features was congenial to her mind; but after ſcrutinizing, and recollecting till ſhe was weary, ſhe found it impoſſible to fix the reſemblance, and was obliged to relinquiſh the idea as a chimera of fancy.

In the exhilarating hope of reaching London on a ſcale of expence ſo ſuitable to her ſcanty means, and under ſome ſort of protection, it was not in the power of Sir Jacob nor his companion entirely to unharmonize her mind.

"Yes," ſaid ſhe, emptying the ſmall contents of her purſe on the table, "it is him who feeds the young raven, and cloaths the lily who hath done this." And in her enthuſiaſtic thankfulneſs ſhe bent her knees before the power that protected her. The child, who continued earneſtly to gaze on her, alſo knelt, and when ſhe obſerved him, aſked with a dimpled ſmile, if he alſo ſhould ſay his prayers? Roſa ſtarted; the voice, the up raiſed face ſpoke to her heart; again ſhe endeavoured to recollect.

"Your name, my dear, I think, is—"

"Phil Philip Garnet; ſo is my daddy's; and what is your's?"

"Roſa."

"Roſa!" the boy capered for joy; "oh that is mammy's name; I'll go and tell her; oh! I am ſo glad you are my mammy's nameſake; do let me go and tell her, ſhe will be ſo glad."

Roſa ſmiled at the child's vivacity, and having diſmiſſed him, went to reſt.

Mrs. Gerrad having, in reſpect to her London couſin, altered the hour of breakfaſt, Roſa was ſummoned at the moderate hour of ten, and early as it was, the pretty Mrs. Waters was alſo preſent; not indeed the voluble entertainer, but the gloomy obſerver of the company; ſhe haughtily bid the boy not be ſo noiſy, he diſtracted her head.

Mrs.

Mrs. Garnet ſtirred her tea in no ſmall agitation when their attentions were called to a new object by the entrance of a houſe maid, who out of breath, declared that "Miſs Bet was ſartainly lopped alung with Dick Griſt, vor that hir had not been a bed ale night lung, and ſartainly hir had teaken Rachael Powers alung, vor hir had gutten ale hir duds away."

Up ſtarted Morton and the houſekeeper, juſtling each other in their haſte to reach Miſs Bet's apartment; no Miſs Bet was to be found; and moreover Dick Griſt had loitered among the footmen till after Lady Lydear dined. Mrs. Waters withdrew to inform her lady of this piece of family hiſtory, and the houſekeeper dreading the diſturbance the event would raiſe in the family, hurried her viſiters away to an adjacent farm houſe, whither Roſa, anxious not to loſe the advantage and convenience of Mrs. Garnet's company to town, would have followed, had ſhe not been ſtopped by Mr. Morton.

"Stop, young lady, ſtop," ſaid he, "*you* are here under my lady's own authority; it is impoſſible one who behaves ſo well and is withal ſo handſome, ſhould not make enemies as well as friends; you have both, young lady, yea even under this roof, young lady, and if you ſneak off as if you were guilty, who knows how ſoon you may be thought ſo young lady?"

"Guilty!" repeated Roſa, "guilty, Sir, of what?"

"Nay, nay, in truth I do not mean to offend, but you are guilty."

Roſa looked amazed.

"Very guilty; you make a riot in the men's hearts, yea, even in my heart; what will the women ſay to that! and then it will not look well for a ſtranger to enter a family, juſt before the elopement of an heireſs, and quit it juſt after; they may ſay you have a finger in the pye, young lady."

Had Roſa really been the contriver of Mr. Richard Griſt's good fortune, and had ſhe been at this moment convicted of ſtealing an heireſs, ſhe could not have looked more confounded.

It

It was only two nights ſince ſhe heard herſelf accuſed of being privy and aiding to the ill conduct of one unfortunate young creature; and was ſhe already liable to experience the ſame injuſtice on the account of another! ſhe had not power, nor indeed time to anſwer, for Lady Lydear's maid, a woman who, as in duty bound, was the exact copy of her lady, and never ſtirred from her own, or her lady's apartments, had thought proper to be ſo much grieved, and ſo vociferous when the houſe maid rapped at her door with the news of Miſs Bet's loppment, that ſhe diſturbed her lady, who immediately aroſe, and left her chamber, followed by her ſervant, who wept, wrung her hands, beat her boſom, ſcolded, railed, and lamented, echoing her lady's tones, and imitating her manner, as ſhe traverſed the apartments till they reached Mrs. Gerrad's, where alſo they were joined by the Counteſs of Lowder and the pretty Mrs. Waters.

Lady Lydear's temper was eaſy when ſhe was kept perfectly pleaſed; which for a woman who had ſo many whims, and ſo much money, was not, it muſt be owned, ſo hard a taſk as might be expected; but when ruffled by anger, or attacked by misfortune, no lady could be more furiouſly impatient; her voice now reſounded through the whole large houſe; ſhe accuſed every creature ſhe ſaw with being a party in her daughter's imprudence, and threatened to have them all hanged, coſt what it would; at length, exhauſted by ravings which at once proved the ſtrength of her paſſions and the imbecility of her mind, ſhe threw herſelf on a chair, and burſt into tears.

The old ſteward and houſekeeper now advanced, to offer humble conſolation, but again retreated, to give way to the pretty totter and thoft lithp of the Counteſs, who gave it as her decided opinion, that her thweet couthen, poor Mith Betty, had been frightened into her ruin by the dithagreeable countenance of the woman who thee wath told wath to have the government of her; for that poor thing the had vowed with tearth in her eyeth to Waters, thee could not abide her.

Lady

Lady Lydear, in all the impatience of ſelf accuſing ſorrow, caſt a look of interrogation on Waters, who advancing to confirm her lady's aſſertion, was rudely puſhed back by Sir Jacob Lydear, now, to the great terror of Roſa, one of the council.

Sir Jacob ſwore that was all bis eye, "vor az to the countenance of the laſs, it cud not vriten any liven zole, zeeing as how twor the comelieſt in ale the coonty, and moor liken a leady than ony he iwer zeed, liven or ded."

"Soh, ma'am," ſaid the penetrating Counteſs, piqued into compaſſion for the diſcarded S, "you will reſpect *my* opinion another time; you may elſe have your ſon follow his ſiſter's example; for my part, I ſhall not be at all ſurpriſed to find this *comely* perſon, with her two names, as you ſee by Mrs. Parker's note, was not the only occaſion, but the contriver of my poor couſin's ruin."

Lady Lowder ſuddenly ſtopped at this period of her ſpeech: happening to caſt her fine eyes in the direction towards the place where the aſtoniſhed Roſa ſtood, ſhe met the expreſſive glance of her, who of all God's creatures looked leaſt likely to plan or participate a bad act her ladyſhip actually bluſhed; and as Roſa, bold in conſcious innocence drew nearer Lady Lydear, ſhe retreated towards the young Baronet, who impatient of any thing that obſtructed a full view of the charms he admired, puſhed directly before her.

"Brute!" ſaid her ladyſhip; "do you ma'm" to Lady Lydear, "countenance this? will you authorize an inſult to *me*, on behalf of an artful low creature, who has her bread to get, or——"

Again the calm indignant glance of the poor low creature ſilenced the Counteſs.

Lady Lydear, irritable from conſcious error, and ſuſpicious of every thing, now roughly demanded of Roſa whom ſhe was? where ſhe came from? where going when met by Mrs. Parker? who and what were her parents? their names and ſituation? and laſtly, her reaſons for introducing herſelf to Mrs. Parker by one name, and to her by another?

At

At the concluſion of theſe interrogations Roſa looked full at the Counteſs, and ſaw in the triumph of her eyes, that her ladyſhip's recollection was as clear as her own; but though the thoughtleſſneſs of adopting a different name from that on the addreſs ſhe had given Mrs. Parker, did not credit her policy, it was an error of the head, which, though it left no culpability on her heart, could not be defended without mortifying references to a part of her hiſtory it could anſwer no purpoſe now to explain. She had good ſenſe enough to diſtinguiſh between the ſatisfaction due to Lady Lydear, and that which the cool malice of the Counteſs was eagerly waiting for; but literal anſwers to the ſeveral queſtions propounded by the former, however gratifying to the latter, wounded neither her pride nor ſenſibility, and ſhe replied without heſitation, "That ſhe was, as Lady Lowder rightly ſaid, a poor creature, who had her bread to get; that ſhe was travelling from Scotland, on her way to London, when ſhe met Mrs. Parker."

"Scotland!" exclaimed the Counteſs.

"Well Lady Lowder," ſaid the Baronet, "noo body axes you any queſtions, ſo you need not be in zitch a hurry; cant you let the laſs ſpeak vor hirzel."

Roſa proceeded to ſay, that the poverty of her parents was all ſhe knew of them, and that her motive for changing a name ſhe was not conſcious of having diſhonoured, for one, by which ſhe had not before, ſhe confeſſed, been known, was to avoid a mortification from which however ſhe had not had the good fortune to eſcape.

As it was impoſſible Lady Lowder could miſconſtrue the look and manner in which Roſa concluded her anſwers to Lady Lydear ſhe had nothing for it but patting little puggy, and humming an Italian air, while Lady Lydear, who had ſenſe and penetration enough to know, the mind which could ſubmit to ſuch humble avowals, muſt have internal ſupport, eyed our heroine with ſilent admiration.

Roſa calmly waited to give opportunity for any further inquiry Lady Lydear might pleaſe to make, and

then

then gracefully curteſying retired, followed by Sir Jacob to the hall, where the ſtill room maid waited, by Mrs. Garnet's expreſs entreaty, to ſhow her the way to Shawford farm.

Sir Jacob's perſecutions, though in a humbler ſtrain than what he had before uſed, made her anxious to join Mrs. Garnet, in the hope that ſhe might immediately ſet out on her return to London; but that good body had other matters in her *head*; ſhe had been ſo frightened at the idea of encountering the anger of a "my lady," and had made ſuch haſte to eſcape from it, that ſhe was under the abſolute neceſſity of aſking the farmer's wife for the *leaſt drop* of ſpirits in the world; the dame fetched out her long ſtored caſe bottle of brandy, but ſuch was the fluſtration Mrs. Garnet declared herſelf to be in, that firſt, ſecond, and third drop were inſufficient to allay the ferment in her blood, and ſhe had taken ſo many of the *leaſt drops in the world*, ſhe was now unable to ſpeak plain.

This was a ſight no leſs new than diſguſting to Roſa; ſhe recoiled from an object ſo diſgraceful to womanhood with abhorrence, and her modeſt cheeks were tinged with the deepeſt glow of ſhame at the recollection, that circumſtanced as ſhe was, ſhe muſt be conſidered as the avowed companion of the now almoſt inſenſible Mrs. Garnet.

Sir Jacob, on the contrary, was never more delightfully amuſed; and Mrs. Garnet, with that ſpirit of liberality which often diſtinguiſhes the votaries of intemperance, while under the inſpiration of their god, offered him a glaſs which, he drank off, and then ſat down "giſt vor vun, to zee how vuddled the owld deame wud make her zel."

The farmer's wife, who on the contrary extreme, could not taſte a drop of any ſort of liquor, no not, as ſhe ſaid, to ſave her life, would have been well diſpoſed to clear her houſe of ſuch a gueſt, but the preſence of Sir Jacob, and the requeſt of Mrs Gerrad, were ties on her hoſpitality ſhe dared not diſregard; ſhe however ſaw in our heroine's countenance an abhorrence of inebriety,

ebriety, at leaſt equal with her own, and civilly invited her to another room, while Sir Jacob amuſed himſelf by ſtaying "gift to zee how vaddled the owld deame wud make her zel"

But there was no "zeeing the vun" without now and then taking a drop with the "owld deame," ſo by the time Mrs. Garnet tumbled off her chair, Sir Jacob was calling manfully about him for "the pratty laſs, zuſtir Bet's tutreſs," and the little boy vociferating with no leſs harmony for mammy's nameſake, to come and help poor mammy up.

Roſa had manifeſted great preſence of mind, and no ſmall degree of fortitude, when before Lady Lydear in her own manſion, where ſhe reigned paramount, and we have ſeen that even the ſcornful invectives of a peereſs could not intimidate her; but of that ſort of courage neceſſary to brave either a rude or intoxicated man, ſhe was entirely deſtitute. With earneſt terror, ſhe implored protection of the farmer's wife, who promiſed to ſtand by her to the laſt drop of her blood; but the Baronet was her landlord, whom ſhe had never contradicted in her life; he inſiſted on ſpeaking to the pratty laſs, and inſiſted too on putting a golden guinea into her hand, and whether her courage like Acre's, oozed out, or the gold oozed in, or whether conſcience took her landlord's part, certain it is, ſhe was taken in ſuch an "odd comicaliſh zort of a woiy, ſhe was vorced to goo to the doore gift vor a mouthful of air."

Nothing, it is agreed, is bolder than cowardice in deſpair, Roſa now could have no hope from the farmer's wife; and ſhe had ſeen no other being in the houſe, ſo affecting courage while almoſt choaked by the palpitation of her heart, ſhe fixed a ſteady eye on the enemy, and waited the attack.

Sir Jacob, though reeling, had his hat on his thumb as he advanced one ſtep and retreated two.

"Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir?" aſked Roſa, with a gravity of mien and utterance that would have ſtruck good ſenſe dumb, but as "it is the gods only who can inſpire the wiſdom of ſilence," and as the gods had

at this time nothing to do with Sir Jacob Lydear, a broad grin, which diſplayed the whole of his white teeth, preſaced a declaration of love, ſuch as it was.

" Why, yeez, young woman, I cant zay but what I hae a leetle zorte of a bit of caſſion, if zo be az you bent zoo croſs, vor I be deſperdly teaken with you; and Jolter, you do know Jolter, he do zay az you'll be deſperdly teaken with me too, only you be ſheame faced, when you do know what a vine vorten I hae gotten; but I am nut zitch a keak az to believe ale he do zay outen a buk, and zu here iz the lang and the ſhart of the matter; moother may tauk az zhe do loik abooten geten me a woife liken oor cooſin leady, but rot me if I wudnt zooner goo to ſtatue and teake aad leady ooten a market pleace, and az to thaten painted jezebel Waters, zhe wunt do vor the north, noo vaith! vor ale zhe thoft to coom over me with hir Lunnun ſlang; Ecod, if zhe loiks me, zhes in a deſpered woiy, I tell hir bot that; vor there's a zartan parſon noot a moile off thizen here pleace, az I do loike hir leetle vinger better nor zhes whool body.

" Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir? repeated Roſa.

" Do ye noo have a bit of patience, wull ye? I am cooming haome to point az vaſt as I con bent I? zoo now dye zee I be moinded to teaken my own advoice, vor az to Jolter zaying I muſt teake you into kipen, and zu when moother has gotten a woif ready and vitten to meake a leady, zend you packen; ecod there's not a man in ale Yorke need be aſhamed to call you woife; I do loike you deſperdly, and zu there's the lang and the ſhart ont."

" What is all this to me, Sir?" interrupted Roſa, glowing with indignation at the groſſneſs of that part of his language ſhe could comprehend.

" Why noo donte be zu croſs, I'm gwain to tell ye, bent I? you be ſo pratty that I—coom now duont ye luk zoo curſed glum Id gie, by jingo Id gie the ſorrel crap and zhee coſt me two hoondred poonds vor one boos."

Sir

Sir Jacob advanced; the brandy was potent, the ſquire athletic; and what would have become of our trembling heroine at this moment, the gods who manage all ſuch critical matters alone know, had not ſome gentlemen who were paſſing aſked for a glaſs of dame Shawford's whey.

The ſight of a decent dreſſed woman, in a ſtate of ſenſeleſs intoxication, was, in the weſt riding of Yorkſhire, ſo equally ſtrange and diſguſting, that Mrs. Shawford's ruddy countenance received a heightened tint from the aſtoniſhed looks of her gueſts; inſtead of fetching the whey, ſhe ſmoothed her apron, and evinced her ſolicitude to clear her own character from the diſgrace of ſuch a connexion, by aſſuring their honours, "the pore zilly bodi war nothen at al to ſhe; zeeing az how hir wur a Lunnuner coomed to theezn parts to zee houzkeeper at hall."

Dame Shawford would have proceeded in vindicating the ſobriety of her own character, which ignorant people do ſometimes think a little hurt by bad company, had not the attention of the gentlemen been diverted by the ſudden appearance of an elegant young woman, whoſe deranged dreſs, confuſion, and terror, proved Dame Shawford had company in her houſe, more diſgraceful than even the "pore zilly bodie," on the floor.

We have always given the reader to underſtand our heroine was very beautiful, and beauty, every body who reads novels know, always appears moſt captivating on occaſions like this; what is meant by "occaſions like this," will be underſtood by gentle Miſſes who are the ſupport of the Goddeſs of Wiſdom—in Leadenhall ſtreet,—when they are informed it was at this preciſe critical minute the hero of this hiſtory ſurrendered his heart to the ſovereign of its fate—our little Beggar.

No mouſe, eſcaping from the griping claw of a mercileſs grimalkin, ever panted with more terror, or looked round with more anxious ſolicitude for ſome little corner to hide, than did our poor heroine, when ſhe broke from the loving arms of Sir Jacob Lydeat; her panting boſom, diſhevelled hair, and pale cheek, as ſhe ruſhed into

into the room in the moment Dame Shawford was defending the credit of her houſe, engroſſed all the attention of the gentlemen; one of whom ſprung forward, and caught her in his arms, juſt as the ſight of her brutal lover, who immediately followed, rendered her nearly as inſenſible as the "zilly bodie," on the floor.

Sir Jacob, notwithſtanding the fumes of liquor, had penitence as well as paſſion in his looks; and the fear of loſing the object of his firſt attachment, were viſibly blended with his deſire of poſſeſſing her.

"Coom, coom noo," cried he, in an accent half whining, "duntee be croſs; wull ye ha me? do ye noo gi me your hond opont, an I'll goo vor a loizens an make ye my woif, in ſpite of moother's teeth; coom, coom, coptin, let the laſs goo, cont you? what dye hould her zoo vaſt vor? hir can ſtaund mun othout haulding."

The gentleman, who not only continued to ſupport our heroine, but extended his right arm, as a kind of guard from the touch of the Baronet, was neither young nor handſome; neither was he, as we preſume our young readers expect, the perſon whoſe heart, at this period, was enſlaved to the charms of the affrighted Roſa; he was, on the contrary, a hardy rough looking man, about fifty; but had he been ever ſo young, ſo handſome, ſo ſuſceptible, or ſo addicted to falling in love, he could not have been more attentive to the lady, or more exaſperated againſt the ſavage, whoſe looks and trembling anxiety proved the ſort of inſult he had offered her.

The companions of this gentleman, were a tall venerable looking perſon, in the undreſs uniform of a naval commander in chief, and an elegant young man, whoſe manly, handſome countenance ſpoke the intereſt he felt for the lady, and who had now ran for a glaſs of water to keep her from fainting.

It was not without ſeveral efforts to tear Roſa from her protector, and a volley of ſtable oaths, that Sir Jacob quitted a place where he had indeed no power to remain; the commands of the old gentleman being ſupported

ported by the middle aged, and the young one, all of whom he knew to be respectable.

In the mean time our heroine recovered, and on looking round, encountered a pair of eyes as expressive and as brilliant as her own, beaming with benevolent kindness and repressed curiosity.

If these eyes had any other expression in them, it was such as was *only perceived* by Rosa, who certainly did recal her hasty glance and fix her own on the ground, in a manner so sudden, so new to herself, that it was some time before she could again venture to look at her other protectors, whose ardent gaze, though they were much more calculated to inspire respect, one from his great age, the other from his active kindness; she could meet with less embarrassment.

The old gentleman, with the air and manner of a courtier of Queen Ann's reign, put his broad brimmed laced hat under his arm, and approaching Rosa, congratulated her on her escape from the Yorkshire *Orson*. The middle-aged person, who had now relinquished his fair burthen, took out a massy silver tobacco box, and having deposited part of its contents between his teeth and under lip, "Yes, Admiral," said he, "'twas a fair gale that blew us to this quarter; the little shallop would have been fairly run down by that clumsy luggar."

"The lady," replied the Admiral, raising his venerable figure quite perpendicular, "was certainly in very impolite hands."

Rosa attempted something like thanks; but again encountering the aforesaid pair of expressive eyes, the words died on her lips, and she, for the first time, felt herself at a loss in well bred company."

"But," proceeded the Admiral, "I profess nothing surprises me so much as to find so elegant a young person under the same roof with two such——."

As he spoke he placed his eye glass in the direction towards the snoring Mrs. Garnet.

Although this gentleman was a seaman of seventy years standing, "whose services were his patrons," a nice regard to every minutia of politeness and etiquette con-

tued

tinued a leading trait in his character, even on the boiſterous element on which his life had principally paſſed; he ſaw with pain the bluſh on Roſa's cheek, and his own faintly glowed with confuſion, for having *abaſhed* a *woman*; he apologized, and his apology more embarraſſed her; he entreated her pardon; he had certainly, he confeſſed, groſsly expreſſed a ſentiment raiſed by the intereſt he had the honour to feel in her ſafety, which could only be inſured by her permitting him to eſcort her to her friends.

"Oy, oy, madam," joined the gentleman with the tobacco box, "we'll not part company till we convoy you into ſafe moorings; that *whorſon*, as the Admiral calls him, won't give up the chace; he may bear down upon you again if you have no body to keep a look out."

"Allow me, fair lady," rejoined the Admiral, holding his hat with one hand, and having firſt conſecrated the other with a kiſs, offering it, "to have the felicity of waiting on you."

Roſa had yet only uttered confuſed monoſyllables; the young gentleman's earneſt and ſilent attention confuſed her as much as the formal politeneſs of the old one, or the blunt kindneſs of his friend.

Never before, ſince the firſt dawn of embelliſhed reaſon, had ſhe aſſociated with a being of depraved mind, or vulgar manners. It was not her ſituation, nor her humble rank in life, which were difficult to explain; but while the old Admiral was anxious to pay her the reſpect, he took it for granted ſhe deſerved, ſhe felt the moſt inconceivable reluctance to diſcover ſhe was even the caſual companion of the intoxicated being, ſo juſtly the object of diſguſt and contempt.

Mrs. Garnet's boy now ran to her, begging her to come home to his mammy, who was her nameſake, and finding ſhe neither anſwered, nor motioned to go, hid his face in her clothes, and wept.

Back ſtarted the old gentleman, as if he had been bit by ſome venemous reptile; he looked at Mrs. Garnet, then

then at Rosa, at Mrs. Garnet again, and lastly directed an interrogative glance to Dame Shawford.

"Eez zur," said the dame, perfectly comprehending him, "thay be ale a lungen to the zame coompany."

A dagger struck to Rosa's heart, could not have more seriously hurt her; had no other eye but her own witnessed it, her cheek would have crimsoned with shame at the sight of a woman in Mrs. Garnet's present condition; how then must it affect her when by a combination of unfortunate circumstances she was implicated in her misconduct! it was in vain she essayed to speak; the dignified mien of the old Admiral, the astonished look of his friend, and the earnest glances of the young gentleman, confounded and embarrassed her.

The boy continued obstinately to hide his face in the coat of her habit; tears rolled down her cheeks, and she threw herself on the seat of the antique window, utterly exhausted with shame and vexation.

The Admiral, with all his politeness, levelled his eye glass directly at her face; the tears however, which he by that means discerned, affected him.

"'Tis a fine boy," said he, attempting to pat the child's head, "is it?—no—it cannot be———"

"Let's look at thee, my hero," said the other gentleman, endeavouring to drag him forcibly from Rosa.

The boy had fine lungs; he made the house ring.

Mrs. Garnet gave a kind of hollow groaning sign of existence; the Admiral hobbled out, leaning on his gold headed cane; his friend stopping both his own ears, after hollowing in Mrs. Garnet's, followed; and Dame Shawford, disappointed of the piece of silver she was in the habit of receiving from the Admiral for her whey, carried it back to the dairy in very ill humour.

Scarce did Rosa dare to raise the long lash of her eyes as the two gentlemen departed; still less did she dare encounter the gaze of him who, transfixed to the spot on which he stood, still remained.

"May I be permitted, madam," said he, in a low voice, "to ask if you live in this country?"

"Noo, lord! why thay be travellen voke," answered Dame Shawford.

He

He gave her a look that returned her to her dairy, and repeated his queſtion, to which, after a moment's heſitation, he received a cold and ſingle negative.

"Do you leave it ſoon?"

An affirmative as cold.

"Are you ſafe from the further inſult of the young man who—"

From the moment Roſa's fear of Sir Jacob ſubſided, ſhe had been ſo entirely occupied by her feelings, on account of the company in which ſhe was found by people for whom ſhe felt an involuntary impulſe of reſpect, that fear was entirely abſorbed in ſhame, and Sir Jacob no more thought of than if he was not in exiſtence; but it now recurred as a moſt ſerious evil, that he had ſworn, at his departure, he would "ha hir."

She was alone, helpleſs, and the moment the perſon who now took the trouble to concern himſelf in her ſafety followed his friends, might be expoſed even to worſe inſults than thoſe ſhe had ſo recently eſcaped.

"Good God!" ſhe exclaimed, claſping her hands together, "what a ſituation am I in!"

"If," ſaid Mr. Montreville, "you will favour me with your commands, you will infinitely oblige me; will you direct me to your friends?"

"Friends!" repeated Roſa, with an air at once moving and graceful, "direct you to *my friends!* Ah!" ſighing deeply, and at that inſtant her thoughts reverting to the Colonel and Major Buhanun, "where are they!"

Mr. Montreville changed colour; he ſaw before him a woman whoſe beautiful and intelligent countenance both attracted and intereſted him, and he found himſelf irreſiſtibly impelled to admire her; the ſentiment he conceived for her was perfectly new, he gazed on her face with tranſport, yet he was far more pleaſed to diſcover in it the lineaments of innocence and candour than he could have been to receive the voluptuous ſmile of invitation; he wiſhed to know her, but he wiſhed to know her worthy; yet ſo ſtrangely was ſhe ſituated, ſo myſterious were her manner and words, that he hardly dared to credit the modeſty of her countenance; and then

the horrible woman! the companion of such a creature, must be, what indeed must she not be! he considered and reconsidered, at length, "How long," said he, "do you remain in this house?"

Rosa had also been considering; she recollected the danger to which she would perhaps be exposed the instant this gentleman left her; the embarrassing events which had succeeded each other so rapidly, since her departure from Edinburgh, might be followed by others equally embarrassing and more dangerous as she drew nearer London; should she attempt to proceed by any other conveyance than the regular stage. Sir Jacob Lydear, equally her terror and dislike, might follow her unprotected steps, he might even endeavour to prevent her taking the only safe conveyance; this gentleman was, it is true, as little, nay less known to her than Sir Jacob, but his countenance, his manners, his company, were at least sureties for a cultivated mind; if he was the man of honour he appeared, and would put her into the coach when it passed, (for she no longer thought of Mrs. Garnet's protection) his rank, which the respect of Dame Shawford evinced, would enforce that care, and those little attentions which a woman quite unknown and unaccompanied needed in such a journey; at least she would reveal her situation, and be guided by his behaviour as to the limits of her confidence. Her answer to his question was a frank avowal of her distress; and her natural good sense superseding the transient confusion which had enveloped her faculties, she took courage to ask that protection, it was now his anxious wish to offer.

Except from the warm spirit of universal philanthropy, which in some few minds greet congenial virtues with excess of pleasure, and mingle tears over human frailty, it would be difficult to ascertain the source of that benignant joy which now lighted up the fine features of Mr. Montreville.

"You are not then the companion of that woman?"

Rosa blushed, not at the question, for it was a natural one; but the manner in which it was put, and the interest it implied in her answer.

The

The acquaintance, ſhe ſaid, was a mere travelling one, whom ſhe firſt met in a ſtage coach, and after at the houſe of Lady Lydear, and having no ſuſpicion of the poor woman's unhappy propenſity, ſhe had thought herſelf fortunate in meeting a fellow traveller of her own ſex, whoſe age and experience would be a ſort of protection.

Mr. Montreville, though pleaſed at the frank manner in which ſhe accounted for the connexion ſo apparently degrading, felt a pang of regret when he underſtood he was to feaſt his eyes and heart in her charming ſociety no longer than that one day; he aſked Dame Shawford what time the London coach paſſed, in a manner that ſhewed the ſtrongeſt intereſt in the queſtion, and then fixed his eyes on Roſa's face, as if totally regardleſs of the anſwer.

Dame Shawford, awed into ſilence by the frown of the young gentleman, had been thinking it was very hard to be deprived of the liberty of ſpeech in her own houſe, and no ſooner was an opening allowed her than ſhe began to wonder what "wur coomed of Madam Gerrad, who had promiſed to come and look ater her freens, but vor zartain hir would be daunted vor to zee the zilly bodie zoo mutch overtane, and az to the cuoch, why hap it mout be vul, and hap not; but az to that, what in the neame of vortin cud be dun with the pore zilly bodie, if zo be az zhe wur gotten to bed happen ſhe wut getten zoober afore the cuoch cooomed.

Dame Shawford's propoſition was an appeal to decency Roſa could not reſiſt; ſhe offered her aſſiſtance, the dame called her maid, and between them they got Mrs. Garnet up ſtairs, and left her ſnoring on a bed. Mr. Montreville had in the mean time been amuſed himſelf with the boy, whoſe artleſs tale confirmed Roſa's accountof the commencement of her acquaintance with his mother; and whether it were this or the heightened beauty which the little exerciſe raiſed in her cheeks, time will determine, ſomething had certainly increaſed her intereſt in his heart during the ſhort abſence; he roſe to meet her with a tenderneſs as unſtudied as unexpected,

expected, and after leading her to the ſeat ſhe had left, beſought her to accept his protection till ſhe was out of the reach of further inſult; in order to which he propoſed ſending for his chaiſe, and eſcorting her on horſeback as far as ſhe would permit him.

Roſa felt all the kindneſs of this offer, but it nevertheleſs occurred to her, that putting herſelf under the protection of an entire ſtranger, might be to avoid one evil, by running into another; ſhe therefore could not accept, and was at a loſs how to decline his offer. If ever Roſa was ungraceful, it was at this moment; but Mr. Montreville's was a capacious and intelligent mind; he ſaw her downcaſt eyes were fraught with meaning, and recollecting that the honour of thoſe ſentiments, and the delicacy of thoſe motives which prompted him to make the offer, were known only to himſelf, frankly apologized for his want of thought.

Roſa! what became of poor Roſa, when a mind ſo delicate, ſo ſenſible and ſo honourable, broke on her with freſh luſtre every time he ſpoke; and when ſhe dared look up, and beheld a fine oval face, where bright dark eyes and animated eye-brows, fine teeth, regular manly features, and ſtrong expreſſion, mellowed by ſenſibility, well atoned for the abſence of the roſe and lily in his clear brown complexion; added to a form whoſe every graceful attitude might vie with Apollo of Belvidere; and was it then only during the few hours that would elapſe before the ſtage paſſed, ſhe would ſee and converſe with a being ſo every way amiable!

A ſilence, more expreſſive than words, was broken by the farmer's invitation to "zitch az they had, thof to be zure they had nothen vitten vor young zſquire."

Roſa declined his civility, but would thank Mrs. Shawford for a diſh of tea after her dinner, and would in the meantime walk into the corn field before the houſe.

Mr. Montreville made many efforts to draw her into converſation, but an unuſual weight oppreſſed her ſpirits, and a confuſion of ideas no leſs painful than embarraſſing, kept her almoſt uniformly ſilent.

He

He adverted to Lady Lydear and her family; ſpoke of her eccentricities with ſome compaſſion, of the injury they were of to her children with more; pitied the imprudent girl, though nothing better was to be expected from the companions ſhe was allowed to have; the young man he could no longer pity,—no, he could only hate him for having dared——.

Mr. Montreville ſtopped, and Roſa was ſtill ſilent.

He proceeded to ſay, that although, if ſhe had remained at the hall ſome happy chance might have given him the honour of being known to her, he could not regret her removal from ſo unpleaſant a family.

Roſa courtſied.

He continued, "My grand-father, the old officer you ſaw does not viſit Lady Lydear, although their eſtates join."

Roſa no longer looked "into the earth." Mr. Montreville could not be more anxiouſly curious in regard to her than ſhe felt at this moment about all which related to him;—Eſtates and grandfather; alas! theſe were bleſſings ſhe knew not.

"The young man has once or twice dined at the Grange; I then thought he might have been improved, had he not been put into ſuch hands as his tutor."

"A tall diſagreeable man," ſaid Roſa, "with a loud imperious voice, and ſtaring black eyes?"

Pleaſed at having at laſt drawn an anſwer, he replied, ſhe had well deſcribed him. He could not comprehend how ſuch a perſon could be engaged for the improvement of a young man with ſenſe enough to feel his own deficiencies; he was ſo complete a mixture of pedantry and vice; had ſo much knowledge of the world and ſo little principle; was ſo great a hypocrite, yet ſo daringly immoral, that it was to be expected a young man of ſtrong paſſions, with large fortunes in poſſeſſion and reverſion, would not come out of his hands mended in mind or circumſtances.

Roſa entirely coincided with Mr. Montreville in opinion and ſentiment; but though ſhe grew leſs embarraſſed, would have been a much better pleaſed liſtener to more of the Grange family anecdotes.

Returning

Returning to the houſe, Mr. Montreville hoped thei acquaintance, tho' begun in ſuch unpleaſant circumſtances, would not terminate here, but that he ſhould be honoured with her addreſs in London.

This was not the firſt inſtant it occurred to Roſa ſhe had no home, nor, though ſo anxious to reach London, ſure of a ſingle friend there; but it certainly was the firſt time ſhe felt a deſire to conceal her real circumſtances from any being whoſe eſteem ſhe deſired to cultivate; it was her wiſh to make a grateful return for Mr. Montreville's politeneſs, without confeſſing to what a deſtitute being it was offered; again ſhe coloured, heſitated, and felt a want both of breath and words.

"Perhaps," ſaid he, regarding her attentively, "you are under the protection of friends to whom it will not be convenient to announce me."

Roſa was dumb.

"I dare not preſs you, madam," he continued, with a mortified look, "but if I muſt not be favoured with your addreſs, will you do me the honour to receive mine?"

Still Roſa was ſilent.

"I make no empty profeſſions when I declare I ſhall be zealous to ſerve or oblige you."

Roſa chuſing at this moment rather to look on any other object than the amiable ſpeaker, turned her face towards the houſe, at the door of which Dame Shawford ſtood beckoning her to come in, and ſhe haſtened, rather to conceal her emotion than to obey the ſummons; he however put his card into her half reluctant hand, and had but juſt reached the Dame's beſt tea table when Mrs. Gerrad joined them, too full of the diſturbance at the hall, to recollect with whom ſhe familiarly ſeated herſelf.

She began to lament the imprudence of Miſs Betty, but Mrs. Shawford cut her ſhort with anecdotes of imprudence nearer home; even in her own London couſin.

When Mrs. Gerrad, who was the pink of all kind of regularity, heard of Mrs. Garnet's inebriety, and underſtood

derſtood her preſent ſituation, ſhe firſt looked round on the witneſſes of her implied diſgrace, and ſeeing a ſtrange gentleman, for Mr. Montreville's perſon was not known to her, became as anxious to diſclaim the connexion, as Mrs. Shawford herſelf had been.

"My couſin!" cried Mrs. Gerrad, with a peeviſh and diſdainful toſs of her head, "No, ſhe thanked God, ſhe had no ſuch relations; the woman was married to a kinſman of her deceaſed huſband's, and plague enough he had with them both for many years, no end to his trouble and expence; people might talk of London, but Jabel was an induſtrious man in the country; nay, for that matter, ſo was his wife; but all ſorts of ruination followed them in London, till poor Jabel liſted for a ſoldier and took his wife with him over ſea, where he, poor ſoul, was ſoon killed, when ſome fool of an American, with more money than wit, married his widow, and as ſoon as it was peace, comed over to England. The fooliſh woman had been round at all her own and her firſt huſband's relations; and indeed behaved very well to all who had formerly ſerved her; the Hall, Mrs. Gerrad added, was the laſt place ſhe ſtopped at, and brought a preſent of a very handſome ſilver cream pot with her, though it was more than ſhe deſired; indeed ſhe thought the unhappy creature was quite reformed, but poor Roſe Wilkins was no changeling."

The tea cup dropped from Roſa's hand; ſhe had felt herſelf uncommonly intereſted in the hiſtory Mrs. Gerrad's pride impelled her to give of her London couſin, without the remoteſt preſentiment it could at all affect her; but, "Roſe Wilkins;" a north country diſſolute woman; her huſband a ſoldier, who took her abroad; the name too well remembered, the circumſtances too exact, and the character too juſt, to admit a ſhadow of doubt; no wonder the child's voice and features were ſo familiar to her, and that his mother's own face had ſtruck her as one ſhe had before ſeen; for in the intoxicated Mrs. Garnet, the woman her relations were ſo anxious to diſclaim,—her for whom, as a being of her own ſex, ſhe had ſo deeply bluſhed, who at that

moment lay in a ſtate abhorrent to decent women, and deſpiſed by all deſcriptions of men,—even in her did our poor heroine recognize the mother who abandoned her at Penry.

So ſweet, ſo ſoothing, ſo ultimately full of comfort is the parental tie to thoſe who, like our Beggar, are thrown at large on the world, that though the utmoſt effort of memory could not retrace one inſtance of parental tenderneſs the favourite object of Roſa's fancy, was a meeting with her parents, and both her waking and ſleeping thoughts had often ſtripped them of their rags, reformed their evil habits, and reſtored them to that rank in virtuous ſociety in which her glad heart would with tranſport greet them; but thoſe dear illuſions nouriſhed with tender delight, were now torn away; at laſt that mother whoſe boſom ſhe had often wetted with her tears was found; ſhe was indeed no longer a beggar, but the poverty, the abject poverty of her ſoul was unchangeable;—yes, in a ſtate that degraded human nature, and overwhelmed her with ſhame, ſhe found her only parent; it was too much; ſhe ſunk back on her chair; a cold dew overſpread her face, her limbs trembled, and ſhe muſt have fallen had not Mrs. Gerrad ſupported her, for Mr. Montreville's ſurpriſe and concern rendered him immoveable.

After a ſhower of tears had in ſome degree calmed the ſtrong emotions of her mind, her high ſenſe of filial duty together with a ſenſation of tenderneſs, which the name of mother inſpired, induced her to go to the chamber where Mrs. Garnet lay; but the ſight of her unwieldy figure, her bloated features and inflamed countenance, ſpite of herſelf repelled every impulſe of natural affection.

To aſk the maternal benediction of a woman from whom her heart recoiled; to acknowledge to the elegant Montreville her near affinity to one whom it had filled him with ſuch evident joy to find was only her travelling acquaintance; to ſubmit herſelf to the guidance of a woman ſo totally unable to govern herſelf, and who after all, might not receive her with kindneſs

was more than duty enforced, more than prudence could warrant; ſo at leaſt ſhe would have hoped had not thoſe principles of filial duty which glowed in her heart, upbraided her with that falſe pride which prevented her acknowledging an only parent after ſo long a ſeparation; her temples beat, her mouth became parched, ſhe threw herſelf on a chair by the bedſide, and gave way to her tears; but the ſcent of the ſpirits with which every breath Mrs. Garnet drew was impregnated, again turned her ſo faint, ſhe was obliged to leave the room, and return to the corn field, where ſhe had ſo lately paſſed ſome comparatively happy moments.

Mr. Montreville aroſe haſtily as ſhe paſſed, but deterred from following her by the viſible agony which almoſt diſtorted her features, he contented himſelf to watch her agitated and unequal ſteps, whilſt unable to reconcile feeling to duty, ſhe addreſſed the common parent of the univerſe, and fervently implored him to enable her to conquer the unnatural repugnance with which her heart recogniſed her parent: her prayer was vain; the repugnance increaſed; ſhe remembered that a parent muſt have eſtranged from her heart every trait of natural affection, before ſhe could abandon her child; that it was by no means certain her's had, on her ſecond marriage, mentioned the incumbrance of the firſt, which ſhe had ſo mercileſsly ſhaken off; and even if it were admitted poſſible a woman who ſtill continued in the practice of one abhorred vice, ſhould have forſaken others, and repented the cruel deſertion of an helpleſs infant, how could ſhe ever live in terms of amity with ſuch a mother!—a mother whoſe manners were diſguſting, whoſe connexions were vulgar, and whoſe principles were corrupted; and ſhould the paternal authority be exerted, even to the ſubverſion of that integrity, which was happily become a part of her nature, how could ſhe after once ſubjecting herſelf to a mother, evade her power,—how eſcape from a woman, dead as ſhe ſeemed to ſhame, or how, oh how! ſeparate one idea from the torturing mortification her ſhocking propenſity to intemperance

muſt always inflict. Oh! no, never, never! would Roſa acknowledge ſuch a mother.

Yet what could ſhe do? ſhould ſhe leave her in her preſent ſituation, inſenſible, heated, and overpowered with liquor! and ſhould her exceſs produce a fever! "Ah miſerable!" ſhe exclaimed, "abandoned by her own child, what claim has ſhe on ſtrangers? oh no! I will not leave my mother."

Mr. Montreville at that moment made a reſpectful motion to join her; ſhe ſtarted into another path

"Good God!" ſhe cried; "oh! forgive my weakneſs, I cannot, cannot explain to that amiable man the wretched origin of her for whoſe ſafety he is ſo anxious."

The laſt reflection had at leaſt an equal ſhare in the immediate reſolution ſhe formed of waiting to ſee her mother reſtored to reaſon and health, but not to diſcover her conſanguinity; to procure, if poſſible, her addreſs, in order to acquaint herſelf from time to time of her welfare; to let her partake in all her good fortune, but not to trouble her with the bad; to attend her in ſickneſs, and in fine to diſcharge all the duty, without claiming the relation of a daughter.

CHAP. IX.

Very loving, and of courſe very ſhort.

OUR Heroine having thus made up a ſort of armiſtice with her feelings, ſhe turned towards the houſe, near which Mr. Montreville yet ſtood, a little hurt at being left ſo long to himſelf, and not a little curious to know the cauſe; he did not however wait for permiſſion to join her, but ſeeing the diſtraction that had marked every feature was ſucceeded by placid ſerenity, haſtened to meet her.

There were certainly traits in this young gentleman's manner extremely congenial to our heroine's feelings:

To manly beauty, high accompliſhments, and fine ſenſe, were united ſuch a warm ſolicitude for her ſafety, as could not fail of attraction; her acquaintance with him commenced at a time, and in a ſituation, when the conſciouſneſs of her helpleſs ſtate endeared a protector; and when the contraſt between the rude uninformed Sir Jacob Lydear and the elegant Montreville was but too favourable to the latter; her reſtraint, her internal anguiſh, even the meeting with her mother was forgotten, as ſhe walked, entertaining and entertained by his ſide; and her inexperienced heart was expanding itſelf to receive for the firſt time,

"The charming agonies of love,
"Whoſe miſery delights;"

Nor was Mr. Montreville leſs charmed with his fair companion; he had before ſeen beauty of all colours and complexions, but "what a picture is that to which love gives a colouring, where the imagination is ſtrained to paint ſomething more beautiful than beauty itſelf!"

Mr. Montreville was eaſy and well bred, but his chearfulneſs was now affected; he felt a depreſſion all his efforts could not ſhake off; it was in vain he could have reaſoned with his feelings, for they were out of all reaſon; and as the hour drew near when he muſt no longer find new beauties in a face he felt it would be impoſſible to forget; the weight at his heart increaſed almoſt to ſuffocation, he had formed a latent deſign of aſking her permiſſion to accompany her one ſtage; but on how many chances did this dernier hope hang! ſhould the coach be full, ſhould the intoxicated woman recover in time, and above all ſhould Roſa object; the laſt idea deprived him of power to aſk, and the three hours flew as three minutes; it was mere ſmall talk, and but little of that, which paſſed, yet what a fund of wiſdom did he diſcover, what capacious ideas ſhe, what infinite delight both; but ah! the pity of it, not all Montreville's regret, nor all Roſa's bluſhing ſweetneſs could arreſt the ſwift pinions of paſſing time.

In

It was now nine o'clock; and the coach was expected to pass at ten; Rosa was pondering on the conduct she must observe to her mother, when the hoarse voice of the latter, close to her ear, at once surprised and shocked her.

Mr. Montreville could not restrain a glance of contemptuous ridicule when he beheld Mrs. Garnet's broad red bloated face come in contact with the fair and delicate bloom of Rosa; and when, asking if she were ready, her heavy brown muscular hand rested on that which out-vied the lily, it was with difficulty he constrained himself from removing it.

What a moment was this for Rosa! her heart which recoiled from her mother's touch, reproached her for the unnatural sensation; but with all that milkiness of human kindness it was possible to feel or conceive; with the rightest sense, and the warmest wish to perform every function of duty, she felt, and was shocked at herself, the strongest antipathy to the new and natural claims on her duty and affection.

Mrs. Garnet, who was now sensible, though she could scarcely be called sober, complained of the head-ach, and, to the horror of Rosa, said she would go into the house, and get one of the farmer's pipes, as smoaking always did her good.

Mr. Montreville, during her stay reflected that he had imperceptibly let the time pass without making one effort to insure a future interview, and no sooner saw her waddle away, than he took Rosa's but half reluctant hand.

"Soon then," said he, "we part, and must it be for ever? you will not favour me with your address, why are you so inflexible? can you doubt my honour, —my discretion?"

Rosa's silent fit returned; what indeed could she say? a more ingenuous heart never beat than her's; but to confess she had no home! no friends! no connexions! to one whose family, fortune, and rank formed a contrast so honourable to him, so humiliating to her, was impossible.

Grief

Grief, they ſay, is ſtout; but none of the paſſions that vex the human heart is half ſo proud as love, even in the infant ſtate in which our heroine felt it.

Vexed, mortified, and diſappointed, Mr. Montreville walked a few paces away; Roſa, unable to ſpeak, took the contrary direction, and fell into a paſſion of tears, without being able to aſcertain why ſhe wept; Mr. Montreville returned.

"I dare hardly hazard to you," ſaid he, "an explanation of ſentiments, that are inexplicable to myſelf; yet I confeſs I am unhappy at the idea of this being my laſt interview with ſo lovely a woman; you do not anſwer; is it pity or obduracy that impoſes this ſilence? I would not be importunate, but ſurely, peculiarly as you are circumſtanced, you might venture to place ſome confidence in me; only ſay in what part of London I may look at the outſide of a houſe that contains you."

Roſa's heart was full, but as Mr. Montreville was every moment riſing in her eſteem, her repugnance to leſſen herſelf in his, roſe alſo, yet ſhe was conſidering whether ſhe might not venture to give him Dr. Croak's addreſs, when a noiſe acroſs the field, and the boy's whiſtle, who was ſet to watch for the coach, threw her entirely off her guard.

"Alas!" ſhe cried, "we muſt part; there they are!"

"There!" repeated Mr. Montreville, "where? who?" and he ſprung towards the place where now voices were diſtinctly heard, and where alſo ſome of the farmer's people were going.

Roſa, on finding herſelf quite alone, was terrified, yet unconſcious of any cauſe for being ſo; her mother was ready to proceed on the journey, and the ſignal that all was ready had been given; but inſtead of haſtening towards the coach, ſhe was turning to the houſe, when ſomething was ſuddenly thrown over her head, her mouth ſtopped; ſhe was caught up in a man's arms, who ran by the back of the houſe, into what was called the Barton, and liſted her into a carriage,

a carriage, which was then driven off at full gallop.

CHAP. X.

"Tell me, ye learned, shall we be for ever adding so much to the bulk, so little to the stock!"

"Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another!"

HAVING now in compliance with the well known and long established rules of novel writing, made a breach in the peace of our sovereign lord the king, against his liege subject, Rosa Wilkins, by putting her in bodily fear, and forcing her against her will and consent from her friends.

The author corrects herself; she is anxious the world should not have reason to suppose she has lived a few years in, and with it, without knowing a little of its customs.

Sir Solomon Mushroom had, on a former occasion, said, "one Colonel Buhanun was enough for one century;" that granted, and our heroine being still poor and unprotected, she had *no friends*, and it was not very possible for any act of violence to deprive her of what she had not got.

But although, if Sir Jacob Lydear had chosen, on the credit of his own fortune and countenance to demand a young creature, placed by his mother's servants, under the roof of one of his own tenants, it is far from our intention to insinuate the farmer, or any part of his family would have known, or knowing, practised so little of their duty as to refuse to obey him; yet it is but just to own there was not an individual at Shawford farm, who would not much rather have seen the unfortunate stranger set off safe in the coach, on her way to the metropolis, than thus spirited away no body knew how or where; and one person there certainly was, though we will not presume to give even him the

the ſacred appellation of *friend*, who would have parted with a finger or two to have her ſtill ſtanding on the preciſe ſpot where he had left her, even though the obſtinate ſilence which gave him ſo much pain, had ſtill remained unbroken.

That Roſa was exceedingly frightened, when ſhe felt herſelf encircled by a pair of muſcular arms, againſt the ſtrength of which all her ſtruggles were no more than the flutterings of a new caught linnet, againſt the wires of its cage; but the perſon to whom ſhe was delivered was not a jot leſs frightened than herſelf.

Sir Jacob Lydear had certainly never ſeen ſo "pratty a laſs" before, and not having been in the habit of converſing with any thing ſuperior to the maids of his mother's houſehold, excepting her ladyſhip and Mrs. Gerrad, till the Counteſs of Lowder's viſit in her way to the north, he felt himſelf not only filled with admiration of Roſa's beauty, but inſpired with a ſort of reſpect by the delicacy and ſweetneſs of her manners, which increaſed with the recollection of every graceful action, and every word, even "the craſs ones" ſhe had uttered.

Nothing, it is true, could be intended more captivating than the perſon and manners of the Counteſs; and the great pains ſhe took to leave a laſting impreſſion both of her ſweetneſs and beauty, on the handſome Sir Jacob, were not only obſerved by the Rev. Mr. Jolter, but pointed out by him to his pupil's obſervation; the young man's heart was however invulnerable till he beheld our fair Beggar.

"You ſhall certainly have this girl," ſaid Mr. Jolter to Sir Jacob, after liſtening to an ireful and hardly comprehenſible hiſtory of his miſadventure at Shawford farm; and as it was an affair in which his intereſt, if not his honour, was concerned, the Rev. Mr. Jolter had no temptation to break his word; ſo having a female friend, who lived in a little cottage on the verge of a common a few miles diſtant, ſo commodiouſly ſituated as to be out of the way of impertinent inquirers, ſhould any little commotion happen under her roof, he laid

laid a plan which promiſed, and would indeed have been crowned with ſucceſs, had not the ſame private road which led to the intended ſcene of victory, alſo paſſed the back gates of the Grange; and had not the ſhrieks of Roſa (who, freed by her ſtruggles from the wrapper thrown over her head, was oppoſing, with all her ſtrength of lungs and body, Sir Jacob's humble petition "vor wun boos;" and Mr. Jolter's loud and reiterated proteſtations, that if ſhe were ſo obſtinate it would be worſe for her,) been heard by ſome horſemen, the inſtant of the chaiſe paſſing the gates.

"What the devil is that?" ſaid a rough voice.

"'Tis a ſignal of diſtreſs," anſwered one more rough.

"Shall we bring to?" joined a third.

"Ay, ay, bear a hand, my lads," rejoined the firſt ſpeaker, brandiſhing an oaken cudgel, and riding up to the chaiſe, while one of his companions ſtationed himſelf at the horſe's head, and the other ran round to the oppoſite ſide.

"Holloa! holloa!" cried the perſon who appeared firſt in authority, "whence came ye, and where are ye bound with a cargo of live lumber, againſt their own will and conſent?"

"If you do not go on," cried Mr. Jolter, in a marvellous rage, "I'll break your bones."

"And if they do, I'll ſend a ſmall gun or two after every mother's ſon of them," ſaid the ſtranger on foot.

"I'll gi voive poonds a peece, Toom, ef thee woot goo alung," quoth Sir Jacob.

"I'll tell you what it is, my lads," ſaid the chief of the aſſailants, "here's a girl in the caſe; now, dye ſee, if ſo be as ſhe—"

"Oh, for God's ſake!" cried Roſa.

"What the deuce! why ſure! what is it thee, Mr. Whorſon! what, haſt got on the pirating tack again!"

Mr. Jolter now knew it was Captain Seagrove who ſtopped them, and though well aſſured the captain

was no joker, yet unwilling to loſe his credit with his pupil, determined on a *coup de grace*, and levelled a cane tolerably heavy loaded at the captain's head, which would have certainly ſilenced him for ſome little time at leaſt, had his aim been half ſo good as his intentions, but the blow lighting on the head of the horſe, inſtead of the rider, the animal was actually knocked down. Enraged at the injury the captain was ſo near ſuſtaining, his two followers vowed revenge, threatened inſtant death to the poſtillions, if they ſtirred; and having releaſed Roſa, dragged Jolter out of the chaiſe, then ſwearing they would inflict immediate corporal puniſhment on both, and were on the point of laying their mercileſs hands on the Baronet.

The drivers, who were pickles of Sir Jacob's own breeding, ſeriouſly apprehenſive of the event not only to their maſter, but themſelves, in that moment ſuddenly ſpurred their horſes, and gallopped off with all poſſible ſpeed, nor once ſtopped, till by a turning out of the bye way they got into the turnpike road, and ſo on to the hall, where Sir Jacob, bruiſed, diſappointed, and full of rage, was received by his domeſtics with concern and aſtoniſhment; and as ſoon as Lady Lydear heard how her poor boy had been treated, ſhe ſent expreſs to York for the family attorney, reſolved to avenge the affront and injury he had received at the expence of half her fortune.

Mean while the eſcape of the Baronet was a ſtimulus to the revenge vowed by Captain Seagrove's companions on the proſtrate Jolter; but as he implored mercy in the moſt humble terms; and the captain was apprehenſive of the exceſs to which his men might carry their reſentment, he reminded them that the Admiral was a juſtice of the peace, and that to take the law into their own hands would be an affront to him; therefore he adviſed returning to the houſe with the priſoner, and ſubmitting his puniſhment to their commander.

To this arrangement, in which Roſa was quite forgotten, the men agreed with evident reluctance,

and

and they were actually proceeding, when Rosa, terrified at the prospect of being left alone at that hour in a strange country, besought them to suffer her to accompany them.

The captain immediately offered his arm, saying, he had forgot her; and one man leading the horses, the other having bound Jolter's hands behind, also leading him, the cavalcade reached the Grange.

The servants gathered round, eager to learn the cause of their so sudden and strange return, and the captain led the way by a private door into a lobby, where he proposed leaving the offender and offended, while he related the particulars to the Admiral, but was suddenly stopped by a little dark woman, passing with a light in her hand, who the instant she cast her eyes on the Rev. Mr. Jolter, gave a loud cry, and seizing him with one hand, threw the light away, and tore off her cap with the other, and indeed by her gestures and extravagance, exhibited so many marks of insanity, that the captain concluding she was mad, pushed Rosa into a magnificent hall, and followed her and Jolter into a parlour, the door of which was instantly closed.

For some time nothing was heard but the voice of the little dark foreigner, which indeed was very audible; sometimes depressed by tears, at others raised by passion, and when she ceased speaking, all was a few moments silent till the bell rung; the servants dispersed; the captain and his follower passed almost close to Rosa without observing her; their horses were brought to the grand entrance of the hall; they rode off; the door was closed; the porter retired, and she was left quite alone, to reflection, surprise, and conjecture.

Rosa was now, she understood, at the Grange, the home of the amiable Montreville—a home, where every thing spoke the magnificent taste and opulent circumstances of the owner.

That the man who had violated the laws of his country, insulted female innocence, and disgraced his sacred profession, would be severely punished by a ma-

gistra-

giſtrate who had fought in defence of thoſe laws he was called on to adminiſter, ſhe could not doubt; but in puniſhing the guilty, the innocent muſt alſo be queſtioned; and what muſt be her anſwer when the venerable magiſtrate ſhould demand who and what ſhe was, and when eager attention ſhould ſit on the animated brow of his young heir, could ſhe—oh! how could ſhe own her condition and connexions! yet this ſhe muſt do, or be guilty of a falſehood, and that perhaps on oath. The painful alternative dwelt ſo ſtrongly on her mind, that ſhe no longer thought on the ſingularity of her ſituation; the approach of footſteps agitated her to agony, and their retreat was a reprieve from apprehenſions the moſt painful and mortifying. A clock ſtruck one; the lamp which hung at the foot of a grand ſtaircaſe now burned to the ſocket, and glimmered a pale unſteady light; yet no being ſeemed to remember there was a ſtranger under the roof.

Tortured with ſuſpenſe, and ſhivering with cold, ſhe retired to the farther corner and wept; in that moment a diſtant door oppoſite the hall opened; through a large mirror at the further end of the room, ſhe could perceive a gentleman, who by his uniform ſhe ſuppoſed to be the Admiral, ſeated by the ſide of a lady; Mr. Jolter, yes, Mr. Jolter, was alſo ſeated near them, and the little dark woman at a ſmall diſtance. Ah! now, thought Roſa, is my doom approaching; I muſt now own what will overwhelm me with ſhame; I muſt confeſs I am the daughter of a poor deſpicable woman, ſo juſtly the object of contempt, after having told Mr. Montreville ſhe was only a caſual acquaintance; yes, I ſhall in the ſame hour be convicted of a falſehood, and deprived of the power to vindicate my innocence.

She was miſtaken.

A ſervant attended with lights; ſhe ſees the little dark woman take them from him; Mr. Jolter advances to the Admiral; he riſes; ſhe ſees, heaven and earth! was it not a deception! could ſhe believe it! ſhe ſees the Admiral, the venerable parent of him who had

had ſpoke ſo juſt and ſo true of the Rev. Mr. Jolter, the reſpectable officer, the upright magiſtrate, yes, ſhe ſees his hand extended to the wretch on whom ſhe had expected his vengeance to fall; aſtoniſhed, breathleſs, and indignant, her eyes were yet fixed on the objects before her, and an univerſal trembling ſeized every joint: Preceded by a footman with one taper, and followed by the little dark woman with another, he leaves the room, the door cloſes, and he advances towards her; ſhe ſhrunk behind a pedeſtal; Mr. Jolter, with a firm ſteady ſtep, a look of more ſelf importance than ſhe had ſeen him aſſume even at the hall, and an appearance of familiar friendſhip with the little dark woman, ſtill advanced, but to her unſpeakable joy, turned after the ſervant, up the grand ſtair, the female returned to the room ſhe had left, and all again was darkneſs and myſtery.

What now could Roſa think? her deliverer, as ſhe thought him, had left the houſe; inſtead of puniſhment, the vile Jolter met reward; he was careſſed, honoured, and entertained, while ſhe was left totally diſregarded, to anguiſh, fear, and uncertainty. In this inhoſpitable region guilt was triumphant, what therefore was left for innocence but to fly from it! It was indeed hard to believe the mild and venerable looking Admiral was a patron of vice, and more hard to allow the open manly countenance of his grandſon was a covering to hypocriſy; but facts were too ſtubborn even for ſecret partiality to do away: and after a thouſand conjectures the mortifying truth came home to her heart; ſhe actually had ſeen a deſpicable vicious ruffian careſſed and honoured, and the outrage he had committed on the laws of ſociety, paſſed over, if not ſanctioned; thoſe who could act thus were unworthy confidence or eſteem; no redreſs, no protection, no juſtice, could be hoped from them; why then ſhould ſhe expoſe herſelf to certain mortification, without hope of benefit, or even ſafety?

The day dawned, and ſhe ventured to remove a ſhutter; the ſame ſpirit of grandeur and taſte, which were diſplayed in every article of the furniture and ornaments,

ornaments, ſeemed to be communicated even to inanimates; and as the ſun, in ſplendid majeſty aroſe over hills of fine plantations,

"Of ſolemn oaks that tuft the ſwelling mount,
"Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,"

it portrayed to her dejected fancy that happineſs, that ſplendour, and that power, which caſt her obſcure fate at ſuch an awful diſtance as precluded all right to the common intercourſe of ſocial kindneſs; it returned her to her original ſtate of beggary, and awed by the pride of proſperous iniquity, the ſecret diſappointment of her heart almoſt reduced it to that ſtate of abject deſpondence, which, if not repelled, renders poverty a more evil ſerious than even vice; the weakneſs was however but momentary; that pride, which if not the baſis, is certainly the ſupport of female virtue, and which was in her innate, reſtored her to herſelf, and ſhe reſolved to quit the hateful manſion.

"Yes," ſaid ſhe, lightly ſtepping from the window, "yes, I leave to ſpecious and affected virtues the honour of entertaining real vice! I have pierced this enchanting ſurface; it is a covering for what I now deſpiſe; I will think no more of this terreſtrial paradiſe, nor of its worthleſs inhabitants."

The reſolution was no doubt very ſublime; it wanted nothing of heroiſm but to be kept, and that was what Roſa had the leaſt power to do; for though nothing could be more certain than that Mr. Montreville was unworthy a ſingle thought, yet as ſhe haſtily croſſed the ſpacious park, to a wild, but luxuriant heath, now impelled by fear, now by anger, and now by ſhame, he was ſo much connected with every ſenſation of her mind, that it was wholly occupied with the certainty of his demerits. No young lady, whoſe ſupreme felicity depends on exciting a general ſtare, without troubling herſelf to diſtinguiſh whether it be a ſtare of wonder, of contempt, of curioſity, or admiration, could be dreſſed in a ſtyle more calculated to attract all eyes than Roſa's at this period.—Her black

black habit was covered with the powder which had been profuſely, for the firſt time, thrown on every hair of Sir Jacob Lydear's head, and was torn by her ſtruggles in ſeveral places; her hat had, in an effort to get out of the chaiſe door, dropped from her head out of the window, and with it the comb that confined her hair, ſo that her cheſnut treſſes now fell from her bare head over her ſhoulders, below her back, at the ſport of the little air that blew; ſhe however walked on, and after croſſing a field directly before her, came to a road, where a finger poſt pointed to Sheffield, and reminded her, that was the place from whence her mother propoſed to take a chaiſe, and where, if ſhe was not already arrived, it would be eaſy to ſend to her.

This diſcovery adding as well to her ſpirits as ſtrength, ſhe reſolved to ſtop at the firſt place where there was an appearance of decent people, and procure ſome ſort of conveyance to Sheffield.

On therefore ſhe lightly tripped, in the confidence every ſtep was a remove from the Grange, the Hall, and all the hateſuls belonging to each of them; her eyes often, notwithſtanding the tumults of her mind, delighted with the luxuriance of the harveſt, which was every where getting it: in one of thoſe happy, though momentary reſpites from care, her foot got entangled, and ſhe had like to have fallen; but adieu to every ſenſation of delight, every reſpite of care, when ſhe beheld on the ground her own hat, and at a ſmall diſtance part of her broken comb, proofs that inſtead of flying from, ſhe was actually haſtening into the very teeth of danger; all her ſpirits in a moment forſook her; ſhe ſunk, weary and diſheartened on the ground, afraid now of letting her head be ſeen above the hedge row, over which a moment before ſhe had tip toed to look; every leaf that fell ſeemed impregnated with danger; ſhe was probably now on the demeſne of [illegible] who was her terror, without power either to evade or eſcape from him. She ſat on the ground, trembling and deſolate, and hiding her face in the unfortunate hat, wept in helpleſs agony.

The

The ſound of wheels rouſed her; no longer elated with the hope of eſcape, nothing could move without filling her with terror; ſhe crept cloſe to the hedge, and turned her face from the road.

A carriage approached; the ſound of voices ſtruck her ear; yes, the voice, a few hours paſt ſo hoarſe, diſcordant, and diſguſting, now ſo well known, and ſo welcome; ſhe looked round; a little tilted cart ſtopped; a woman alighted; ſhe ſhrieked with joy, and running towards her, was received into the expanded arms of Mrs. Garnet; and as her face, covered with tears, ſunk on her boſom; "Mother," eſcaped her lips.

"Ay, child," ſaid Mrs. Garnet, "if you have a mother, as I dare ſay you have, how her poor heart would ache if ſhe knew how you have been bamboozled by a parcel of wicked fellows. Come, don't cry; I am overjoyed to meet you; though I ſhould never have thought of finding you in a dry ditch; and though my poor old Phill wants me bad enough at home, I would not have left the country without knowing what they had done with you, no, not if it coſt me fifty pounds, and fifty to that; for ſuch wickedneſs to eſcape hanging in a chriſtian country, is both a ſin and a ſhame; for a fool of a Barrowknight for to come for to go to ruinate ſuch a well behaved young body, willy, nilly, if it was the king himſelf, God bleſs his honour and glory! why he ought to be gibbetted without judge or jury; but, pray, child, where have you been all night? there is Sir Jacob brought home black and blue, and ſerve him right too, my lady playing up old gooſeberry with the Shawford's for harbouring ſuch miſchievous folk, and when that old captain comed to the farm, juſt at day break, to inquire for the young gentleman who walked the cornfield with you."

Roſa's heart ſtill glowed with reſentment towards the inhoſpitable inhabitants of the Grange; but the remembrance of the cornfield ſuggeſted a poſſibility that her companion there, might not partake of all the ill qualities ſhe aſcribed to them.

"Was he not there?" she asked.

"No!" replied Mrs. Garnet; "the farmer's people said he galloped after you like mad; but that must be all fudge, because you see he did not overtake you; but when the captain called, who to be sure is old enough to know better, than to beat out the brains of such an oaf as that Sir Jacob, I thought they would all have gone stark staring mad, for fear my lady should know it. The dame took fits, I believe 'twas all sham; and so, when she came to, "I bag, mistress," that was to me, "I bag you wont bring that tootress back, for she shant darken my door; I shant take no such rubege into my house," and then she run on about liquor; I believe she had been taking a drop; for as to me I hant been in liquor this month; however some folk don't care what they say; so says she, "I desire, mistress," that was to me again, "I desire you'll take yourself off." Now, you know that was downright turning me out of doors; however I don't care for that; and so, as the captain said you were at some great house, and a mortal fine place, the old fellow that drived the cart said it is, I told her I did not value her nor her house; and as to cousin Gerrad, if she was turned from the hall, she should be welcome to my house as long as I had one; so she agreed to lend us her cart, and poor little Phill is fast asleep o'top of your portmanteau; so now, if you have a mind to go to London, why we'll set off direct, and you shall stop with me as long as you please."

What now became of all our heroine's wise arrangements! the protection of a parent, even so undesirable a one as Mrs. Garnet, was an acquisition of the utmost importance; a few hours before, all her thoughts were employed in getting rid of the very connexion which was now the means of rescuing her from a situation as distressing as dangerous, and her heart reproached itself for the involuntary impulse. The proposition, to set off directly to London, was the only one that could effectually shield her from future insult and mortification; she therefore embraced it with the most lively gratitude; little Phill was awakened to

get

get at the portmanteau; and after arranging her dreſs, having learned from the man who drove the cart that a croſs road would carry them to Pontefract without going near either of the two ſeats Roſa wiſhed to avoid, they prevailed on him to drive them thither, purpoſing to take a chaiſe from thence.

When Mrs. Garnet found herſelf ſeated in the cart, Roſa by her ſide, holding her ſon on her lap, ſhe felt ſhe ſaid, kiſſing them both, ſo comfortable, that if her good man was of the party, ſhe would not mind travelling all the world over in that manner, only indeed getting up ſo early, or rather not reſting at all; and the cold morning air rendered it neceſſary ſhe ſhould get the leaſt drop of ſpirits in the world at the firſt place they came to.

Roſa coloured, tears ſtarted into her eyes, and though in conſequence of his orders the man was driving up to the door of a little public houſe, the ſucceſs of her earneſt diſſuaſions proved

The drunken deity might have been reduced to temperance by a ſober one,

for Mrs. Garnet gave up the point, and they proceeded without further ſtoppage till it came in full view of the beautiful little town of Pontefract, where meeting a chaiſe and four driving with more ſpeed than care, the cart was over turned, and the heavy cart horſe plunged violently till it broke away, leaving our unhurt heroine offering her weak aſſiſtance to Mrs. Garnet, who proſtrate on the ground, rent the air with her cries. The man who drove the now ſhattered vehicle having run after his horſe, Roſa found, to her inexpreſſible grief, that Mrs. Garnet was greatly hurt, without a being near to afford her any aſſiſtance; ſhe wiped the cold ſweat which ran down her forehead, and to her prayer for the love of heaven to get help, could only anſwer with tears; for having got the poor woman's head on her lap, ſhe could not ſtir.

All the repugnance Rosa had hitherto felt towards Mrs. Garnet vanished at this moment; in the agonies of her only parent, perhaps dying before her, were buried all her former neglect, all her recent intemperance and inherent vulgarity; every groan pierced her to the heart; she called aloud for help, implored the mercy of heaven, and at length finding her cries and prayers were vain, tore her own hair, and in an agony of despair started up, determined to seek assistance, though the unhappy Mrs. Garnet begged she would stay and see her die.

Two gentlemen in the chaise were not aware of the accident till the continual looking back of the postillions excited their curiosity; but the moment they saw the broken cart, and a woman lying by it, they alighted and returned.

The gentlemen were Captain Seagrove and Mr. Montreville, who though astonished at meeting our heroine in that place and situation, were anxious to offer every possible assistance.

Rosa was too much engrossed by the calamity which had befallen her mother to recognise even Mr. Montreville. "Help! assist for God's sake!" were all of her incoherent lamentations he could understand; and indeed the object for whom she was so distressed lay in a condition truly pitiable.

Her leg was broken in a dreadful manner, and the natural impatience of her temper became now frightful; her shrieks, as they endeavoured to move her, pierced the heart and ears of the distracted Rosa, who, while all her mother's errors were forgotten, had a most lively recollection of her own want of affection, as well as that it was *her* misfortunes which had brought a mother, for whom she had felt so little, into extreme misery, if not to death; and while sensible only of "the pain of a too late gratitude," it was in vain the gentlemen, who seemed to be peculiarly selected for her service, attempted to console her.

One of the drivers was dispatched for assistance, and soon returned, accompanied by a surgeon and the inn-keeper, who by direction of the former, had the

plan

planks tied together, and a mattraſs laid on them, to convey the ſtill ſhrieking ſufferer to his houſe.

On lifting her from the ground ſhe fainted, and continued inſenſible till the operations of the ſurgeon, in ſetting a compound fracture in her leg recalled her to a ſenſe of torture: during which Roſa wiped the drops of agony from her face, and applied volatiles to her noſtrils and temples till the dreadful ſcene cloſed by adminiſtering a powerful opiate, which took immediate effect.

The ſurgeon gave poſitive orders to keep her in profound quiet; and the room was immediately cleared of all but a nurſe and Roſa, who trembling, pale, and ſilent, ſat by the bedſide the picture of deſpair.

Captain Seagrove, calling at the farmer's to inquire for Mr. Montreville, was told he had "gun ater the laſs:" but not having met nor heard of him in the way, he doubted the truth of the information, and had reaſon to compliment himſelf on his own ſagacity, when at the firſt turnpike on the high road he heard, from the man, who knew him, "the young ſquire gallopped through the gate, on varmer Shawford's bald filly, axing ale ſuorts of queſtions abooten a puſt chaiſe that wur goon on avor." This intelligence was confirmed at every other gate, and the captain, in his friendly zeal, would have continued the purſuit, if it had reached to the land's end, had Admiral Herbert's faſt trotter been as eaſy to him as the wooden Horſe, which no man knew better how to manage; but truth to confeſs, when Captain Seagrove reached Pontefract, he made an oath never to mount a Horſe again; and after ordering a chaiſe for himſelf and followers, bid the waiter bring a pitcher of grog, which he was entering a parlour to drink when the perſon he was in chaſe of, drove into the inn yard.

Mr. Montreville, in his zeal to reſcue Roſa, would have armed every being at Shawford farm, had they been as warm in the cauſe as himſelf, but though men, women, and children cried out on the ſhame and the ſin, they conſidered, "it wur nothen to them, and though

though it was neither meet nor vitten to refuſe the young ſquire down right, yet he wur not their landlord and Sir Jacob wur; and ſo if it wur the zame thing to ſquire, why they had as lif ſtay till it wur day light."

Mr. Montreville, to whom every moment of delay was an age of torture, flew to the ſtables, and throwing a ſaddle on the firſt horſe, galloped off alone, at the diſcretion of the beaſt, which happened to be the one that carried the farmer to the market.

The bald filly ſoon reached the turnpike, where Mr. Montreville was told a chaiſe and four had paſſed the gate with great ſpeed, not ten minutes before, and it never occurred to him that any body could at that time be travelling with ſpeed, except her he ſo ardently deſired to overtake; ſo ſlaſhing away with a broken whip from the farmer's ſtable, he arrived at Pontefract in time to hear the chaiſe wheels roll on before him after changing horſes, and away again was the poor bald filly obliged to gallop. At Sheffield he was more fortunate; for arriving at the inſtant the chaiſe ſtopped, and running his head into it, a red noſed perſonage, with a hair cap, and wrapping great coat, croaked out, what the devil is the matter?

This could not be Roſa; nor, had ſhe been one of the moſt *petite* of her ſex, could ſhe have been well concealed in a chaiſe which was literally filled by one of the *greateſt* lawyers in the county, who being a leading man at Sheffield, had travelled all night, in order to attend a meeting of the corporation, called for the expreſs purpoſe of nominating a new member. No doubt, as Mr. Montreville was in the beſt of all poſſible humours to be provoked, with or without cauſe, he would have turned the bald filly about, without conſidering any thing of the fright his following the chaiſe ſo cloſe, had put the great lawyer in, but though no Houyhnhnm in all Swift's collection could be more attached to his own ſtall, or better acquainted with every foot of the road, the bald filly demurred, and inſtead of ſharing the impetuoſity of his rider, in ſpite of the broken whip, fairly laid down at the inn door.

Mr.

Mr. Montreville was not inhuman; he was only in purſuit of the moſt beautiful creature he had ever ſeen; he deſired the horſe to be taken care of, and ordered a chaiſe, into which he ſtepped, though the great lawyer very cordially invited him to better acquaintance, and was driven back to Pontefract, where he met Seagrove full of news of joyful import; firſt, he had reſcued, and left in a place of ſafety the beautiful creature, in purſuit of whom, his young friend had fairly foundered farmer Shawford's bald filly; and next——but as Mrs. Garnet's opiate is now doing its duty,—as Roſa is ſtillneſs perſonified, without an opiate,—as the room is cleared, and the inn as quiet as an inn can well be, the editor preſents her readers with the long ſtory which begins the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

The long ſtory, about great folks with hard names.

JAMES MONTREVILLE, eighth Earl of Gauntlet, a very courtly nobleman in the reigns of William and Mary and their ſiſter Ann, was high in office, had a great eſtate, wore the fineſt cravat, and the largeſt perriwig of any peer of the day; and no courtier in either reign could draw on his ſtiff topped gold fringed gloves with more grace than his lordſhip, when, which often happened, he had the honour to lead a royal lady to or from the drawing room; but however paradoxical it may ſeem, though ſipping at the very fountain of honour, he was far from being a happy man; for both he and his Counteſs were too magnificent for their large rent roll, and the eſtates, with the title, were entailed on the male Heir; whereas his courtly lordſhip had only a legitimate daughter, and he could not literally ſpend more than he poſſeſſed, however well inclined ſo to do: This provoking circumſtance was perhaps a reaſon why Lady Gertrude Montreville paſſed

paſſed the bloom of her days without any perſecutions from the Adonis's of the court, and why, after the deceaſe of her noble parents, ſhe accepted the hand of a ſuperannuated Colonel of Marines, which corps, at that period, were in the habit of looking up to the naval officers as a race of ſuperior beings; ergo, Colonel Herbert's ſon was deſtined, from the hour of his birth, to be an Admiral; he was accordingly ſent to ſea as ſoon as Lady Gertrude choſe to emancipate him from the nurſery.

As her ladyſhip ſtill retained a place about the court, where ſhe was bred, her little ſon was a perfect courtier, when he put on the uniform of a mid, and exchanged a very polite French inſtructreſs for the ſchool-maſters of a man of war.

Although ſailing in and out of Torbay was not always quite ſo much the rage as it has been in later days, the navy of old England rode at this period the peaceable, as well as triumphant maſters of the ſeas; and young Herbert was a ſummer ſailor and a winter courtier; as however his father was a brave experienced officer; as the lad was reminded, at every interview with his mother, of the Heroes he ſprang from, and the noble blood that flowed in his veins, and as he was naturally intrepid, it was not in court effeminacy to ſpoil him, though it certainly did ſo far tincture his manners as to deprive him of the reſpect of his more hardy companions, and gave a formality to his behaviour not quite characteriſtic with the blunt honeſty of a Britiſh ſeaman; well indeed was it for the reputation of young Herbert, that on the breaking out of a war, his firſt commiſſion was ſteeped in the blood of the foes of his country, otherways a certain preciſeneſs of manner, a formality of ſpeech, and a delicacy of perſon ſeldom met with in a naval commander, might have rendered that bravery doubted, which at the age of twenty-two was honoured with the approbation of the ſovereign, a vote of thanks from the commons, and the univerſal eſteem of the nation.

Exceſſive joy on this occaſion was ſaid to be the death of his mother; and the Colonel, whether from the

the ſame cauſe, or grief for his wife, only ſurvived her two months.

But though the laurels of the young hero were thus dreſſed in ſable, he was received at court, and at the houſe of his great uncle, the Earl of Gauntlet, with the higheſt favour and diſtinction.

Don Philip Rinaldo Conſtodello Albertina had been ſo long the miniſter of his Moſt Faithful Majeſty the King of Portugal, at the court of Great-Britain, that his daughters united to the brown beauty of their own country, all the grace and freedom of ours; they were twins, and preciſely at that age when a brave young man, who has alſo the felicity to be very handſome, appears like a demi-god: His Faithful Majeſty happened to be an ally of Great Britain, in the war which had juſt been declared, and Don Philip Rinaldo Condoſtello Albertina's houſe being the faſhionable rendezvous for the firſt people of both ſexes, Captain Herbert was in no ſmall degree of favour there.

In thoſe barbarous days, men not being enlightened by the hoſt of Pharaoh, actually did ſometimes go to the aſſemblies of women, to make uſe of their faculties, without ſo much as the aid of an eye glaſs or tooth-pick; the ſure conſequence of ſeeing and hearing pretty women, in all ages and countries, is to admire them; ſo that the two fair, or rather brown excellencies, were the thing. Captain Herbert could not only ſee and hear, but he could talk, and truth came mended from ſo brave a tongue. Aurelia, the eldeſt twin, would have thought of nothing elſe but him, had he not been an heretic: Magdalena, the youngeſt, was ſolely occupied with a propoſal, which he had the audacity to make her, of meeting him at May-fair chapel; notwithſtanding it was well known Don Philip Rinaldo Conſtodello Albertina, beſides being grandee, and bon catholic, was worth half a million moidores, and himſelf a poor heretic, with nothing but his captain's commiſſion, his character, and good blood; the poor Lady Magdalena was ſo ſhocked at his *courage*, and ſo puzzled how to rebuke it, that one morning ſhe ſtole out of her father's houſe, got into a hack, and found herſelf in a few minutes the captain's wife.

The Don was in a rage, a truly Don-like rage; he flew to court, and demanded revenge at the foot of the throne; doubtleſs the Don thought himſelf in Portugal, where revenge is certainly in royal hands; in England they order matters better; there it is in the hearts of the people, and never called forth but by a bleeding conſtitution; the king of England could not oblige the Portugueſe miniſter ſo far as to drag the poor captain before an inquiſition, and confine his wife in a monaſtery; nor were the aids of the cup and poniard congenial to Engliſh law; all the poor king of England could do for the Grandee, was to refer him to a jury of his peers. Now as there was not in Great-Britain any peer for a Grandee, who was the ſubject of a deſpotic monarch, his Excellency obtained letters of recall, fully bent on making his daughter Aurelia the pillar and ſupport of the ancient houſe of Condoſtello Albertina, by marrying her to a Grandee and a bon catholic; he was however ready to curſe his holineſs the pope, and all the reverend fathers, when Aurelia inſiſted ſhe had a vocation for the veil; but as he had left the land of freedom, and the gentlemen of the inquiſition were at that time more mighty in Portugal than even a Don worth half a million of moidores, he was obliged to conſent.

Lady Magdalena's letter, imploring pardon, and acquainting the Don ſhe was pregnant, which had lain on his eſcrutoire three months, and would but for this event have lain there much longer, being now read through, he commanded Aurelia to hold out the inſignia of mercy to her ſiſter, on condition her child ſhould be ſent to Portugal, and conſigned entirely to him; if ſhe conſented, twenty thouſand moidores ſhould be immediately remitted to her huſband.

Captain Herbert was poor in purſe, but not in ſpirit; he promiſed his daughters ſhould be educated in their mother's faith, but his ſons, who would be born Britons, and the native defenders of Britiſh liberty and Britiſh laws, were above price; *he* would never ſell them, and it was his proud hope *they* would never ſell themſelves.

This

This was a conduct and language no Grandee could bear, more especially as the first child was a fine black eyed, almost copper coloured boy, born, as it proved, not only with the complexion and features, but the disposition of the Grandee his grandsire, into whose head it never could enter, that a Don with so many names, and so many pieces of gold, would condescend to offer what an half pay captain, with a quality wife and family, could proudly reject; he swore never to forget or forgive the insult, and he kept the oath inviolate till the suffering soul of his once loved daughter, after bringing a female child into the world, was called before a less rigid father.

The captain, who was then as poor as any gallant half pay officer in Great-Britain, which is certainly saying all that can be said for poverty, then consented rather to resign his little Magdalena to be heiress to a grandee, than to see her want that care, and those indulgences to which her rank entitled her. With a thousand fond prayers and blessings he consigned her and her nurse to two women and three attendants, sent to fetch her by the Don, who when he saw the infant likeness of his lost daughter, wept, tore his hair, cursed its father, and gave the first proof of his regard to the stipulations he had entered into with his son-in-law, by sending back the English nurse, whom he had promised to retain.

The captain's honest heart glowed with rage at this treatment, but such was the low state of his finances, that after the first burst both of grief and anger, he ceased to regret an event that enabled him to perform the engagement with his deceased wife, to make her daughter a catholic.

The Don put his heiress into such hands as would impress on her young mind an awful sense of his own grandeur and authority, and the infallibility of the catholic religion, till she was eleven years old, when he placed her with her aunt, who was Superior of the order of Mercy.

Lady Aurelia had more liberality of mind than was common in a bigotted abbess; she remembered England

with regret, and Capt. Herbert with that "nameleſs inexpreſſible tenderneſs," with which the heart recollects the object of its firſt love, when paſſion is no more; and though ſhe took infinite care of the ſoul of her young niece, had her taught the language of her native country, in which ſhe delighted to converſe with her. As her fondneſs increaſed for the amiable child, who at once reminded her of a beloved ſiſter, and the only man for whom her heart had beat with tenderneſs, ſhe became more anxious to ſee her mind improve with her perſon; nor had ſhe reaſon to regret the time and pains beſtowed on either.

The Don now ſeldom ſaw either his daughter or grandchild; but though that apathy towards ſocial connexions, which is the certain concomitant of avarice, increaſed with his years, he was not leſs ſolicitous about the grandeur and permanence of his family.

Count Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez, the ſame nobleman who had offered himſelf to the acceptance of Lady Aurelia, retained a predilection for Don Philip Rinaldo Condoſtello Albertina's immenſe riches, and having obtained the conſent of their Faithful Majeſties, propoſed to Don Philip to eſpouſe the young Magdalena, and let his and her eldeſt ſon take the title of the Albertina family, reſerving that of his own ancient houſe for the ſecond iſſue of ſuch marriage.

It was not that the gentle Magdalena had the ſmalleſt objection to the mode of ſucceſſion adopted by the Count Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez for his children; the ſecret cauſes of that fit into which ſhe fell at the feet of her ſtern grandſire, were, firſt, an invincible diſlike to the Don himſelf, and next, *tout au contraire*, a more than liking, ſhe had conceived for another perſon.

Magdalena was very lively, the lady abbeſs very indulgent. Miſs Knightly, the daughter of an Engliſh banker, who reſided at Liſbon, was placed, with a very high penſion, at the convent of the order of Mercy; and Magdalena not being intended for the veil any more than the ſprightly Elizabeth, the former obtained frequent leave to viſit the latter.

It was again war, and ſtill his Britannic Majeſty was his Faithful Majeſty's moſt true ally: A fleet of Engliſh men of war lay in the Tagus, and an army of Engliſh ſoldiers guarded the frontiers.

Captain Montreville, with fine eyes, noble demeanour, and good ſhape, had nothing of the Britiſh officer about him but the immorality too often attached to the character; he was on his mother's ſide a diſtant relation to the Knightly's, on his father's, more diſtant to the Earl of Gauntlet; he had art enough to conceal the worſt part of his character, whenever it was his intereſt ſo to do, under the appearance of a *gaieté de cœur* and frankneſs of nature, that was irreſiſtible to a girl of ſeventeen, who excepting the Don her grandfather, and Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez, with a few bald monks and fat abbés, had not been in the habit of ſeeing men.

Captain Montreville, on his part, having learned from Mr. Knightly the immenſe wealth to which Magdalena was heireſs, fell violently in love.

Magdalena had fine dark melting eyes, hair, and arched brows, to ſay nothing of her white teeth and graceful form; and as no man who knew how to ſpend a great deal of money, with infinite ſpirit could well have leſs to ſpend than the captain, his paſſion became exceeding violent, and Magdalena loved the captain as young women generally do love the firſt time, with rapture, tranſport, and idolatry.

Unconſcious of a motive for concealing the new delight which filled her young heart, ſhe firſt revealed it to her lover, and then would have confided to her aunt, had the captain not vowed, in *very ſoft* terms, that ſuch a ſtep would certainly be his death.

It is, it muſt be confeſſed, very ſurpriſing how many ſorts of death environ a young captain while in love with an heireſs; he had ſcarce time to congratulate himſelf on eſcaping the confidence of a ſenſible lady abbeſs, before a new death threatened him in the ſhape of Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez; he curſed, ſwore, wept, kneeled, tore his fine hair, and acted all the extravagances men of no feeling can act ſo very well.

Magdalena

Magdalena was frightened out of her wits; she entreated him to be calm, vowed to live but for him, and said a thousand of those silly things that put a simple girl into the power of an artful designing man.

But an evil spirit had got into the poor captain, which could only be exorcised by a priest; and by the help of several broad pieces of gold a priest was procured, who, in spite of the inquisition, married the greatest heiress in Portugal to an English heretic. The good father, who was appointed to propagate the christian religion among infidels, took the gold with a safe conscience, and sailed the next morning on his mission.

The evil spirit was yet but half laid; the captain was too good a protestant to submit to exorcisms of a popish priest only; he therefore the next interview with Magdalena at the good banker's, introduced the chaplain of one of the English men of war, who not fearing the inquisition, nor indeed any thing else, but the accident of dying at sea, or living at home in a prison, compleated the business on very easy terms.

Magdalena was full of terror, and the captain as full of rapture; he assured her the old Don would have no right to be dissatisfied with his son-in-law on the account of blood, for that he was third cousin and next heir to an English peer, who had only three sons; and as to fortune, gods! what a paltry consideration when opposed to love, almighty love!

Magdalena was naturally affectionate, ingenuous, and sensible; the passion she had so imprudently and unfortunately conceived threw her into the power of a man whose callous nature shrunk from nothing that would forward his interest or pleasure; he persuaded her, love was a venial fault, which the young all committed some time or other, and the old all forgave some time or other; her feelings confirmed the one, and her hope the other; but what became of the captain's fine theory, when after throwing herself at Don Rinaldo's feet, and confessing her repugnance to Don Joseph, she felt his left hand twisted in her long dark hair, and saw a sword held to her breast with his right; and when instead of the tre-

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mulous ſounds of parental forgiveneſs, the keen lightning of unappeaſable wrath flaſhing from his eyes, his voice in thunder denounced curſes on her head, and his own, if he did not revenge on her all the pangs her mother's undutiful conduct inflicted on his age, and let out every drop of her rebellious blood on the ſpot, except ſhe ſwore to wed his friend Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez.

Not one word more of repugnance did Magdalena dare to utter.

"Swear!" ſaid the furious Don.

Magdalena obeyed, and we venture to affirm, that the young woman of ſeventeen, who will not in this caſe allow

"'Tis he that makes the oath who breaks it,
"Not he who for convenience takes it,"

would not have behaved better in the ſame ſituation.

The next evening a profuſion of jewels were placed in Magdalena's hair by her trembling confidante, and loaded with gold, ſilver, pearls, and diamonds; ſhe was led into a ſaloon, to ſalute the forehead of the old Counteſs Dowager Tavora Alvarez, and the cheeks of her two ſallow daughters. The moment this agreeable ceremony was ended the old Don went to court, and his daughter ran burſting with agony to her good aunt.

The lady abbeſs was ſorry for her father's violence, but could not at the ſame time exonerate her niece, as Don Joſeph's family and rank rendered him a very proper match; it is true ſhe had not thought exactly ſo when he was propoſed to herſelf, but then her heart was devoted to a handſome Engliſh officer, which ſhe had no ſuſpicion could poſſibly be the caſe with her niece

The hiſtory of her parents had, by the Don's expreſs command, been concealed from Magdalena; but the abbeſs could not reſiſt her entreaties, to have an explanation of the invectives, which, in his rage, the Don had dropped againſt her mother; and ſuch were the impreſſions it left on her mind, ſhe felt at once reſentment for his cruelty to her, and a momentary tranſport at hearing ſhe had a father yet living, whoſe heart might be ſoftened by the perfections of her charming captain.

While

While things were in this train in the family, the captain was not idle out of it: The amity of the two courts was the protection to every Britiſh ſubject at Liſbon, more eſpecially thoſe who came to guard the country. The captain had not married Magdalena with intention to let the ſecret die with him, and Mr. Knightly, who alſo had his expectations in the ultimate ſettlement of the Albertina property, undertook to apply to the Engliſh miniſter, on behalf of two ſuch unfortunate faithful lovers. The banker was in high credit with all his countrymen in Portugal, and his interference ſucceeded ſo far as to intereſt the miniſter, who undertook to ſolicit the king's protection for the young couple.

The king, who had himſelf arranged the marriage of Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez with the heireſs of Don Philip Rinaldo Condoſtello Albertina, ſent in the utmoſt amazement for the old Don, and petrified him with the news. He returned home as faſt as his mules could go, and had Don Joſeph been then at Liſbon, would have inſiſted on the marriage being performed inſtantly, but as he was not, he contented himſelf with twiſting a few more ringlets off Magdalena's head; and after again obliging her to ſwear ſhe would marry Don Joſeph, ſent her and an incoherent note to his daughter, with orders to confine her cloſe till Don Joſeph's arrival.

This mental exerciſe was not well calculated to preſerve an old man's health; Don Philip was ſeized with terrible ſpaſms in his ſtomach, and telling his ſervants he was dying, ſent for his will, in which after handſomely endowing the convent where his daughter was ſuperior, he had left Magdalena his ſole Heireſs: In the midſt of his ſpaſms he added a codicil with his own hand, wherein he bequeathed his fortune to Magdalena, on the expreſs condition of marrying Don Joſeph, who in caſe of her refuſal he made his Heir; and in order to make all ſure, again added, "If Don Joſeph died, or any unforeſeen accident, on his ſide, prevented their union, he gave her his fortune, on condition ſhe married a *catholic* and a *native* of Portugal; in failure of which the church was his Heir."

Nothing

Nothing could more ſtrongly prove Don Philip's implacability than the eagerneſs he expreſſed to finiſh this codicil to his will, which was done at intervals as the ſpaſms grew ſtronger.

The king's phyſicians viſited him, but the blow was ſtruck, and neither his half million of moidores, his four great names, nor noble blood availed; "he died and was buried with his fathers."

Magdalena felt as much ſorrow as was becoming in a young bride of ſeventeen on the loſs of a grandſire ſo awful and deſpotic, whom ſhe had ſeldom ſeen ſince ſhe was nine years old, and who, moreover, twiſted his left hand in her long hair, and held a ſword to her breaſt with his right.

The Lady Abbeſs was inconſolable, and Magdalena, who loved her better than any body but the dear captain, willingly adopted the advice of the friends of the family, to continue ſome time in the convent, as a proper mark of reſpect to the dead, and affection for the living.

"The idle man treads heavy on the earth, but the proud man makes it groan;" now Captain Montreville was both idle and proud; yet he trod on air while he impatiently waited till the Don was buried and his will opened, when he determined to ſail with all his treaſure in a yacht he had already engaged for that purpoſe to England, that delightful country where every thing may be had but that which buys every thing, "money;" but the unfortunate codicil overturned his whole ſyſtem; he flew to his bride more paſſionate, more tender, and more enamoured than ever, and oh! with what rapture, what enthuſiaſm, what eloquence, what every thing but truth, did he not ſpeak!

Magdalena, melted, charmed, enraptured, bleſſed heaven for ſo faithful, ſo honourable, ſo diſintereſted a huſband,—one whoſe fondneſs increaſed with loſs of wealth.

"Exactly ſo, my angel," ſaid the captain, preſſing her to his heart; "but—

"But what, my beloved?" anſwered ſhe, returning the embrace.

The

The captain would tell his lovely wife, but firſt he muſt kiſs her dear eyes a thouſand times; he was, it was true, third couſin and heir to an Engliſh lord, who had but three ſons, and had beſides great contingencies; but a few people muſt die before he could inherit any thing; in the mean time could he bear to ſee his Magdalena deprived of any of the elegances ſhe had been accuſtomed to? oh no! that was a more cruel death than any that had yet menaced him; now as the Romiſh prieſt who married them was gone to diſſeminate the true religion among a parcel of infidels, and as he could command the Engliſh chaplain--

Magdalena ſhed tears of grateful tenderneſs.

"What a dear man, to forego the privilege of an huſband, merely to ſecure her fortune to his wife!"

"*Not* exactly ſo, my angel," quoth the captain, again tenderly embracing his ſpouſe.

"*Not* ſo! how then?" and Magdalena ſhrunk in ſurpriſe from the embrace.

The captain's propoſal was ſimply to turn every thing that could be turned into ſpecie; leave Portugal; and live together without ſatisfying impertinent curioſity, whether they were or were not married.

Although Magdalena's fine ſenſe was enveloped in her paſſion for her huſband, her heart was pure and digniſied; all her noble blood flew into her face.

"What! live a burthen to her own feelings! a diſgrace to her family! and a cheat on the world! ſell her reputation for riches! no! ſhe would ſtarve, die, periſh a thouſand ways firſt."

The captain ſighed; he muſt then tear himſelf from her; his honour would not ſuffer him to ruin the woman he adored; no! he muſt be a ſelf baniſhed, miſerable man.

Magdalena had paſſionately declared ſhe would ſtarve, die, periſh a thouſand ways, rather than live in diſhonour; but as to the affair of parting with the captain, that was worſe than any kind of death, and required a long, long conſideration; ſo giving the preſent to mutual endearments, they deferred the final arrangement of their affairs till another opportunity.

Magdalena

Magdalena, though ſtill reſident in the convent, was at perfect liberty; the interviews with her huſband, at Mr. Knightly's, became more frequent and tender; in a few weeks ſhe found herſelf in a ſituation that gave him abſolute empire over her in all reſpects, and he eaſily contrived to poſſeſs himſelf of the immenſe riches in ſpecie and jewels with which the old Don's coffers were crammed. Having now prevailed on his wife to leave deeds of truſt in Mr. Knightly's hands, executed according to the form of the laws of the country, they left Portugal, and were ſettled at a ſuperb hotel in the fauxbourg St. Germain at Paris, as Lord Grandon and ſuite, before Don Joſeph's reſpect for the order of Mercy allowed him to offer there his compliments of condolence.

The Lady Abbeſs was diſtracted; ſhe wrote to Mr. Knightly, and conjured him for the love of the bleſſed virgin, to ſatisfy her, that her dear child was married.

Mr. Knightly cared not a ſtraw for the bleſſed virgin, but he would not venture to tell the truth, becauſe that would immediately take the Albertina poſſeſſions out of his management; neither would he affirm a falſity, becauſe from the high ſpirit of the young heireſs, he had reaſon to expect her explanations would ſoon detect him; he therefore waited on the abbeſs, and after aſſuring her he was entirely ignorant of any of the private arrangements of her niece, had the addreſs to perſuade her the honour of the Condoſtella Albertina family would receive a mortal ſtab, if the affair were made public; ſhe conſented therefore to make the beſt poſſible excuſe for her niece's abſence to Don Joſeph, not diſguiſing her diſlike of him, and giving him room to ſuppoſe the young lady had joined her father in England.

Don Joſeph did not expire! but reſolved to wait with patience till he ſhould be united either to the heireſs or her eſtate.

Magdalena lived at my lord's hotel, and was called Lady Grandon; ſo far ſhe had the privileges of a wife; but my lady had no acquaintance, no recommendation, wore no rouge, bluſhed at the ſtare of effrontery, and

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indeed was so totally ignorant of all the forms of the polite world, that no ladies could possibly visit her. My lord, on the contrary, was so handsome, so lively, talked so fast, dressed so well, and had so much money to spend, lose, and throw away, that he was an hundred deep in engagements with the men, and intrigues with the women, while his unfortunate wife, such is the nicety of some sort of virtuous ladies, being set down as the companion of the divine Lord Grandon, could not appear in public without being sneered at by one sex and stared into confusion by the other. The captain, of course, was very soon seen every where, and his wife no where but at home, where with no other consolation than a little black ugly Portuguese girl, who witnessed her marriage, internal regret and external mortifications brought on a premature labour, which affected both her health and spirits; my lord considering, that if she died, there would be an end to the broad pieces from Portugal, actually gave up a petite souper with a Duchess, to attend his wife to one of the southern provinces, from whence he returned in three months, eager to resume every suspended engagement.

In the mean while it happened that Magdalena made an acquaintance with an English gentleman, who with his family were health hunting at Languedoc.

The ladies indeed understanding she was only the mistress of Lord Grandon, did not visit her, but their father, who was rather an eccentric character, did; which was the more extraordinary, as he knew Captain Montreville's person, and had heard a great deal of his character.

Pleased with the ingenuity and apparent innocence of a woman of whose misfortune he had no doubt, he was attracted to her by a sort of active benevolence, which interested him in her fate, and plainly perceiving, by that weary, tasteless, yet affected attention which, when passion is no more, "useth an enforced ceremony," the captain had no real attachment to her, and consequently expecting she would share the common fate of her situation, he gave her at parting a letter to a relation at Paris, which

which he requeſted her to deliver, if ſhe was in want of advice or aſſiſtance.

Lord Grandon's return to his hotel was greeted by a hoſt of friends; Lady Grandon retired to her apartments, followed only by the faithful Chriſtiana, and the next morning diſpatched the letter to the friend of her Languedoc acquaintance.

Mr. Adderly, to whom his relation had written under the impreſſions before mentioned, put ſome notes in his pocket book, and prepared to ſee a diſtreſſed, forſaken. frail fair, but was ſurpriſed to be uſhered into the preſence of a graceful woman, in poſſeſſion of every elegance, whoſe ſimple requeſt to him was to recommend a man of character, if of the church the more acceptable, who could teach her the refinements of the Engliſh tongue, and ſelect for her ſuch authors as would beſt acquaint her with the manners, ſentiments, and cuſtoms of the Engliſh nation, for which ſhe was ready to allow a handſome penſion.

Mr. Adderly promiſed to obey her command; but the commiſſion was ſo different from his expectation, that he mentioned it at his own table as an extraordinary occurrence.

Mr. Prior, a dignified Engliſh clergyman, who had twenty years before made the tour for improvement, and now travelled for amuſement, was ſo curious to ſee a woman, who, in the ſituation deſcribed, had ſo great a deſire to be angliciſed, that he requeſted Mr. Adderly to introduce him out of mere curioſity, as a perſon qualified to be her preceptor, and was ſo pleaſed with the fair ſcholar, that what was undertaken in jeſt he faithfully performed in earneſt; ſo that the two years in which Lord Grandon contrived to diſſipate the riches of Don Philip Rinaldo Condoſtello Albertina, was employed by his wife in improving her naturally fine mind, reading the moſt ſelect authors, and in converſations with a man of an excellent heart, univerſal experience, and ſcientific knowledge.

At the end of this period a continued run of ill luck obliged my lord to write in a very peremptory ſtyle to his

his friend Mr. Knightly for a remittance, having before addreſſed himſelf to that gentleman twice on the ſame ſubject, without receiving an anſwer, or what was of more conſequence, any money.

The tardineſs of ſo ready and convenient a friend was at this time the moſt provoking thing in the world; for though nobody had heard of the Engliſh *Lord* Grandon, yet as every body knew he was very handſome and unreaſonably rich, he had juſt then been noticed by Madame Dubary herſelf. No money however arriving, my lord's friends began to carry an inquiſition in their looks, and his charming opera girl actually reclined her pretty ear, weighed down by the brilliant drops he had given her, on the ſhoulder of a farmer general before his face. Enraged, he flew to his wife, who was juſt then reading Milton with Mr Prior; begged to ſpeak ſix words; aſked for her jewels, to relieve him from the moſt heartfelt diſtreſs; received the caſe in which they were depoſited; kiſſed the fair hand that gave him the key, and haſtened to a jeweller's, to diſpoſe of them, while Magdalena returned to Mr. Prior and Milton.

The debts of honour thus ſatisfied, my lord, ſo diſguſted had he been with his friends, and the charming opera girl, would have gladly left Paris and returned to England ſimple Captain Montreville, had there not been other demands, which he found it would be impoſſible to evade; a few weeks however brought bills from Mr. Knightly of ten thouſand moidores, accompanied with a letter, complaining of the difficulty he encountered in executing his truſt, and hinting the probability this remittance would be the laſt.

"Pſhaw!" cried my lord, "I think I know my friend Knightly."

Magdalena was now requeſted to prepare for England, where ſhe underſtood her huſband's contingencies all lay, and where he had uniformly promiſed to drop the aſſumed name, and eſtabliſh his family, ſo as to clear up all the doubts, which ſhe could not but feel were now attached to her character; ſhe then appriſed her Engliſh preceptor of the period to, or at leaſt ceſſation of his va-

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luable leſſons, and bluſhed at the limited preſent her huſband's circumſtances allowed her to make for his trouble and attendance.

Mr. Prior's refuſal, to accept of any gratuity, ſo offended, ſo hurt, and ſo confounded her; and he was ſo puzzled by the various conjectures he had formed of her ſituation, ſo perfectly ſatisfied with the innocence, integrity, and ſincerity of her heart, and ſo anxious for her future happineſs, that he frankly acknowledged the motives both of his firſt and continued viſits.

As this explanation could not be made without adverting to the appearances which deprived Magdalena of the ſociety of her own ſex, it filled her with indignation, and overwhelmed her with ſhame; but as the arrangements which had reconciled her to a concealment of marriage in the firſt inſtance, retained their plauſible colouring; ſhe ingenuouſly imparted to him the whole of her hiſtory, in a manner that precluded all doubt of her honour and ſincerity, and excited the warmeſt intereſt in the heart of her auditor, who, on the authority of long experience and perfect knowledge of the world, warned her to inſiſt on being re-married in England, and acknowledged as the captain's wife; a meaſure the more indiſpenſably neceſſary, as ſhe was a ſecond time pregnant, and two of the peer's ſons, to whom her huſband ſtood in the affinity were lately dead; he even ventured to hint doubts of the captain's principles, which, though her own obſervation confirmed, ſhe did not anſwer; and he engaged not only to correſpond regularly with her, but even to return to England, however inconvenient to his own affairs, whenever he could be of the leaſt ſervice to her.

Mr. Prior was indeed a man of the moſt liberal turn of mind; the latitude he could excuſe in others he by no means allowed himſelf; he contended that there might exiſt circumſtances under which an amiable ſenſible woman might retain a claim to the reſpect of one ſex and the eſteem of the other, even though the torch of hymen was inverted over her head. He had ſtudied the mind and manners of Magdalena; and while the former diſplayed a dignity, and the latter a delicacy

which

which might adorn virgin purity, he found her so apt a scholar, that the elegance of her phraseology, and the propriety of her diction, were established before he expected she could be familiar with the common rudiments of the tongue. The expansion of such a mind produced esteem on his side, gratitude on hers, and delight to both.

When the captain, or "my lord and his lady" left Paris, they designed to be in London in one month; but unfortunately the pretty opera girl having taken a trip to Lisle, was so much the rage there, and the officers of the garrison were so gay, so agreeable, and played so well, that my lord took a house, and proposed to winter there; and thus Magdalena's correspondence began with her preceptor.

Mr. Prior was at once astonished and grieved; he saw the precipice on which she stood, and although he did not explain the whole of his suspicions, said enough to alarm her; as however the breaking in on the arrangements of "my lord" would not answer the purpose she had at heart till they arrived in England, which was their ultimate destination, Magdalena wore patience thread bare during their long stay at Lisle, constantly corresponding with her friend, improving equally by receiving and answering his letters, and dedicating her whole time to the cultivation and enlargement of her mind; so that she really was no longer the simple, easy, tender, credulous Magdalena, but the dignified, sensible, collected matron, zealous for her own honour and the infant she carried in her womb.

Either Captain Montreville had been too much engaged to attend to the improvements of a wife, or he wanted penetration as well as judgment, for no man could be more nonplus'd, when, on their arrival in London, having taken a small ready furnished house at Brompton for his wife, as Lady Grandon, and a lodging for himself in St. James's-street, as Captain Montreville, she demanded to be publicly invested with a wife's unblushing honours.

Procraſtination was the captain's favourite maxim; but it would not do; Magdalena remembered her huſband was third couſin to a lord, who had now only one ſon; and as they were in England, where he had often told her his clerical friend lived who married them, ſhe remonſtrated againſt procraſtination, which not only caſt a ſhade over her own character, but might deprive her child of its natural inheritance.

The captain thus preſſed, promiſed, as ſoon as he received a large remittance now in the hands of his friend Mr. Knightly, he would let the Liſbon eſtate go to the devil, and live in a cottage, on love, with his Magdalena.

It was not his wife's reaſon, but her ſituation that at length acceded to this delay; ſhe was far advanced in her pregnancy; equally a ſtranger to the manners, the country, and inhabitants, ſhe therefore agreed to wait till the remittance arrived; and though ſhe did not mention it to her huſband, privately reſolved to throw herſelf at the feet of her own father, who Mr. Prior informed her was at the head of his profeſſion, rich and reſpectable.

Thus then was ſhe delivered of a male child, at an obſcure houſe at Brompton, where the viſits of the captain in his phaeton, or town chariot, excited both the ſneer and ſtare of all the little neighbourhood; but the clerical friend could not be found, and what was worſe, no remittances arrived from Liſbon.

Magdalena was now the leſs anxious on either account, as her child engroſſed all the faculties of her ſoul, and ſolicitude for its future welfare rendered her paſſive, in hope, as Knightly certainly had great property in his hands, ſome part might be ſecured for her child.

The captain was no leſs ſolicitous for the remittance on a dearer intereſt; he was a great loſer in all his gambling adventures; and while his wife had the credit of being his miſtreſs, a miſtreſs had the credit of being his wife; he removed into a fine houſe in Portman-ſquare, with a beautiful woman whom he called Mrs. Montreville, who perfectly underſtood how to make money circula.e;

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 cula.e;

culate; so that by this time the captain was on the debit side of all his tradesmen's accounts, and it was high time to think of love in a cottage with Magdalena; in other words, he was obliged to secrete himself at her house, from a description of people with whom he had formerly been very familiar, called bailiffs, and was too well known by them to be long in safety.

He revealed his situation to his wife, who ignorant of the amount of the sums he had received, as well as the manner in which he had squandered them, gave him what money and few valuables she had.

The captain flew to Portman-square, took Mrs. Montreville with him, and set off directly for Paris.

CHAP. XII.

The Long Story continued.

THE captain's absence for days, weeks, and even months, was nothing new to Magdalena: but as she had not only given him her few remaining valuables, but all the contents of her purse, save one solitary guinea and a little silver, she began to fear the approach of a fiend to which she was yet a stranger, "Poverty."

She had been used sometimes to address billets to him at a coffee-house in Pall-Mall, and now, instead of the ordinary conveyance, by post, dispatched her faithful Christiana, to inquire for Captain Montreville, and in case of not meeting him, to leave a note.

"We have not seen the captain," said the waiter, "these three weeks; here are several letters and a large packet from Lisbon for him."

"Ah! give me, give me, mine gote! give me!" cried Christiana eagerly.

The man stared; "Give it her, he would do no such thing! he would deliver it to none but the captain or his wife."

"Oh

"Oh! ver vel, ver vel, I go, I go," cried Chriſtiana, jumping into a coach, which ſoon returned with Magdalena, to demand the packet from Liſbon.

The waiter's anſwer was ſtill the ſame; he would deliver the packet to none but the captain or his wife.

Magdalena ſolemnly affirmed that title belonged to her; the waiter as ſeriouſly proteſted the captain's wife lived in Portman-ſquare; and the maſter of the houſe ſettled the buſineſs, by declaring he would keep the packet till he ſaw the captain himſelf, whoſe real wife he had the honour to know, lived in "Portman-ſquare."

Silent and indignant, Magdalena turned, waved her hand to the coachman, and ſighed, "Portman-ſquare."

This was the firſt moment ſhe ſuſpected the magnitude of her misfortune; and when ſet down at Captain Montreville's, ſhe heard from the ſervants, that their maſter and miſtreſs had gone to pay a viſit in the country on the very day he parted with her;—no words can deſcribe the anguiſh of her ſoul.

Magdalena was remarkably happy in her diction; and though ſhe ſtill retained a foreign accent, there was a melliſluous flow in her ſpeech, a ſuavity of voice, and a grace in her delivery, more touching than eloquence itſelf; but it was nevertheleſs very difficult to convince a number of true quality ſervants, that a lawful wife would live with her child in obſcurity ſo near town, while another woman, who kept great, if not good company, uſurped her place and honours.

It was indeed a hard leſſon of experience, ſuch as Magdalena could not have learned in all the volumes her friend Mr. Prior recommended to her peruſal; *there* ſhe had read men as they ſhould be, *here* ſhe was to know them as they are.

As proofs of her huſband's perfidy crowded on her remembrance, the pride of a deſcendant of a grandee ſealed her lips; but the anguiſh of the wife, and the tenderneſs of the mother ſtreamed from her heart; ſhe could not adduce the real ſource of the unfortunate facts which proved ſo much, and ſcorned to have recourſe to fiction.

Silent she turned from the clamour of servants, who left with their wages unpaid, to answer innumerable creditors, wished to transmit the burthen from their own shoulders, to any one who would receive it.

But while Magdalena silently submitted to her fate, poor Christiana, in a barbarous jargon of mixed Portuguese, French, and English, talked enough for both, though no creature but her mistress could understand, that Mr. Casey, formerly soldier in Captain Montreville's regiment, but now his valet and prime counsellor, had done her every injury except marrying her. Mr. Casey had indeed often sworn, and with truth, he loved the lady's maid as much as the captain could possibly love the lady, and Christiana certainly loved him a great deal more; in three words, all her savings were *in his care*.

Groaning with remorse for the violation of her grandfather's will, with anguish for her child, and compassion for the companion of her misfortunes, Magdalena pulled her lace veil over her face, and reached the door.

The clamours of Christiana, her wrung hands, odd figure, and torn hair, collected a number of passers by, chiefly common people, round the door, who concluding she was a mad foreigner, thought her tears and exclamations the most comical and diverting things in nature.

Through this assembly Magdalena, concealing her woe-worn countenance, would have found it difficult to pass, had not her elegant figure, added to the singularity of the circumstance, attracted a plain middle aged man, who offered her his protection to the sorry hack in waiting, and who being master of each of the languages in which Christiana so loudly complained, did not think female distress a subject of amusement, and perceiving that the crowd seemed disposed to see all they could of what afforded them so much diversion; after handing Christiana into the hack to her lady, he declared his intention to protect them home.

This plain man was one of the richest subjects in Great-Britain, and his person happening to be known to some of the standers by, his getting into the coach

was such a damper on their curiosity, that before they reached Piccadilly the crowd were all dispersed.

The plain man addressed himself to Magdalena several times, but her senses were pre-occupied; her hands were folded, her eyes closed, and suppressed groans convulsed her bosom; she spoke not, nor was a tear seen on her pale cheek.

Christiana, on the contrary, was as communicative, though not quite so coherent as he could desire; she vowed her angel lady was the most injured person in existence, herself only excepted; that one Captain Montreville, third cousin to a lord, and heir to a vast number of rich people, was the greatest brute that stood erect, and his valet, Mr. Casey, the most perjured, false hearted villain in the world, though he had such a flattering tongue.

The plain man was silent.

Many reports were in circulation respecting Captain Montreville, but the most probable, and indeed most generally received, was that to which he gave the least credit; for, said the world, if Captain Montreville lived on the fortune of a foreign lady, would she not at least share it? The plain man reasoned otherwise: "For," said he, "as this captain had dissipated about ten times as much as his whole patrimony before he escaped the bailiffs, and got abroad, how came he possessed of means to game deeply, live profusely, and take to the old mistress, who ruined him once before, if he had not robbed the exchequer, or cajoled some fond credulous woman?"

These reflections passed in the plain man's mind, while Christiana was calling thunder from the skies to punish Mr. Casey, and while Magdalena, with her face still concealed, thought only on her injured honour and her deserted child, till she beheld him stretch out his infant arms towards her, and cry for the maternal nourishment of which he had never before been so long deprived, when she fell back in convulsions, and exposed, to the astonished plain looking man, the face he had thought so interesting in the south of France, when he foresaw the desertion of her companion; little however

ever did he ſuſpect that amiable creature, and the rich foreigner, to whom rumour gave the credit of *keeping* the gay expenſive Captain Montreville, were one and the ſame perſon.

Happily the diſcovery did not leſſen the intereſt he felt in her affairs; and as he generally ſucceeded in whatever he undertook, Chriſtiana never before found her orders ſo punctually obeyed.

Phyſicians, apothecaries, and even ſurgeons were ſent for, and the houſe filled with offers of aſſiſtance of all kinds, except that moſt affectingly pined for by the lovely infant; this too the reſpect due to ſo rich, as well as ſo plain a man, at length procured.

The wife of a naval officer, then abroad, who, though ſhe lived at the next door, could not be in habits of civility with a perſon in Magdalena's ſuppoſed ſituation, without riſking her own character, was attracted by the buſtle at the door, and obſerving Mr. Adderly, whoſe power and principles ſhe had ſome reaſon to know, helping the inſenſible Magdalena from the carriage, ſent her maid ſervant to offer *him* any aſſiſtance in her power.

Mrs. Littleton was at that time herſelf a nurſe, and the ſervant, moved by the cries of the infant, took it in her arms, and carried it to her miſtreſs, with Mr. Adderly's compliments.

Mrs. Littleton, though at firſt very loth to riſk her own and her child's health by ſo delicate an exertion of charity, as ſuckling the offſpring of what ſhe ſuppoſed to be an illicit attachment, could not long reſiſt the plaintive cries of the child, or the deſire to oblige ſo rich and reſpectable a man as Mr. Adderly; and whether compaſſion for the infant, or the *well* expreſſed thanks of that gentleman were the motives, ſhe continued to give it maternal nouriſhment ſix weeks before the fond and grateful mother was ſenſible of her goodneſs.

During this painful interval Mr. Adderly was a conſtant viſitor, and while the acute miſery of the ſuffering Magdalena was loſt in wild delirium, Chriſtiana told him

him her lady's ſtory and her own, which, though improbable, he implicitly believed.

Mr. Adderly, we have ſaid, was rich; his fortune was indeed ſo immenſe, that he could ſcarce be ſaid himſelf to know its amount. Inſtances are not uncommon, where great treaſures are diſpoſed of with equal eaſe and brevity; he was not therefore in that reſpect quite unique, though the ſingularities of his mind, which ſome called wiſe, ſome benevolent, and more imputed to an imbecility both of head and heart, were perhaps without an exact parallel.

It was a maxim with him, that as the widow's mite was accepted, little charities ſhould be annexed to little power; and thoſe whom Providence highly favoured ſhould favour highly; but he conſidered it as his particular duty to make himſelf acquainted with the real deſerts of thoſe objects with whom he choſe to ſhare the bleſſings he enjoyed; he was, no doubt, often impoſed on, but as that was no fault of his own, he bore it meekly, without a thought of reſtraining an impulſe which, like mercy, "twice bleſſeth;" he therefore made ſuch inquiries of the Liſbon conſul, and ſeveral reſpectable merchants, as muſt have detected Chriſtiana, had ſhe attempted to deceive him, and found every thing confirmed except the marriage, which was not believed to have taken place; but Chriſtiana ſo poſitively inſiſted on the contrary, and gave ſo many particulars of time, place, and circumſtances, from her own knowledge, as well as from what the falſe Mr. Caſey had told her, that if he had doubts, it removed them; and when Magdalena's high ſpirit, bending under a ſenſe of ſuch accumulating obligations, and oppreſſed by powerleſs gratitude, vainly ſtrove to put her feelings into words, he told her, with a countenance from which he endeavoured to baniſh feeling, that underſtanding Admiral Herbert was her father, and, that ſhe had been wronged out of her fortune, he had repreſented her ſituation to the Admiral, and was glad to inform her——"

"Ah my God!" exclaimed the trembling Magdalena, "is it poſſible! have I, after accelerating the death,

death, and violating the will of my venerable grandfather,—have I a father who will deign to receive a poor undone penitent to his protection! and who are you, Sir, who, like the angel of mercy, ſtepped out of your way to ſuccour miſery, to give to my poor infant a mother, to me a father! ah tell me! that I may venerate your name?

The plain man, whoſe white teeth contradicted the furrows in his cheeks, was dreſſed in black; he wore a brown ſingle curled wig, a round hat, very fine linen, ſquare toed ſhoes, and gold buckles; he could look any thing in the face but ſorrow, and therefore fixing his eyes on a common print over the chimney, anſwered, with nervous trepidation, he was ſimply a man bleſſed by Providence with the will to do all the good to his fellow creatures that fell in his way; that he was a banker of ſome eminence, his name Adderly, with whom her father Admiral Herbert kept his caſh accounts; that he had thought it his duty to inform him of the ſituation in which her huſband had left his daughter.

Magdalena hid her face and wept.

The plain man was ſorry to add that he found the Admiral and his ſon much and proudly hurt at the diſpoſition which the Don had made of his fortune.

"His ſon!" exclaimed Magdalena, "have I then a brother? hurt did you ſay, are they then needy?"

"No, but though wealthy, would be more ſo; ſuch at leaſt is your brother; he affects not to believe you are married."

"Ah cruel brother! and unjuſt as cruel."

"Not ſo; they who without knowing, think ill of us, do not injure *us*; it is a phantom of their own imagination they attack; to that they are cruel, to themſelves they are unjuſt. Your brother *will not* know you; he is ſelfiſh, iraſcible, and faſtidious; he knows not how to appreciate the worth of ſuch a ſiſter; he has all his father's perſonal ſkill and bravery, without his wiſdom and moderation."

"Alas! Sir," cried Magdalena, preſſing her child to her heart, "I tremble to aſk——"

"Your

"Your father," interrupted the plain man, haſtily, "has ſo long conſidered Capt. Herbert as his *only* hope, that he is wholly governed by him, and he——"

"Is inexorable; but my father?"

"Allows you three hundred pounds a year, and I am directed to pay you the firſt quarter down."

"Heaven bleſs my dear father!" ſaid Magdalena, dropping on her knees.

The plain man looked at the bad prints in ſome confuſion; the truth is, he had made his firſt eſſay in a ſcience for which no man could be worſe qualified,—"the ſcience of fiction;" and though he had ſpoken truths in ſome reſpects, he had in others both added and diminiſhed; for the Admiral and his ſon were ſo much hurt at the diſgrace in which Magdalena's conduct implicated them, if ſhe was *not* married, and at her injuſtice if ſhe was, as well as diſpleaſed at the Don's will, that they rejected the good banker's application on her behalf, and forbid his further interference, in terms haughty and deciſive enough, to ſucceed with any man who did not preſer the approbation of his own heart to the favour of a prince.

"This poor lady then," ſaid the plain man, "is a new partner in my firm, but however delicate the manner in which I acquaint her with her pretenſions, it will be much more genial to the feelings of the granddaughter of a grandee, to receive ſupport from her own father, than from a ſimple individual, who has nothing grand about him but the image of his Maker; I muſt therefore ornament an ungrateful truth with fiction, and by that means preſerve her afflicted mind from the humiliating ſenſe of pecuniary obligation."

Magdalena grieved ſhe could not ſee her *generous* father; but as he was a father ſhe had never ſeen, ſhe wrote a grateful letter to him, which Mr. Adderly took charge of, and calmly endeavoured to reconcile her mind to her fortunes.

Mr. Adderly, who was a widower, continued to find himſelf at Brompton, when he had intended to go a contrary way, till he was near forgetting he had not yet outlived the paſſion ſo beautiful and intereſting

an object was formed to inſpire; but the extreme pleaſure he found in her ſociety, and his reluctance to leave it, reminded him of the ties it was impoſſible for him to break, and of that ſituation of which he dared not take advantage; he therefore made his bow, and after giving her his addreſs, with a cheque for the ſecond quarter, wholly declined his viſits.

Magdalena, though little uſed to a practical delineation of the paſſions, had yet ſufficient obſervation to give Mr. Adderly full credit for the conqueſt over himſelf, and now gave up her heart and all its faculties to the ſweet and rapturous enthuſiaſm of maternal fondneſs, while the but half underſtood communications of Chriſtiana, which included her lady's affinity to Admiral Herbert, his ſuppoſed ſettlement, the credit of Mr. Adderly, and the ſimple rectitude of her own conduct, ſo far retrieved her character in the neighbourhood, that Mrs. Littleton's increaſing intimacy did not expoſe her to cenſure; the children were near of an age, and ſo dear an obligation as giving her infant nouriſhment, could never be forgotten by the fond mother.

Two years Magdalena continued at Brompton, retaining, out of mere indolence, the name of Grondon; "Lady," was a title her rank in Portugal had a right to claim, and what Chriſtiana muſt be dumb to forego; but as her ſon grew all a parent's fondeſt love could aſk, as ſhe diſcovered in his countenance lineaments of a noble mind, ſhe remembered his high deſcent on her ſide, and his relation on his father's, ſtrong arguments againſt any longer retaining a fictitious name, yet having been ſo long and well known at Brompton by it, there was no way of reſuming her huſband's with effect and propriety, without changing her place of abode; and in doing that ſhe would loſe a moſt agreeable neighbour, and her ſon his loved foſter brother. This conſideration delayed the arrangement her judgment ſanctioned, till an event happened which enabled her to ſatisfy the generous feelings of her own heart, and in her turn oblige Mrs. Littleton.

Captain

Captain Littleton died on his voyage from the Weſt Indies, where he had been ſtationed, without making any other proviſion for his wife and child, beſides her penſion, than leaving them his paternal inheritance, near Truro in Cornwall, which his progenitor had piece by piece ſo diminiſhed, that it was reduced to a large old manſion, a garden, orchard, and a few acres of bad land.

The captain's agent had removed from London to Belfaſt, but ſtill retained the agency of ſuch officers as had not cleared their accounts; from his clerk, who was ſent to London on the buſineſs it was, Mrs. Littleton firſt heard of her loſs, and the reduction ſhe muſt make in her expences. She was a Cambrian by birth, and was heſitating with all the fluctuation natural to weak minds, whether to retire to board in Wales, or occupy her own houſe, when Magdalena's offer to accompany her, and pay two hundred pounds for the board of herſelf, her maid, and child, determined in favour of Truro. The furniture was immediately packed, her ſervant ſent by ſea, and herſelf removed to Magdalena's houſe till her affairs with the agent, or rather his clerk, were finally ſettled.

Mr. Hanſon, who had all the eaſy intrepidity of his country, paid the widow a thouſand unmeaning compliments in the courſe of his buſineſs with her, and happening once to catch a glimpſe of Lady Grondon, as Magdalena was called, was ſo ſtruck with the grace and elegance of her figure, that he became curious to know her hiſtory and connexions, which, as Mrs. Littleton was really pleaſed with the frequent tete-a-tetes that occurred with Mr. Hanſon, ſhe very readily gave him; and whether it was her manner of telling, or the ſtory itſelf, that ſo intereſted him, he did not explain, when he took the trouble to commit the heads to writing at his laſt, and indeed ſomewhat tender interview.

Mrs. Littleton's affairs being all ſettled, the ladies, their ſons, and maid ſet off from Brompton in hired chaiſes, and reached Truro without accident.

Holly Aſh was a venerable pile of building, in one wing only of which all the furniture was placed.

But

But Magdalena immediately fitted up a long gallery and two large rooms in the center, where she propoſed to commence the tuition of her ſon and his foſter brother.

The ſituation was pleaſant and romantic, and Magdalena, who carried her mind with her, was happy.

She had, previous to her leaving London, ſolicited an interview with Mr. Adderly, and was by him informed, that reports of her marriage gaining credit at Liſbon, Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez obtained an order from the king not only to ſtop further remittances, but to attach all the Albertini property which were in the hands of Mr. Knightly; that the captain having previouſly received a very conſiderable remittance, ſupported his uſual ſplendor, and gamed with his uſual ſucceſs; but future reſources being now ſtopped, he was expected to make a very precipitate retreat from Paris.

Magdalena, after bleſſing heaven for having given her ſuch a father as Admiral Herbert, and ſuch a friend as the plain man his banker, expreſſed the ſtrongeſt ſatisfaction at the ſteps taken to execute the will of her grand father, as far as it could be now executed; and having made inquiries after Mr. Prior, who ſhe found had accompanied ſome ſcientific traveller on a tour round the Engliſh Colonies, parted with the plain man, who wore a jewel of the firſt water in his heart.

The fair recluſe was every hour more pleaſed with a retirement where her avidity to acquire knowledge could not be interrupted; and Mrs. Littleton, who was rather a ſimple inoffenſive woman, than that ſort of enlightened mind which could claim congeniality with Magdalena's, fancied every field weed a miracle, every tree a paradiſe, and every ſtream an Helicon till ſhe was familiar with them all, when the novelty ceaſing, ſhe became indolent, ſpiritleſs, and fretful.

Magdalena, who ſaw from what vacuity of mind the alteration ſprung, liſtened with patience to the little domeſtic troubles her temper made, and for ſome time took pains to inſpire her with that chearful reſignation to fate, which was viſible in the whole tenor of her own

own life; not ſucceeding, ſhe gave the matter up, and having taken Mrs. Littleton's ſon under her tuition with her own, made their improvement the principal buſineſs and pleaſure of her exiſtence, till after two years' vegetation Mrs. Littleton's ennui was broken by the death of her ſon in the ſmall pox.

Giddy in proſperity, heartleſs in adverſity, and imbecile in affliction was poor Mrs. Littleton; ſhe wept in all the extravagance of grief for her ſon, but was ſo eager to embrace any change in her preſent joyleſs life, that her tears were dried up, and her ſon forgotten, when one fine evening Mr. Hanſon, the agent's clerk, rode up to the porch, having, he ſaid, come from London, on purpoſe to viſit her.

Magdalena, who never forgot who ſhe was, uſed to breakfaſt and take tea in her own apartment, and her ſon being now ſcarce recovered after the diſorder which deprived him of his companion; ſhe choſe to keep there altogether while a ſtranger was in the houſe.

To Mrs. Littleton, who pined under the terrible diſeaſe of *well* wanting to be *better*, and ſick of the Holy Aſh, where, except a Romiſh prieſt, a cockney curate, a lame doctor, and ruſtic ſervants, no male being ever entered, Mr. Hanſon of courſe appeared a combuſtible of charms.

Right willing indeed was Mrs. Littleton to be perſuaded to take an unceremonious leave of the old manſion, and all its faded ſweets, had Mr. Hanſon been ſo indecorous as to make ſuch a propoſal, but he was not; he ſlept indeed at the inn, but every day and all day were paſſed with the widow, walking in the meadows in the morning, in the groves at noon, and by the purling ſtreams at moon light; ſo that when the dear man made his congée, he took with him the better half of the widow's ſoul, and left it ſo void of reſources againſt inanity, that ſhe liſtened with complaiſance even to Chriſtiana's tedious detail of the charms and perfidy of Mr. Caſey, merely on the principle of having on that account a right to talk of ſweet Mr. Hanſon.

Chriſtiana,

Chriſtiana, who was herſelf, in a ſort of half exiſtence, having many hours, unemployed, while Mr. Hanſon ſo engroſſed the widow, being reminded by him of her family at Liſbon, and of Mr. Caſey, whoſe addreſs he ſaid he knew, took it in her head to become a letter ſcrowler, and having waſted half a quire of paper, pleaſed herſelf in two epiſtles, one a philippic to Mr. Caſey, againſt himſelf, ſhe did not know where,—the other to her ſiſter at Liſbon, full of invectives againſt the captain, and Mr. Hanſon obligingly took charge of both.

Meanwhile Magdalena,

"By fortune ſunk, but formed of generous mould,
"In a lone cot, amidſt the diſtant wood,
"Suſtained alone by providential heaven,"

was the happy inſtructreſs of her charming boy, and proved

"Contentment walks
"The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
"Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
"To purchaſe."

Thus ſhe lived under the proud banner of her own honour, in all the ſerene delight of conſcious rectitude, reading and improving from the beſt authors, without once aſking her heart if the man once ſo dear, was in exiſtence.

Short lived however is all ſublunary happineſs; her ſon caught the meaſles, the whooping cough followed, and he was reduced to extremity.

The ſufferings of Magdalena can only be conceived by a mother as fond and as deſolate; when the child began to recover, ſhe was herſelf but the ſhadow of a ſhade.

About this time a letter was delivered at Holly Ash, which affected Chriſtiana as joyfully as the ſight of Mr. Caſey himſelf could have done; it was from her ſiſter, who lived with Lady Aurelia; it ſaid a great deal of the joy they felt at hearing from her, and deſired

Lady

Lady Magdalena to be informed that the poor lady abbeſs was given over by her phyſicians, but declared ſhe could not die till ſhe delivered into her dear niece's own hand, one hundred thouſand rix dollars, which Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez conſented ſhould be her's, provided ſhe claimed it perſonally, as they were determined that vile heretic, calling himſelf Captain Montreville, ſhould not touch a dollar.

Magdalena wept; Chriſtiana, on her knees, implored her to viſit the dear dying abbeſs, and take the one hundred thouſand rix dollars for her ſweet ſon.

The child was too weak to take ſuch a journey, and his mother too tender to part with him, but the hundred thouſand rix dollars were the cuckoo ſong with Chriſtiana, and the dying abbeſs the burthen of it.

In a few days a ſecond letter, with the packet mark and the Albertina ſeal, was delivered at Holy Aſh, from the abbeſs, who too ill to write herſelf, implored her beloved niece to cloſe her eyes, and take the fortune.

Magdalena's conflicts were terrible, but ſhe was bound by a three fold duty; to her aunt, to herſelf, and her ſon; how ſacred the firſt, how dear the laſt; ſhe could no longer heſitate; with ſo faithful a ſervant as Chriſtiana, and ſo warm a friend as Mrs Littleton, who had indeed been a mother to him, ſhe would truſt her boy, while tearing herſelf from all joy, ſhe performed ſo ſolemn a duty.

The prieſt's certificate of her marriage was an eſſential paper to carry into the preſence of her virtuous expiring relation; ſhe packed it carefully, with a few trifles for the voyage, there being plenty of every thing, as Chriſtiana ſaid, at Lady Aurelia's; and after having ſolemnly recommended to them her darling, and received as ſolemn aſſurances of their care, ſhe threw herſelf into a chaiſe, and reaching Falmouth juſt as a Liſbon packet was under weigh, embarked to cloſe the dying eyes of her good aunt, and receive one hundred thouſand rix dollars for her ſon.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

No end to the long ſtory.

MRS. LITTLETON and her confidante, Chriſtiana, having now nothing to do but amuſe one of the beſt tempered children in the world, con over the delicious anecdotes of paſt ſcenes, and complain of the inanity of the preſent, were in danger of becoming two very pitiable beings.

Chriſtiana had indeed the advanrage of Mrs. Littleton, having the hundred thouſand rix dollars for her lady, beſides preſents from Lady Aurelia to herſelf, in perſpective, to amuſe her; but notwithſtandng ſhe neither talked nor thought of little elſe, even that was growing "weary, ſtale, and unprofitable," when her ſpirits received an unexpected electrical ſtroke within a week after her lady's departure,—for who ſhould preſent his erect figure before her but the gay ſeducer, Mr. Caſey.

His reception was by no means flattering; it was loud, harſh, and diſſonant; he however bore all with true chriſtian patience; and when the raging of the ſtorm was ſucceeded by a heavy ſhower, ſwore he was preſſed going from Brompton; had been twice ſhipwrecked ſince he beheld her dear face, and moreover had never ſeen his vile maſter from that bleſſed hour to this.

Chriſtiana ſcolded; bid him never ſee her more; cried, and *forgave*; after which it is to be preſumed they too, walked the meadows in the morning, the groves at noon, and by the purling ſtreams by moon light.

"It never rains but it pours," cried Chriſtiana, ſeeing Mr. Hanſon, who by mere chance came to pay a ſecond amorous viſit to the widow, more in love than ever. As to Mr. Caſey, he proteſted he would not part with *his* love till ſhe was his own; only as his mother;

mother, who lived at Dulwich, near London, had made him ſwear ſhe ſhould ſee his wife before he married her, and as the old woman had a few houſes to give away, he thought it might be as well to humour her.

Chriſtiana could not hear of leaving her young charge; but then to be ſure Mrs. Littleton would take care of him; but her lady, how could ſhe face her lady, after breaking her ſolemn promiſe, not to let her ſon be out of her ſight; but then to be ſure, as ſhe would be Mrs. Caſey long before her return, how could it be known, Mrs. Littleton would not blab; beſides ſhe would not always be a ſervant; no, Mr. Caſey aſſured her ſhe ſhould keep a ſervant herſelf; and ſo Chriſtiana conſented to be married at Dulwich, to humour the old mother.

Now every body knows that the cheapeſt way of reaching London from the coaſt of Cornwall is by ſea, and it would have been alſo, as the wind then was, the moſt expeditious, had not the ſhip ſteered the courſe to Cork, inſtead of the river Thames; in ſhort, poor Chriſtiana was again deceived, robbed, and deſerted; and miſerable muſt have been her fate in a ſtrange country, without money or friends, had it not occurred to her, that a letter to Mr. Adderly, the great banker, would reach him with more expedition and certainty than one ſhe wrote by the ſame poſt to Mrs. Littleton.

Mr. Adderly, who could make out little more of her ſcrawl than that ſhe was in diſtreſs, wrote immediately to his correſpondent at Cork, incloſing her direction, and an order to ſupply her with money to defray her expences to England, by the firſt veſſel to Liverpool or Plymouth, from whence ſhe made all the haſte her finances would admit, to return to Holly Aſh; but what was her grief and aſtoniſhment to find no Holly Aſh ſtanding; the houſe and all the out buildings were reduced to a heap of aſhes. Almoſt frantic, ſhe ran to the neareſt neighbour, of whom ſhe learned that the houſe took fire no mortal could tell how, at day break, and before any aſſiſtance arrived, was burnt to the ground, but that no lives were loſt; Madam Littleton and little maſter, with her maid and the gentleman, who

was

was be like her ſweet heart, went off to London, after letting the land to farmer Tolly.

Chriſtiana was now more diſtreſſed than when abandoned at Cork by Mr. Caſey.

She was become ſo inured to misfortune that ſhe not only dreaded, but ſuſpected every thing, and therefore with a heavy foreboding heart was preparing to ſet off on foot on her way to London, when the man who uſually brought the letters, told her two were lying at the poſt houſe at Truro directed for her, and promiſed to bring them the next day.

Chriſtiana was received with kindneſs by the neighbours, and invited to ſtop with them till ſhe recovered her ſtrength, but the letters actually in ſome degree deprived her of reaſon.

Letter the Firſt.

"MY DARE JEWEL,

"I hope you are got home ſhaf, as for me, I am after taking a trip over ſea, and faith, jewel, if I bury Molly Caſey, my laful wife, and get a black princeſs, I will truly pay you all the money and goods of mine I had of yours, being your faithful ſarvant,

PATRICK CASEY.

Letter the Second.

"In the preſent confuſion of my mind I know not whether to addreſs this letter to Lady Magdalena or Chriſtiana; alas! I never more ſhall behold either; what can I ſay—how account for my actions! oh good God! forgive me,—dear lady, believe your child is as dear to me as my own exiſtence,—he is ſafe,—he is well! oh that I dared ſay more!

S. LITTLETON.

It was not poſſible for Chriſtiana to conceive that Mrs. Littleton could be guilty of ſo cruel an act as to deprive an injured and unfortunate mother of her only conſolation; but nothing could be more clear than that ſhe had herſelf deſerted her truſt, and dreading nothing now ſo much as the ſorrow and reproaches of her beloved miſtreſs, ſhe ſet off on foot for Plymouth inſtead of London, reſolved to beg a paſſage to Liſbon, not to meet Magdalena, but to hide from her.

The maſter of a Liſbon trader, a prime ſailor who was in the cuſtom of running without convoy, heard her pitiful tale, and conſented to give her a paſſage.

Fatigue, grief, and hard living before ſhe was received on board, affected both her body and mind, and ſhe was in the height of a delirious fever when the ſhip was becalmed, in ſight of a French fleet then bound to the Eaſt Indies, and captured.

The ſituation of the poor Portugueſe excited the compaſſion of Monſieur Blandel, a ſurgeon appointed to the garriſon of Pondicherry, who with his wife were paſſengers in the ſhip to which the trader ſtruck, and inſtead of ſending her into port with the other priſoners, he prevailed on the Admiral to let her remain on board *to die*, an event he expected would certainly happen.

The care of this good man, and the kindneſs of his wife counteracted the fatal prognoſtics; Chriſtiana's conſtitution was remarkably good, and ſhe recovered to repay the charitable kindneſs of Mr. and Mrs. Blandel by the moſt grateful and zealous fidelity, and though often ſeized with ſuch fits of frantic grief as proved at times a mental derangement; ſhe became ſo eſſential to the comforts of her maſter and miſtreſs, that they looked upon, and treated her rather as their child than ſervant.

It was at that period of the Carnatic war when the priſons of Seringapatam were crowded with Europeans, who to the great mortification of Hyder-Ally, daily expired under the cruelties inflicted by his officers, when added to their other miſeries, the ſmall pox broke out among them.

Hyder

Hyder wiſhed to have his people inſtructed in the European arts by the unfortunate priſoners, and anxious to preſerve their lives, applied to the governor of Pondicherry, the repreſentative of his good ally the moſt chriſtian king for medical aſſiſtance.

Monſieur Blandel, whom avarice now detained in the eaſt, flattered by Hyder's particular mention of him, and tempted with the large reward he expected to receive, offered himſelf for the ſervice, and Madame, who indeed was not only a very good doctreſs herſelf, but had inſtructed Chriſtiana to be ſerviceable, inſiſting on accompanying Monſieur, they ſet out, with a grand convoy, firſt to Arcot and then to Seringapatam.

Chriſtiana was at leaſt as much an Engliſh as a French woman, and could not ſee ſo many miſerable wretches groaning under every ſpecies of tyranny, who in their own country were free and uncontroulable lords, without feeling a deſire to alleviate their ſufferings.

A young officer, who had refuſed to obey Hyder's order to inſtruct his battalions in the manual exerciſe was, with ſome other refractory Europeans ordered into cloſe confinement preparatory to the torture, under which many of the Engliſh troops expired.

Chriſtiana, in one of her curious rambles over the priſon, happened to ſee this man, and was at firſt ſight ſo ſmitten with his phyſiognomy, that ſhe did not reſt till ſhe had convinced Monſ. Blandel, firſt that he exerted himſelf too much; then that he muſt have an European aſſiſtant added to the ſix natives he brought from Pondicherry; and laſt, that ſhe had ſelected a young Engliſhman for that purpoſe, who, though an officer, could read Latin, and would of courſe be of infinite ſervice.

Monſ. Blandel, who loved his eaſe above all things but money, was not averſe to accept an aſſiſtant who could read Latin, and therefore at Chriſtiana's inſtance made formal application for the aid of the young officer, which was immediately granted on the part of Hyder, but refuſed by the priſoner himſelf.

"Sandi

"Sancti Dei!" exclaimed Chriſtiana, "will ſuch a handſome creature give himſelf up to be mangled by theſe barbarians; get my palanquin directly; he muſt hear reaſon."

Hyder-Ally had by this time drawn his laſt accurſed breath in the commiſſion of innumerable murders; ſcarce had the gallant Colonel Baillie fallen a victim to his infernal draughts before a period was put by the Almighty to his own life; but change of tyrants rather increaſed than ſoftened the miſery of the wretched European priſoners; Tippoo Saib might be ſaid to feaſt on their agonies and drink their tears; and chiefly it was his delight to reek his bloody vengeance on the Bedamore captives who, crowded into different priſons, were ignorant of the fate of their fellow ſufferers, nor indeed knew who among them had ſurvived the carnage of the defeat; and ſo far was Tippoo from paying any reſpect to the officers, they were the particular objects of his revenge. Oh may Britons never forget that a general officer in one of the priſons had food ſet before him, which he was given to underſtand was poiſoned, and that he was after kept without ſuſtenance till in a raging delirium he allayed the cravings of nature by greedily devouring his own death!!

The young man, who made ſo ſudden and ſure a conqueſt of a little brown ugly woman, old enough to be his mother, had loſt his only friend in the laſt fatal ſortie; Europe had nothing, Aſia nothing for him, and miſery, like joy, is of all countries; yet his ſoul roſe againſt the ſavage crew by whom his only friend fell, and when Tippoo commanded to teach his ſlaves the Engliſh exerciſe, he preferred death to obedience, reſolving to die by his own hands the moment they were unbound.

So ſaid the little brown ugly woman holding her noſe as ſhe paſſed to the dungeon, "I have indeed known ſome Engliſhmen cruel to women, but this is the firſt time I thought they would not have conſideration for themſelves."

The

The despairing prisoner started; though broken and bad, it was English she spoke.

"What a filthy hole," continued she, "is this, and what a fool are you to refuse the great place I have procured for you; you don't speak, and mercy upon me how ghastly you look; come rouse yourself, you will else be a musselman in the next twelve hours, and how soon after a corpse, heaven knows."

"I am resolved to die," groaned the prisoner.

"Then you resolve to be a fool," replied Christiana; "what die! with those eyes, those teeth, that shape! no, you shall not die, you shall live with Madame Blandel, the best doctress, and Monsieur, the finest surgeon in all the world, and instead of teaching the Chaylahs to murder your countrymen, you shall learn of me how to heal their wounds and relieve their misery."

The prisoner listened attentively; "Could this woman deceive! in his own tongue too! no! again he listened.

Christiana was very ugly, but she was also very sincere; the benevolence beaming from her black eyes, concealed the deformity of her sallow cheeks, and though our young officer had resolved to die, it was because no means offered to preserve life without a breach of the duty he owed his dead friend and himself; for as to king and country, they were ties in air to him; but death, however gorgeous the robe in which heroes dress him is by no means so pleasant a recourse to a young man, as the house of the best doctress and finest surgeon in the world, who had a little ugly good humoured female assistant.

"You certainly are my good angel," said the young officer, following Christiana to the palanquin, after she had produced the order for his liberty.

"Ah!" replied Christiana, "I have been called angel before, but that was by a devil;" now looking earnestly in his face, and twinkling the tears from her eyes, "I do really think you an angel every time I look on you; you, on the contrary, perhaps think me a devil; but they have a saying in your country

"pra

praiſe the bridge that carries you ſafe over;" mind hat, and follow my palanquin."

Never was the judgment of Chriſtiana ſo high in he eſtimation of Monſieur Blandel, and Madame his wife, as when the young man had for two days lived n their preſence.

"He knows Latin," ſaid Chriſtiana; Monſieur hought there were few things he did *not* know.

"Except," replied Chriſtiana, "curing the backs f his countrymen after the tamarind twigs have laid hem bare."

Madame thought practice would teach him that too, ut added, "what do you call him?"

"I call him Chriſtian," ſaid Chriſtiana, becauſe e is my protegée; but though I delivered the order or his diſcharge from the priſon, I am ignorant of is name."

While this diſcourſe was paſſing a papilliot having ropped from Madame's tete, Chriſtiana was replacing it.

"His name," ſaid Monſieur Blandel, putting on is ſpectacles and looking on a liſt, "his name is Horace Littleton."

Off came Madame's tete, which together with the ad of fine muſlin and lace, was in an inſtant torn to ieces.

"Horace Littleton!" ſhrieked Chriſtiana, flying t of the ſaloon, and having found the young man, ragged him with her to Monſieur and Madame.

"Is your name Horace? are you from England? d you live at Holly Aſh before it was burnt? where your bleſſed mother? and how is it poſſible you can ve forgot her poor Chriſtiana!"

The young man burſt into tears.

"Ah yes!" cried he, in a voice ſmothered by ceſs of feeling, "I well remember the burning of e houſe, and never, never will that dear ſhadow, hich at this moment is preſent to my imagination, eradicated from my memory. My mother! yes, *true* mother is before me!"

Poor Chriſtiana was near fainting; Madame ſup- ted her.

"What

"What does all this mean?" ſaid Monſieur, "his true mother! is he then your ſon?"

"My ſon!" repeated Chriſtiana, throwing herſelf on her knees and kiſſing his feet, "no, the holy virgin forbid he ſhould have ſuch an unworthy mother! no, he is ſon to Lady Magdalena, who was daughter to his Excellency Don Philip Rinaldo Condoſtello, who was ſon to Don Perez Xantiver Condoſtello Albertina, who was ſon to the firſt Don Henry Rinaldo Condoſtello Albertina, who married a princeſs of the houſe of Bourbon, who—"

"But who was his father?" interrupted Monſieur.

"The third couſin to an Engliſh peer, who deſerved to be drenched with mayum and cut up with twigs of tamarind;—oh! my deareſt child, where is my lady? and what is become of? but now I think of it, you call yourſelf Littleton, how is that?"

Horace could not tell; all he remembered of that early period of his life, was being carried on board a ſhip, and living a long while at ſea, where he was told to call Mr. Hanſon, who was his mamma Littleton's huſband, papa; and that then, as he afterwards knew, he lived at Philadelphia, from whence he was ſent when Mrs. Hanſon died, to Europe, to the care of a relation of hers, the maſter of a free grammar ſchool.

"What!" interrupted Chriſtiana, "have you then never ſeen my lady?"

"Oh no! though I have tried to ſee her in whatever country I have been; my heart has every where fondly ſought to trace her grand demeanour, her melting eyes, and that tender voice of which it retains ſo lively an idea."

"Oh Jeſu!" cried Chriſtiana, "and have you never heard of your aunt, the abbeſs of the order of Mercy?"

"I never heard of any relation but the people I have named."

"Sancta Maria! nor of the hundred thouſand ri dollars my dear bleſſed lady went to Liſbon to fetch?"

"I never was maſter of five ſhillings till taken un the protection of the friend who was killed in the fortie at Bedamore."

"Diab

"Diable! diable!" cried Chriſtiana, tearing off her cap, and ſeized with one of thoſe fits of frenzy to which ſhe was ſubject during the early part of the time ſhe lived with Monſieur; ſhe fell into convulſions, ſo that the young officer was obliged to ſuſpend the intereſt and curioſity, ſhe excited till her recovery."

Mean while the reader will return to the Holly Aſh, at the period when Mr. Caſey ſet out to humour his old mother with the ſight of his bride.

Mr. Hanſon was that ſort of adventuring ſpirit, who never let an opportunity of forwarding any deſign he had formed, ſlip through his fingers, and ſo ſucceſsful had been his addreſs to Mrs. Littleton, that there was at this time nothing he choſe to aſk which ſhe could refuſe.

The unfortunate woman was indeed now waiting her fiat from him with all that trembling ſolicitude a female not totally abandoned to vice and invulnerable to remorſe, muſt feel, while panting for the honour of a wife and pride of a mother, ſhe fears to be left to ſhame and reproach.

But in order to elucidate the character and motives of Mr. Hanſon, we muſt retrace the old ſtory ſtill further back.

Captain Montreville, the reader knows, was third couſin to the Earl of Gauntlet, and remote as was his hope of being ever benefited by his noble relative at the time, he vaunted it to the ſimple Magdalena, a courſe of years not only opened his proſpects but rendered his younger brother an anxious watch on all his arrangements.

James Montreville held a place of more honour than profit at Belfaſt, when a beautiful young girl, daughter to a diſſolute clergyman, from the north of Ireland, grew ſo weary of the vigilant care of her mother, that happening to dance with Mr Montreville at a race ball, ſhe agreed to elope with him, and her father following the fugitives very cloſe, the young man was preſented by him with an alternative which ended in a public marriage.

Mr. Montreville was not in the beſt ſpirits on the occaſion, but like many other odd things in the chapter of accidents, this turned out the moſt proſperous event in his life.

Mrs. Montreville, whoſe dreſs and company at firſt promiſed to bring her huſband's affairs into a very narrow compaſs, became celebrated for her beauty and faſcinating manners; without a ſingle merit of his own, except an unlimited confidence in his wife, ſhe introduced her huſband to all the gay men round that part of Ireland; and in the following winter procured for him the notice of the viceroy, who broke the heart of a very amiable wife, while he expoſed himſelf to general ridicule by his paſſion for Mrs. Montreville, and the favours he heaped on her accommodating huſband.

Mrs. Montreville diſguiſed under the appearance of juvenile frivolity, ſtrong obſervation, great policy, and deep cunning, which added to a face where the graces ſeemed to unite their power of faſcination, a bewitching ſoftneſs of manner, and an apparent frankneſs of heart, well juſtified her boaſt and practice, that ſhe would enſlave whatever man ſhe pleaſed,

Mr. Whittal, the agent we have before mentioned, was related to this lady, and a ſharer in the family hope that a coronet would grace her brow.

The captain's diſſolute life was well known and often canvaſſed in the family; he had no children, denied his marriage, and lived openly with a woman as diſſolute as himſelf.

Matters were exactly in this train when Mr. Hanſon returned from London with the written anecdotes from Mrs. Littleton, and completely confounded the riſing family of the Whittals, who however enjoined him to keep ſecret what they affected not to believe.

Mr. Hanſon had once committed a trifling faux pas, which for want of ſome perſon to ſpeak to his character, had like to put an early period to his adventures; this accident perhaps firſt ſuggeſted the extreme importance of a good character, and as no man could be more

in that reſpect, the family of the Whittals were perfectly eaſy with ſo faithful a confident.

The Earl of Gauntlet, having buried his three ſons, died, and Captain Montreville, with his female companion, were received through a whole county, as they approached the family manſion, with bonfires, ringing of bells, and every other demonſtration of joy which takes place when one lord, no matter how good or how bad, drops, and another lord of the ſame deſcription ſucceeds.

Admiral Herbert, who was much nearer related to the coronet than the new earl, could not be ignorant of ſo important an event; but as his ſon was ſtill iraſcible, and as he did not really believe his daughter was married, he contented himſelf with declining the acquaintance of all his family.

The Earl's companion, now regretting that avarice, which in order to retain the wages of her iniquity in her own power, had hitherto induced her to decline the infatuated *captain's* offered hand, reſolved at laſt to be generous, and reſign both her riches and charms wholly to the *Earl*.

Mrs. Montreville could not bear this; ſhe paid an uninvited viſit at the manſion, and proved herſelf ſo complete a Machiavel in the art of pleaſing, that the quondam Mrs. Montreville was actually diſplaced, and after violent ſtruggles obliged to retire on a penſion, glad to ſecure that ſmall wreck of all her former power.

The Earl was now in a delirium of happineſs; his charming ſiſter ſacrificed even the viceroy to him; ſhe ſat at the head of his table, managed his rent roll, engaged and diſcharged the ſervants, and finding Mr. Caſey when ſober, rather difficult to manage, ſhe procured for him, by her intereſt with her old friend the viceroy, a collector's place in the cuſtoms, where, as he was fond of ſpirits, ſhe for more reaſons than one, hoped he would ſoon cloſe his accounts.

Lord Gauntlet had certainly, reckoning *nights* as well as days, lived to a good old age. He was at preſent only in his thirty fifth year, but in conſtitution ninety,

and in ſpite of the tenderneſs of his beautiful ſiſter-in-law; his phyſicians adviſed a voyage to Liſbon.

My lord ſtarted; there were very few things he would not do to wear a coronet and live with his dear ſiſter a few years longer, except going to Liſbon, and therefore he propoſed Italy.

The beautiful and now honourable Mrs. Gauntlet, had ſome private arrangements to make with Mr. Hanſon previous to her accompanying her dear brother abroad; true, ſhe would not believe his marriage, and of courſe could not *fear* an heir, but it was as well to be *ſure*.

Mr. Hanſon pleaded the impoſſibility of carrying off the reputed ſon of a nobleman.

The Honourable Mrs. Montreville pleaded the Angleſea cauſe as a precedent where the noble injurer was gathered to his fathers in peace, if not with honour, and the injured heir expired in a priſon.

He next hinted at the danger.

She proved ſhe could protect him.

His character, his dear character! on which he ſet ſo high a value!

The Honourable Mrs. Montreville ſmiled, and diſplaying three bank of England notes for one thouſand pounds each, ſaid, it was his character, and the very high value ſhe knew he ſet on it, that gave her confidence in his ability and prudence, well aſſured no other perſon would outbid her; therefore ſhe would be plain, three thouſand pounds ſhould be his own as long as the horrid boy was kept from the world; it muſt be returned with intereſt, if he was known to exiſt.

Mr. Hanſon's eyes devoured the notes, but the penalty was diſtreſſing.

"You would not have the boy dead?" ſaid he, in an under tone.

"I would not be in your power, Sir," anſwered the lady; "all I deſire is never to hear of him."

"Well, madam," and he held his open palm for the notes.

The lady produced a bond, well and firmly worded by her couſin Whittal the agent, who now appeared to witneſs

witneſs it, and takes the notes in truſt for his friend Hanſon till the boy was conveyed away.

Mr. Caſey, of whom Mr. Hanſon had heard much from poor Chriſtiana in his viſits at Brompton, was the only ally in this buſineſs he could think of, who would undertake any deſperate job, for which he was well paid, without aſking queſtions, provided it was not attended with perſonal riſk; as to the matter of going over the old ground with poor Chriſtiana, that was a mere joke, which indeed he had no power to turn into earneſt, as he was married to a bog trotter of his own dear country, of whoſe interference he ſtood in ſome awe.

Mr. Hanſon's firſt viſit at Holly Aſh had for its object and reward three thouſand pounds, beſides all expences; and as the Honourable Mr. Montreville rightly judged, his regard to character prevented his making confidants; he took charge of both Chriſtiana's letters; one of which ſuggeſted the means of getting rid of her; the other opened a fair proſpect of ſeparating the mother from her child. He held a council with Caſey as far as related to the favour intended Chriſtiana, and drew from him, among other ſecrets, that ſomehow he poſſeſſed a family ſeal of the Albertina; Hanſon gave its weight in gold for the valuable trinket, and directly took his paſſage to Liſbon, from whence he wrote, the firſt letter to Chriſtiana by one packet, and by that in which he returned himſelf, the laſt to Magdalena.

Caſey, who underſtood his cue, acted his part well, and received his reward, and returned to his poſt, where Iriſh whiſkey, and ſmuggled brandy, very ſoon made him a "grave man."

Mr. Hanſon had been a week at Holly Aſh, not leſs tender, and apparently more enamoured than when he left it, without dropping one word on the ſubject of all others the moſt important to Mrs. Littleton, who, a novice in guilt, wanted courage to mention her intereſting ſituation; but when the day after Chriſtiana's departure he ſpoke of returning to Ireland, the long pent anguiſh burſt out; ſhe avowed her ſituation with a deluge of tears, and waited that anſwer he, notwithſtanding his affected conſternation, was well prepared to give.

Folding

Folding her in his arms, he reminded her, that in all the tranſports they had ſhared, the word marriage never eſcaped his lips; worlds would the affectionate Mr. Hanſon give, if it were in his power to marry her.

Mrs. Littleton's bloodleſs face ſunk on his ſhoulder.

"It had been his unhappy fate to be united early in life to a woman deſtitute of the power to charm like his dear Sarah. She was old, peeviſh, and ugly, but rich! and ſuch as ſhe was, though he did not live with her, he could not unmarry her.

Tears, hyſterics, and every tender exceſs of ſorrow, followed this explanation.

Mr. Hanſon's ſorrow and regret were blended with hers; he ſat by her bedſide, bewailed their hard fate, and at length propoſed going off to America, where they might be every thing to each other.

Mrs. Littleton's mind, naturally weak, was enervated by her ſituation; ſhe was one of thoſe ſtraight laced ladies, who made not the ſmalleſt allowance for female frailty, and naturally expected as little charity from others; ſo that Mr. Hanſon was very right in concluding ſhe would joyfully accede to his propoſal.

"What is done baſely, ſhould alſo," Mr. Hanſon knew, "be done ſafely." While Mrs. Littleton was fatiguing herſelf about diſpoſing of her little property, he was taking very effectual methods to ſave her every kind of trouble on that ſcore; lord of the miſtreſs of the houſe, he ranged through the apartments without controul or delicacy, and having fixed his eye on a ſcrutoire, about which Mrs. Littleton was very uneaſy, as it contained, ſhe ſaid, all Lady Magdalena's valuable papers, particularly the certificate of her marriage, Mr. Hanſon choſe to gratify his curioſity at the expence of the locks, after Mrs. Littleton was retired for the night; but though he found ſeveral papers of conſequence, the one he was in ſearch of was in a ſafer place.

This was a tranſaction of which Mrs. Littleton always remained ignorant; for ſhe was next morning alarmed by the cry of fire, and though aſſured the roof muſt fall in immediately, would not leave her chamber till

till she had awakened her young charge, and descended with him in her arms.

A few wearables were all, besides the plate, which was principally Lady Magdalena's, that could be saved; and as Mrs. Littleton had quite made up her mind to the American business, she allowed the sooner it was put in execution the better. The child might be left with Christiana, who Mr. Hanson was sure to find in London; so off set the fond pair, with Dorothy, Mrs. Littleton's handsome maid, and Master Horace, in one post chaise.

Arrived at London, an American vessel was found, which had just cleared outwards, and Mrs. Littleton having nothing to do but find Christiana, agreed to sail in her.

Two vexatious things however seemed to menace a destruction of the well concerted plan; Christiana could not be found, and after sending their little baggage on board, Mr. Hanson, with great and delicate confusion, inquired how his charmer had prepared for the voyage, and their future subsistence.

Mrs. Littleton was speechless; it was an inquisition which would certainly have quite as well become her to make as to answer; the result was, that it was indispensably requisite to pay down sixty pounds; and though very rich in love, the fond couple, their maid, and charge had not, as Mr. Hanson said, five pounds amongst them.

Mr. Hanson, who was equally ready with Mrs. Littleton to place confidence in the maid Dorothy, had prevailed on the former to pass for his wife at the lodgings, and she now felt "it would be misery to lose that which it was not happiness to possess;" yet what was to be done?

Mr. Hanson folded his arms and looked dismal; Mrs. Littleton wept; and the rosy cheeked maid Dorothy fretted herself pale; but at last, when despair sat brooding on the soul of poor Mrs. Littleton, when Mr. Hanson had been absent two whole days, and when Dorothy had changed her last guinea, the truant returned with a brow

a brow on which renovated hope was bid to ſit in triumph, while under oath of ſecrecy, he revealed to Mrs. Littleton a propoſal, which had, he ſaid, *that day* been made him, from which ſhe ſtarted with horror; it was ſimply that of finally adopting, or rather ſtealing young Horace; for which trifling piece of ſervice the Earl of Gauntlet, he ſaid, would reward them with affluence.

In Mrs. Littleton's preſent deſperate circumſtances and ſituation is it neceſſary to add her horror was tranſient?

But though thus ſeduced ſtep by ſtep into an action which but to have heard ſuggeſted a few months before, would have made her tremble; though happy in the apparent increaſing fondneſs of the man ſhe loved, and though preſented with a number of the little offerings to vanity which pleaſe and gratify a fond female, more in reſpect to the giver than the gift, there were moments when her heart ſmote her,—when ſhe felt part of the anguiſh ſhe was inflicting; and when her fallen ſtate, from the reſpectable widow of a brave officer, to the miſtreſs of a married adventurer, whoſe deep policy was every hour more evident, and who at ſome moments ſhe feared as much as at others ſhe loved, filled her with confuſion and regret.

It was in one of thoſe painful paroxiſms ſhe wrote the letter to Chriſtiana, poor Chriſtiana! who at that moment ſhe was more than ſuſpicious was an innocent party in the barbarous cheat put on her lady; but regret and reflection were now equally vain, as the die was caſt and the ſhip was ſailing before the wind to her deſtined port.

But whatever melancholy ſenſation oppreſſed the mind of Mrs. Littleton, or as ſhe was now called, Mrs. Hanſon, Mr. Hanſon enjoyed profound tranquillity; ſo well had he acquitted himſelf in the buſineſs, and ſo perfectly were the Honourable Mr. and Mrs Gauntlet pleaſed with his zeal and activity, that Mr. Whittal not only remitted every kind of expence he had been at, but added a fourth bank note of equal value with the other three; when therefore Mr. Hanſon ſet his foot on Ameri-

can

rican ground, with four thouſand pounds in his pocket, and no other drawback on his felicity than a fond woman, for whom he cared very little, a fine boy he wiſhed in heaven, and a roſy cheeked damſel of whom he thought more than of any thing but his four thouſand pounds, he was one of the happieſt men in the province; for beſides the fortune we have juſt mentioned, Mrs. Hanſon was, as he concluded, agreeably ſurpriſed, when he informed her he was appointed to a lucrative poſt in the revenue.

Mrs. Littleton, who was now far advanced in her pregnancy, and felt her mind, weak at the beſt, ſink at the approach of the trying hour of child birth, could not but ſee the regular train by which a ſcene of iniquity, in which ſhe was a principal actor, was conducted. The place ſo opportune, the large ſums oſtentatiouſly ſhewed to her by her huſband, and the expectancy of further advantages, all contributed to convince her of the importance of that ſervice he had rendered *his* friends, and the magnitude of that injury ſhe had done to *hers*; the fond and diſtracted mother was continually before her; ſhe heard her cries and felt her agonies; if ſhe experienced a moment's ceſſation from torture, it was when laviſhing a thouſand tender careſſes on the innocent victim to avarice and cruelty.

For ſome time Mr. Hanſon did take the trouble to ſooth the perturbed ſpirit of his repentant companion, and as he trembled leſt the compunction ſhe felt might lead to a diſcovery, he reſolved to become a widower, and make her his own legal property.

The truth is, the incumbrance of the old wife was an invention to alarm and throw the credulous woman more into his power; had he married her in England, ſhe would have had but one tie on her ſecrecy and compliance; in the ſituation to which he reduced her, ſhe had many; but now he conſidered, thoſe who would not dare to entertain and encourage the diſaffection of a wife, would not have the ſame ſcruples in regard to a woman who was her own agent, and whoſe ſituation would gain credit to a ſtory ſo evidently ſubverſive of the tender intereſt of her heart.

Mrs. Littleton could not but be pleaſed with the joy her huſband expreſſed at the news he pretended to receive of his wife's death, and the eagerneſs, as well as delicacy, he ſhewed in eſpouſing her. Pretending buſineſs, he carried her to New York, where they were privately married.

The journey taken at an inclement ſeaſon was fatal to the miſerable bride; ſhe was delivered of a ſtill born infant on her return to Philadelphia, and brought to her houſe in a ſtate of health that alarmed the medical people, whom Mr. Hanſon immediately ſent for.

Mr. Hanſon now devoted himſelf to the duties of his office with a zeal, which added to his regard for *character*, would have ſoon eſtabliſhed a friendly intercourſe between his family and thoſe of the moſt reſpectable ſettlers at Philadelphia, and his houſe might have been crowded by viſitors, had not the ſituation of the wretched miſtreſs who carried death in her face, and remorſe in her heart, precluded a poſſibility of paying and receiving viſits.

As Mrs. Hanſon grew weaker her anguiſh became intolerable; Mr. Hanſon had worn the maſk till he was weary; it now dropped, and his wife's ſick chamber was no place for him.

Horace was old enough to know and feel, while his mamma, as he was now in the conſtant habit of calling her, hung on him with a fondneſs as tender as touching, that he was treated with conſtrained civility by her huſband; as to Dorothy, while her miſtreſs lay ill, who ſo proper as her to keep the keys and manage the houſe? She had no time to pay any attention to him; beſides, her own health was ſo very indifferent, ſhe was obliged to take country air more than once during Mrs. Hanſon's lingering decline.

As her laſt ſtruggles advanced, Mrs. Hanſon became more and more deſirous to make atonement for the injury ſhe had done Magdalena, and confiding her ſentiments to Dorothy, wrote a long penitential letter, which ſhe addreſſed to Mr. Adderly, and enjoined her to ſend to England by the firſt packet.

Dorothy

Dorothy, the roſy cheeked Dorothy, was in high favour with her maſter, and could not, without breaking a ſolemn compact between him and her, ſend any letter to England which was not firſt ſubmitted to his inſpection; the reſult of which was, getting another ſervant to ſuperintend the domeſtic affairs, and placing Dorothy wholly about her miſtreſs, not only with the view of intercepting letters ſent by any other means, but to prevent the aſſiduity and tears of the boy from being rewarded by too unlimited a confidence.

Whether the dying woman, tormented by the reproaches of her own conſcience, and ſeverely hurt by her huſband's neglect, was leſs credulous than ſhe had been, or whether it was the thought of the moment, it is impoſſible to ſay, but ſhe ſent Horace in her own name to the moſt reſpectable miniſter in the place, to requeſt he would viſit her; and the firſt notice Mr. Hanſon had of the matter was the entrance of the very unwelcome gueſt into his houſe.

Mr. Hanſon was very happy in reſpect to his religious principles; he might at this moment have adopted what form of worſhip he pleaſed, but he now choſe to be in a ſanctified paſſion, when a clergyman entered his doors; his dear wife, he proteſted, ſhould die in the diſſenting faith, in which ſhe had always lived, and he was certain ſhe had not ſent for that gentleman.

This the gentleman readily admitted, but added, that his friend, whom ſhe had ſent for, being confined to his bed, he was moved by the earneſt entreaties of the little boy.

"D—mn the little boy!" vociferated Mr. Hanſon, too much agitated to remember what was due to his *character*.

"Is he your father, my dear?" aſked the clergyman, with a diſpleaſed countenance.

"No, Sir, he is only my poor mamma's huſband."

"Shew me the way."

And in ſpite of a declaration from Mr. Hanſon, that his houſe was his caſtle, the clergyman was conducted by the child into the ſick chamber, followed alſo by Mr. Hanſon, who pale, enraged, and trembling expected no leſs than a full confeſſion from his wife.

If

If such were the poor woman's intentions, they were prevented by faintings, which now continued successively, and she had only strength to request the gentleman would have the goodness to visit her the next day.

Never had the rosy cheeked Dorothy seen so stern a glance directed to her from her kind master; nor indeed had she less deserved it, as the watch she kept on her mistress was so incessant, that the child, whose anxious gaze explained her half uttered meanings, could not make the most trifling reply she did not note.

Mr. Hanson however from this hour kept watch himself, re-assuming the fondness he once professed, and affecting the most profound sorrow,—so very profound and unutterable as nearly persuaded the dying woman it was not the want of, but the excess of tenderness that kept him from *living* by her bedside.

During this night, which was one of dreadful agony to Mrs. Hanson, she would not let Horace leave her, but collecting all her strength and spirits to one point, implored her husband to restore that dear child to his injured mother and—"

"Sally! my dear Sally!" answered Hanson, "take care what you say; do not ruin your husband."

"Tell me not of ruin," faltered Mrs. Hanson, "my soul is in torture, promise you will."

"I do! I do!" he eagerly interrupted, "I will by heavens!"

"One thing more; I am ill, the hand of death is on me; but I must have him sent to England; he must go to my brother."

"He shall! he shall!"

"Alas! Mr. Hanson, would to God I dared to trust you,"

"Not trust me, Sally, my dear Sally! by the God that made me, by his judgments, and by my soul's eternal hope——"

"Do not swear, Mr. Hanson, for in this I *will not* trust to any interested being,—I mean to make this request to the minister."

"The

"The miniſter! oh Sally! you will then ruin me with your dying breath,—you will reveal—"

"No, I will not; you have promiſed, and oh! remember how ſacred the promiſe to a ſoul on the verge of eternity; will you remember that?"

"May I be annihilated when I forget a wiſh of my dear Sally!"

"Well then, you have promiſed to reſtore this dear boy to his injured mother. Horace, you are old enough to remember; I tell you *I am not*, and Mr. Hanſon knows *who is* your mother; he promiſes to reſtore you to her."

Mr. Hanſon ſwore, and ſwore again; a torrent of proteſtations, which all the hoſt of heaven were adjured to witneſs, were paſſing his lips, when convulſions ſeized the poor mortal to whom they were addreſſed, and ſhe expired before night.

Mr. Hanſon could now think of his *character*; he recollected that to his wife's parting breath, in preſence of a doctor, who had been ſummoned to adminiſter the laſt cordial, and pocket the laſt fee, ſhe perſiſted in declaring the child was neither his nor hers; in adjuring him to commit him to the care of her brother, and, finally, to reſtore him to his mother, the whole forming that kind of intereſting myſtery as might be remembered; had there been no witneſs but the child himſelf, means might have been found to quiet him; but as matters ſtood, he dared not hazard a common contingency, by ſending him out of the way; ſtill leſs did he chuſe to keep him in the eye of curioſity; his *character* and his intereſt were at ſtake; therefore reſolving to make a virtue of neceſſity, he ſent for the good clergyman, and as the ſureſt mode of enforcing belief, pretending to ſacrifice his own wiſh to the whim of his dead wife with an ill grace, beſought him to take on himſelf the trouble of ſending the boy to Europe, not without ſtrong expreſſions of reſentment at his wife's doubt of *his* care of the child, whom however he declared ſhould be his heir

The

The clergyman, who was as ſenſible as devout, could not but acknowledge the requeſt was extraordinary; but as he was not a reſident in the country, it might be intended to his ſick friend.

Mr. Hanſon, who had very cogent reaſons to prevent the poor weeping boy's being talked of, expreſſed ſo much anxiety to perform his promiſe to his wife, and ſo much impatience at any delay, that the clergyman entirely forgetting the oath of the preceding day, conſented to take a joint ſhare in the concern of ſending the lad to his uncle, which an opportunity offered of doing before Mrs. Hanſon was buried; and he wrote to a friend at Briſtol, where a ſhip was immediately bound, to receive the boy, and ſend him to Merionethſhire to Mrs. Hanſon's brother, a clergyman of probity and character, who was maſter of a free grammar ſchool.

A ſcene ſo impreſſive, awful, and intereſting, could not fail retaining a place in the memory of a boy of ſeven years old, although the few days he remained with Mr. Hanſon he treated him with the utmoſt tenderneſs, and his young heart, now bereft of one maternal friend, languiſhed for that moment, when Mr. Hanſon's promiſe to reſtore him to his mother ſhould be fulfilled.

Mr. Lewis received Horace with true Cambrian hoſpitality; he had heard from his ſiſter when ſhe loſt her own ſon, and therefore would have known, notwithſtanding her deſire to conſign this lad to him, that he was not hers, had ſhe not ſo far eluded the roſy cheeked Dorothy as to write a few incoherent lines to her brother, beſeeching him to be a father to her adopted; and as he had never heard of her from the time of her departure from England, he became curious to learn all the child could remember of her ſtrange hiſtory.

Mr. Lewis was very learned, but a man of that ſimple integrity of heart as effectually laid him open to flagrant impoſition, and prevented his ever ſuſpecting deceit till he ſuffered by it; it was a ſtrange ſtory the child told, but it might be exactly true;

and

and as he found he had a brother-in-law of ſome reſpectability, he was diſpoſed to think the beſt of him; Mr. Hanſon's punctual remittances of the money for the boy's board and clothes was a proof of his juſtice, though the dropping all epiſtolatory correſpondence, and ceaſing to teſtify the ſmalleſt curioſity in reſpect to his health, morals, or improvements, were none of his affection or humanity; his neglect however, acted as a ſtimulus on old Lewis as long as he lived, and his ſucceſſor, who tho' more a man of the world, adopted his partial regard for the elegant unfriended youth.

Horace by degrees thought on paſt ſcenes as of a dream of youth, and at lenght ceaſed to weep with impatience, to hope, to expect the time when Mr. Hanſon would perform the engagement ſo ſolemnly enforced by his wife, ſo ſacredly promiſed by himſelf, of "reſtoring the child to his injured mother;" nor did he know the riches, the pride, or the power of him he once called father; and ſo much had high living and proſperity improved his perſon, that it was not till long after he was told he had no father, no friend, no patron but Sir Solomon Muſhroom, when bid to look up to him with humble gratitue for that ſupport he dearly earned, that he could by combining circumſtances and recollections be certain his poor mamma's huſband, and the little great Knight, was one and the ſame identical perſon.

Iſaac Muſhroom, who had figured in the great world in the ſeveral characters of ſhoeblack to a Jew broker, pencil and ſlipperſeller in St. Paul's church-yard, jackal and underſtrapper at a lottery-office, bailiff's follower, money broker, man of the ton, huſband to a woman of faſhion, whoſe heart, had it been endowed with an atom of feeling, he muſt have broken long before ſhe died of a ſurfeit, and laſtly, as receiver of ſtolen goods; having been tranſported for the laſt offence, he eaſily obtained liberty to commence his manœuvres in the Colonies.

But though he did not want for money, he could not get connexions or correſpondence, not even among the tribe of Abraham, for Iſaac Muſhroom was not a man

man of *character*; but it had fortunately happened, his lady being Iriſh, he on ſome occaſion did an act of kindneſs in the money way for one of her near relations, who accepted the obligation without aſking about his *character*; that relation was father to the beautiful and honourable Mrs. Montreville, afterwards Counteſs of Gauntlet, who at her worthy father's requeſt, wrote to her good friend Mr. Hanſon in his behalf. Iſaac Muſhroom had plenty of what Mr. Hanſon moſt loved, "Money;" and Mr. Hanſon having that which Mr. Solomons found moſt need of, "Character," they privately agreed to ſupport each other.

Mr. Hanſon had the name of great imports and exports, while Mr. Muſhroom found the caſh, ſtood the riſk, and ſhared the profit.

This league laſted as long as the old Jew, who was worn out with vice rather than age, lived; and though ſuch a thing cannot be charged to Iſaac Muſhroom during his life, he certainly did manifeſt a ſenſe of gratitude at his death, by leaving all his wealth to his friend Mr. Hanſon, on the expreſs condition of his dropping the name of Hanſon, and taking up that of Muſhroom; which condition he was very ready to accept; and the Honourable Mrs. Montreville having now ſeen Lord and Lady Gauntlet, he remembered certain arrangements, which though well paid for at the time, now that he could either confirm or revoke, he conſidered himſelf as entitled to a higher conſideration; he accordingly left a deputy in his place, and embarked for England.

CHAP. XIII.

The Long Story is at length concluded.

THE beauty, the intereſt, the virtue, and the huſband of the lovely Counteſs of Gauntlet were now tranſplanted to the Britiſh court, where the reader has been

been already informed the extraordinary qualities of her mind and perſon pleaſed ſome, diverted others, and ſurpriſed all.

Mr. Hanſon was announced at the Earl's Windſor reſidence, juſt as her ladyſhip was taking the opinion of a jeweller on the value of ſome fine diamonds, preſented to her by the huſband of her moſt intimate female friend.

"Hanſon!" repeated the Earl, "Hanſon! what the devil brings him here!"

"Hanſon!" exclaimed the Counteſs, "oh the horrid naſty fellow! what does he want?"

"Whatever he wants," ſaid the Earl, "*we muſt ſee him.*"

"You may, if you pleaſe, Lord Gauntlet; but beſides the little houſe, I muſt poſitively ride with Lord Dupero this morning; he requeſts it in the card which accompanied the jewels, and *they* cannot be refuſed."

"The jewels are certainly very fine," replied his lordſhip, "and I think I will ſee this fellow below."

"Do, my dear lord, and ſay any thing you pleaſe for me to the brute. Good morning."

The Earl bowed to the ground, and having ſeen her ladyſhip's pretty foot and ankle graſped by her tall valet, as ſhe vaulted into her ſaddle, ordered Mr. Hanſon to be ſhewn to his ſtudy, if the place where he dreſſed, and where a few books were every morning covered with powder, could be ſo called.

His lordſhip did not find Mr. Hanſon ſo unimportant a viſitor as he expected; he was dreſſed in handſome mourning; came in his own faſhionable, well appointed carriage; and as ſoon as with his lordſhip's permiſſion he was ſeated, talked of the India Bonds, Navy Bills, and Bank Stock, he inherited from a friend, on the trifling conſideration of taking his name, and that he was come to England to obtain an act of Parliament for ſo doing.

With this converſation my lord was the leſs likely to be entertained, as his viſitor, who in writing to him after his wife's death, had mentioned a mortality in his family, in a way that was interpreted by the peer and peereſs

peereſs exactly agreeable to their own wiſhes, was now moſt provokingly ſilent on the ſubject of moſt conſequence to the Earl and his beautiful Counteſs.

Mr. Hanſon however, whoſe *character* roſe in price with his fortune, ſpoke of the value of his place in America with contempt, and of the ſituation with diſguſt, as the troubles were already menacing every province; and, in ſhort, was ſo completely independent, that he ventured to ſpeak of a contract, which, if the diſturbances ended in a war, muſt be given to ſome body, and which, in confidential hands, might be made productive to the perſon who could procure it for a friend.

Lord Gauntlet was in many reſpects extremely ſlow of apprehenſion; he was often ſeized with a convenient deafneſs, and had the misfortune to be on ſome occaſions very dim ſighted; but none of theſe impediments happened juſt now to affect him; he perfectly underſtood how a large ſum of money, of which no nobleman ſtood in more need, might come into his own hands; and as ſoon as his Lady and Lord Dupero had repoſed themſelves after the fatigue of their ride, he took an opportunity of talking over the affair with her ladyſhip.

"Well now," cried the Counteſs, "it is really the moſt provoking thing in nature for a horrid fellow to get a heap of money, who has not a ſingle idea how to ſpend a guinea agreeably; it certainly will be clever enough, if you can contrive to hold the bank for him; but I can't underſtand how that is to be done."

My lord put himſelf in the attitude of a man who was perfectly maſter of his own ideas, and willing to make them as clear to the conception of others: but her ladyſhip begged ſhe might not be teazed with particulars; if my lord would juſt ſay in three words what was to be done, ſhe would ſend for Lord Dupero, and make him or ſome body elſe do it.

The Earl bowed, ſmiled, and pronounced, "The contract."

Lady Gauntlet was the rage; the war broke out; the contract was gained, and Mr. Hanſon became firſt Mr

Mr Solomon Muſhroom the contractor, and afterwards Sir Solomon Muſhroom, the member of parliament, and great newſpaper orator, under the auſpices of his noble friends and patrons, the Earl and Counteſs of Gauntlet.

Horace, who, when inſtead of being ſent to college from the grammar ſchool, was brought to Penry to write ſpeeches, could not comprehend how ſuch miracles had been worked; he was a diſciple of Sophocles, and entirely ignorant of the dark labyrinths through which worldly wiſdom works its way.

As ſoon as by the help of his own obſervations and recollections, he had convinced himſelf that Sir Solomon Muſhroom was the identical Mr. Hanſon, whom his mamma Littleton, had ſo earneſtly implored to reſtore him to his injured and unfortunate mother, a number of other particulars were revived in his memory, which at once ſurpriſed, delighted, diſtreſſed, and enraged him.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom's conduct was not calculated either to elucidate, relieve, or mollify; the recollections to which the mind of Horace was perpetually recurring, appeared to have totally eſcaped his memory; nor did he by the ſmalleſt hint indicate that he knew ſuch beings as Mr. and Mrs. Hanſon ever exiſted.

Nothing indeed can be ſtronger proof of the fallibility attached to extreme vanity, than the aid Sir Solomon Muſhroom gladly received from the talents of a young man of univerſal reading and ſtrong memory, whoſe fine mind was endowed with faculties to "ſtrew flowers in the path of ſcience," when there were ſo many exiſting and potent reaſons why he, of all others, ſhould have been kept in the ſhade, ignorant of the change in his name, circumſtances, and exaltation.—But Sir Solomon, when poor, conſidered riches as the grand atchievement of human wiſdom, and when rich, had nothing ſo much at heart as to be thought wiſe; delighted with the talents, language, and erudition which he contrived to make in appearance his own, he never thought of the penalty vanity would inflict on his feeling and ſelf love, till one rainy evening, after reviſing a long

a long ſpeech for the paper, which Sir Solomon choſe to perſuade others, and tried to believe himſelf, was his own, the young man, with a dignified, though reſpectful earneſtneſs both of voice and look, reminded his patron of his and his wife's promiſe.

The error of his conduct ſtruck like lightning on Sir Solomon's mind; he had ſolemnly aſſured the Earl and Counteſs the object of their apprehenſion was no more; what he wiſhed to forget himſelf, he had never ſuppoſed a boy! a mere boy! would preſume to remember; and he would in this moment have ſacrificed every rhetorician from Demoſthenes down to Sir Joſeph Mawbey, or even chicken Taylor, to replace the modeller of his own eloquent orations, in the Welch grammar ſchool, from whence he took him; he had however one certain card which ſerved him in all exigencies;

"With that low cunning, which in fools ſupplies,
"And amply too, the place of being wiſe;
"With that ſmooth falſhood, whoſe appearance charms,
"And reaſon of each wholeſome doubt diſarms,"

he affected to be moved almoſt to tears; vain as it now was to deny his own identity, he lamented the angel he loſt at the period Horace mentioned, and added, with pretended reluctance, that had he not feared to wound his high ſpirit, he would have before told him, that he was the illegitimate offspring of a relation of Mrs. Hanſon's; that the injuries and misfortunes, which indeed were part of his beloved wife's laſt words, alluded to the treatment of her relation from his father, which it would anſwer no purpoſe now to relate, as both the injurer and the injured were long ſince in their graves.

The black and penetrating eye of the young inquirer watched every muſcle in the face of the callous ſpeaker, and though practice and intereſt combined to bronze his viſage, it could not ſtand the inquiſition; he bluſhed; and Horace riſing, ſternly replied, "By what misfortune it is in your power thus to brand the fame of *my* mother, I know not, but certain I am you *do* brand it. I will

will not believe I am the abject thing you ſay I am, till I have your authority that what you have ſaid is true; give me inſtant proof who were my parents; the blood which this moment ſwells my ſoul, and throbs in every vein, cannot be ſo deſpicable as you, for what end I am not capable of judging, have painted it."

"Young man," replied Sir Solomon, "take care; I am your only friend; you are a poor outcaſt, dependant on *my* mercy; and do you preſume to charge *me* with a falſehood? do you owe *me* no reſpect?"

"Prove to me who, and what I am; I ſhall then better know what reſpect I *ought* to owe you; I again demand *who* were my parents?"

Sir Solomon was nonplus'd.

"Who were your parents! have I not already ſaid you are a baſtard?"

"How, Sir!" and Horace aroſe.

Sir Solomon alſo aroſe.

"And can you ſuppoſe I will entruſt with ſo hot brained an inquiſitor, the peace and honour of the living relations of a frail mother, whoſe ſhame, which they conſider as buried with her, would again revive? Make yourſelf eaſy, Sir; curb the fiery ſpirit, which ſo ill becomes you; you will never hear more from me."

Sir Solomon then rang for his valet, and ſtalked to his chamber, leaving Horace in fixed aſtoniſhment, under the painful conviction, that the ſchool of Sophocles was not the ſchool of the world.

From this hour Sir Solomon Muſhroom remembered how much he was every moment adding to the poor youth's injuries, and never was the moſt poiſonous reptile more obnoxious to a timid mind than the ſight of Horace to him; to mortify and get rid of him were the objects of his meditation, when he firſt ſuſpected the growing partiality of his eldeſt daughter, by the roſy cheeked Dorothy; the obſervation which confirmed this ſuſpicion increaſed his hatred; and after inſulting the native dignity of ſoul, which in ſpite of oppreſſion would ſoar above the mean triumph of riches and power, by propoſing various mean occupations for his ſubſiſtence; he

he at length, as he flattered himſelf, caſt the hateful burthen off for ever.

Horace, who carried in his deſpairing mind a conviction of the falſehood endeavoured to be impoſed on him by Sir Solomon, and the keen reſentments which were the natural conſequence of ſuch conviction, had acquired a ſtern and reſerved habit, which was far from being a genial trait in his character; but long before the voyage to India was completed his confidence in Sophocles revived, and had he not been thrown on the nabobs and nabobeſſes of that happy country immediately on his arrival, when the Colonel departed to join his regiment, of the little more he ſaw of the ſchool of the world had not endeared the great deal leſs of that of Sophocles, he might have returned to Europe a rich nabob, and made ſpeeches for himſelf.

Horace ſo faithfully and honourably entered on the duties of his place, that he ſoon became an adept in every point except that moſt ſtudied by his compeers; they all ſaved money, while he could barely live; time however muſt have quickened his ideas, had not the news reached Calcutta that General Matthews's army was expected to have ſome ſevere conflicts with Tippoo, whoſe troops were drawing in vaſt numbers towards Bedanore.

Horace ſtood aghaſt at the news; his friend, his paternal friend, the only being to whoſe kindneſs his heart could beat with reſponſive gratitude, might be wounded; no affectionate being near to ſtaunch the ſacred vital ſtream, he might fall, - his beloved remains might lie expoſed on the unhallowed ground, no grateful hand to cover them; his varying cheeks were deluged with tears; it was no time to deliberate; orders were forwarding to the army; he exchanged the pen for the truncheon, and almoſt expiring with agitation and fatigue, preſented himſelf before his patron.

The Colonel mildly blamed him for giving up an advantageous, lucrative, and riſing ſituation, in exchange for one of danger, fatigue, and uncertainty.

Horace

Horace might have adduced his motives in very few words, had he been able to ſpeak at all; he bathed the Colonel's hand with tears, and as the language of the heart was preciſely that he beſt underſtood as well as preferred to the fineſt turned periods of the moſt ſtudied eloquence, he was received to the warm heart he venerated without a ſecond reproof.

Horace was too young and too ſanguine a ſoldier to be truſted with any diſtinguiſhed poſt in battle; but it was not the honour, it was the danger of his friend he was anxious to ſhare.

The Colonel, on the contrary, was ſolicitous to prevent a young man from ruſhing into peril, who could not add to the ſkill or ſtrength of the troops, and privately applied to the General, to appoint him to command a guard on a magazine of ammunition, a poſt of confidence and importance, on the day when the ſortie, which in the deſperation of their then ſituation, was determined on.

Three hours, the evening before that fatal day, were paſſed in private converſation between Colonel Buhanun and his young friend; the former exhorting the latter to obey what he called the cruel commands of the General.

"Why," cried he, "am I here! wherefore did I leave Calcutta, if not to ſhare your danger, to ſerve, or at leaſt to die with you!"

The Colonel was ſolemn, not dejected; he recurred to paſt events, and reminded the young man of other means of doing honour to his memory, if he ſhould fall, than dying; he opened to him every ſecret of his heart; charged him with commiſſions no leſs ſacred than intereſting, if he fell, and bid him claim a ſhare of his glory, if he returned victorious. Nothing leſs than the confidence the Colonel, at this awful period, repoſed in Horace, could have reconciled the latter, after all to the ſeparation; but certain ſolemn obligations, to which only one other being in the world was privy, on the promiſe of executing which the Colonel declared the peace of his laſt moments reſted, and which was of that ſort of ſolemn binding, and delicate nature which convinced him the ſervice required was dearer far than life to his beloved

loved friend, changed the paſſionate wiſh to deſert the poſt he was commanded to guard, into a melancholy acquieſcence with the arrangements made for him.

Sad and ſolemn was the parting: The Colonel having totally diſapproved the late arrangements of the army, felt a ſecret preſentiment of the fatal event of the coming day, and retired in ſilence from Horace, who took his poſt as the General was beating the march.

A few hours determined the fate of Bedanore; the ſortie was made with that determined zeal and bravery which diſtinguiſh Britiſh troops, but the enemy were ſuperior in the proportion of one hundred to one; the Seapoys were ſtruck with a ſudden panic and fled; the few Europeans who eſcaped carnage were, with thoſe left in garriſon, driven, rather than marched, to Seringapatam, hand cuffed to each other.

"And is it," ſaid Horace, on hearing Chriſtiana's tale, and comparing it with his own recollection, "is it then where I cannot look round without beholding the miſeries of my fellow creatures,—where affinity is of no advantage,—where I have loſt him whoſe warm heart would have glowed with reſentment at my wrongs, whoſe powerful arm would have arreſted the guilty oppreſſor of my parent, where he

"Lies pierced with wounds among the vulgar dead;"

in this ſavage region, in thoſe lamented circumſtances I muſt impatiently bewail, inſtead of avenging the injuries of my noble mother! and oh God! did I ſuffer the brave, unſuſpecting, open heart of the firſt of men to be impoſed on by the ſpecious outſide of a monſter!"

This is a reflection that has probably occurred to the reader, but he is already acquainted with the reaſons which prevented the communication of his ideas in the firſt inſtance, and in the laſt, when he received the commands of his friend reſpecting his affairs, it was at a time when his ſoul was agonized with the repetition of the misfortunes of his youth,—when his heart, torn by the moſt intereſting recollections, was unburthening all its former ſorrows, its preſent ſufferings, and future beheſts,—when to rob it of a ſingle particle of confidence, would have been cruel to him, and could not have affected any of his arrangements.

Madame

Madame and Monſieur Blandel were moved to tears by Magdalena's ſad ſtory, though related by Chriſtiana, and wounded by her exclamations, ſelf-reproach, and lamentations; and Monſieur who was ordered, after a few months, to return to Pondicherry, having obtained permiſſion to take his aſſiſtant with him, generouſly ſupplied him with money and letters of credit to return to Europe.

As the war was not concluded, Monſieur made it a point of honour not to leave the garriſon; but though Madame, who was not in good health, and who had been long uſed to Chriſtiana, felt the loſs ſhe ſhould ſuſtain in parting with her; yet it was neceſſary to take a witneſs of ſuch importance to England, where Horace was determined to proſecute his claim, and where, as the Colonel had added a codicil to a counterpart of his former will, which would furniſh him with money, he pre-determined not only to expoſe, but, if poſſible, puniſh every party who had been acceſſary to his mother's ſorrows, as well as to exert every poſſible means to find her out, which indeed was his firſt wiſh.

Chriſtiana therefore returned to Europe with Horace, and Monſieur deſiring her to fix a reſidence againſt their following her, hired a neutral veſſel to carry them to the Cape, from whence they got a ſpeedy paſſage to Holland, and then took the firſt conveyance to Liſbon, in hopes to hear of, if not to meet Lady Magdalena.

The ſuperior of the order of Mercy, to Chriſtiana's aſtoniſhment, was yet a fine comely lady abbeſs, without a ſymptom of mortality about her; and what was ſtill more ſurpriſing, ſhe found her own ſiſter had been buried full twelve months before the receipt of the loving letter ſhe received at Holly Aſh from her.

The lady abbeſs was well acquainted with the villainy practiſed on Magdalena, in order to ſeparate her from her ſon.

The preſent Lord Gauntlet ſucceeding his brother, was an eventful elucidation of motives, which at the time of acting appeared incomprehenſible. To that deep and cruel fraud, her ſiſter was ſacrificed, and her loſs was more particularly grievous after the laſt interview, when the diſgrace, which a doubt of her marriage attached to

the houſe of Albertina, was cleared by the certificate of the Romiſh prieſt, and the evidence of Miſs Knightly, who now, her father being dead, was married to an opulent Portugueſe merchant; and happy for the prieſt, he alſo was dead.

The announcing this fact was extremely agreeable to Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez, as it gave him the undiſputed and immediate poſſeſſion of the eſtate ſo long forfeited; for neither of Don Rinaldo Philip Condoſtello Albertina's daughters thought of putting riches in competition with honour.

The Lady Aurelia fainted away when Horace was introduced to her, and on her recovery acquainted him, that on the death of her ſiſter—

"What!" interrupted Chriſtiana, "is my lady dead! and ſhall I not preſent to her this fine handſome Cavalier, to make amends for the ſweet little maſter I was ſo wicked as to leave?"

Horace wept; the infantine remembrance which he conſtantly nouriſhed of his mother, was ſo ſtrengthened by his own feelings and the deſcription of others, that he might be truly ſaid to ſee her in his mind's eye, and to bear the ſenſe of her injuries in his heart's core.

Irritated as the abbeſs was at the uſage of her ſiſter, it would ſeem ſhe had ſome pleaſure in retracing the features her heart once preferred, as well as gazing on the bright, yet melting eye which bore ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to his mother; for after the firſt agitation at ſight of Horace, whom ſhe declared reſembled his Engliſh grandfather, ſhe was never ſo eaſy as when he was in her ſight, and inſiſted on having him introduced to the Don Joſeph Tavora Alvarez, who already bending under the decrepitude of a premature old age, and inſenſible to any greater happineſs than counting his immenſe riches, was ſo pleaſed at the compliment, that though he could not afford to part with a dollar during his life, leſt he ſhould live to want, he ſolemnly promiſed to leave Horace heir to the Albertina eſtates, when he could no longer enjoy them himſelf.

"Now," ſaid the lady abbeſs, "you may write to your Engliſh grandfather; I will take care you ſhall not appear before him an indigent beggar, to alarm his ten-

row-hearted ſon with fear of pretenſions to his fortune; no, you ſhall firſt be preſented to our ſovereign, as the future repreſentative of the Don your great grandfather, and then demand the reparation of your mother's honour, and the juſtice due to yourſelf from the Admiral; there was a time when, as one of your poets of that day elegantly wrote,

" Great as the gods, the exalted chief was ſeen,
" His ſtrength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien;
" Jove o'er his eyes celeſtial glances ſpread,
" And dawning conqueſts play'd around his head."

If he retain his ſenſes and his honour, he will zealouſly aſſert yours; but ſhould he, under the illiberal influence of his favourite ſon, refuſe to acknowledge you, behold, preſenting a pocket book, the magnet of your boaſted laws, and here alſo," opening it, and ſeparating a folded paper from a number of Engliſh bank notes, for which ſhe had purpoſely exchanged the coin of her country, " is the certificate of your mother's marriage, left with me for ſafety, when trembling for your fate, ſhe tore herſelf from my boſom, and returned to that abhorred country to be murdered.

" Murdered!" exclaimed the trembling Horace.

" Aſk me not, I cannot," reſumed the abbeſs, her cheek pale and her voice faltering, " I cannot repeat the circumſtance; *my* ſiſter! the heireſs of the firſt family in Portugal! *your* mother! was firſt diſhonoured and then murdered. Oh!" continued the ſuperior of the order of *Mercy*, the deadly pale of her countenance increaſing, " oh that the villain your father had fallen by her hand, and that the extirpation of his whole race, the child of my virtuous ſiſter alone excepted, had depended on the blow!"

" Good heavens! madam," cried Horace, as ſoon as the breath of the enraged religieuſe failed her, " of what are you ſpeaking? to what horrid acts do you allude? my father fall by her hand! the hand of my mother! ſhe whoſe ſoul-ſubduing tenderneſs left on my then infant mind impreſſions time can never eradicate!"

" Yes," reſumed the abbeſs, with unallayed rage, " your mother, that beautiful child, tender as the ring-

dove, when seduced from her God, her duty, and her family, by your unprincipled father, that excellent woman! keen as the hawk, and soaring as the eagle, when she blessed my eyes, after he had basely deserted her, oh! had she avenged her own injuries, and the stain, the insult on the house of Albertina, well had our race ended with such a glorious act. I may never more behold thee, Horace, but remember I, Aurelia Condostello Albertina, sole surviving daughter of that once noble, now extinct name, tell thee, *my* sister, *thy* mother, was murdered; let not her blood cry in vain for vengeance,—do not bastardize thine own blood,—oh remember thy mother!"

Scarce had the superior of the order of Mercy concluded her harangue, when the strength of her body being vanquished by the superior force of her great spirit, she fell lifeless before her astonished nephew, and he was obliged to retire from the refectory without assuring the last survivor of the name of Albertina, that although he did not regret the accident of his father not falling by the hand of his mother, he was by no means disposed to suffer a stain to rest on her fair fame, or tamely submit to the machinations of her enemies.

He immediately resolved to obey the commands of his aunt, and the dictates of his reason, by writing a letter to his grandfather, in which, had he been disposed to make undue concessions, the certainty that the abbess must see the copy of the letter would have prevented him.

The next morning he was surprised to receive intimation from the Don, that at his aunt's request he would have the honour to present him as the Albertina heir at court. As this step was tantamount to an actual settlement of the estate, and proved the interest the abbess really took in his affairs, he sent off his letters in a packet, by way of Ostend, and gave the necessary orders for preparation to appear before their Faithful Majesties.

As the estate he would inherit was large; as he was young, handsome, and had no favour to ask but that of bending his knee before the king and queen, it is unnecessary to add, he was received with smiles, and address-

ed with condeſcenſion, as wherever there are kings, courts, and preſentations, that is the preciſe and unchangeable rule.

It was near a week after this important event before the ſuperior of the order of *Mercy* had ſo far recovered the oppreſſion which her vindictive philippic againſt the family and adherents of the Montrevilles left on her ſpirits, as to hear her nephew's letter to Admiral Herbert.

Horace indeed ſeemed to poſſeſs all the powers of charming the ſuperior of the order of Mercy, excepting only the union of ſentiment which would regret that his father had not fallen by the hand of his mother. She approved of every thing he did, and after many attempts at delay, admitted his argument, that procraſtinating puniſhments was to ſanction injuries, and at length permitted him to follow his letter to England.

Chriſtiana, who had been ſo long attended by a race of black beings, at ſuch an immenſe diſtance in point of rank in the creation from her white ſelf, who had been carried in a palanquin and called Miſſy, was ſo much mortified at the familiar addreſs of the innumerable ſwarms of miſerable creatures, who pouring from all the obſcure parts of the city, claimed kindred with her, that ſhe was in a far greater hurry to leave her native country than ſhe had been to return to it.

Landed at Harwich, Horace took a chaiſe to Penry, and in ſpite of the remonſtrances of Chriſtiana, who not recurring to the journey ſhe had before taken in this ſtrange country on foot, alone, did not approve of being ſent on to London without her young maſter.

Horace found Penry vaſtly improved; formerly ſmall country houſes were only occupied by thoſe city people, whoſe long induſtry in trade was crowned with ſucceſs; at preſent ſo intolerably unhealthy is our ſcurvy hemiſphere become, and ſo refined the natives, that in the trading ſtreets it will be found nine out of ten houſes have treble eſtabliſhments; they have town houſes for buſineſs and country houſes for health, and put their children firſt out to nurſe and then to board; and yet it is ſaid this miſerable country is in ſuch a ſtate of improvement, in every reſpect, as proves it utterly undone.

At Penry new houſes, new inhabitants, a new gable end to the church, to accommodate ſuch of the quality with pews who choſe to ſhew the faſhions at church; a new chapel; new inns; a new rector; two new lawyers; four new doctors; new millinery rooms; new taylor's warehouſes; new ſhoe repoſitory; new clear ſtarching manufactory; new perfumers; five new ſchools, where every thing in the world was taught; two new circulating libraries; a new Vickery; a new Birch; a new road, and a new turnpike, muſt have ſatisfied Horace, had he been to be ſatified with new things; but his buſineſs at Penry was with people who were not at that time in the vicinity of the new improvements; ſo having made ſome inquiries in the neighbourhood, and at that once capital inn, now a mere hedge alehouſe, "the White Horſe," to the great annoyance of two powdered landladies of the new inns, who courtſied to the poſtillions as they paſſed, he took the road to London; having requeſted Admiral Herbert to addreſs his anſwer to the hotel where the Colonel lived previous to his leaving Europe.

Several years had now elapſed ſince Admiral Herbert's refuſing to hear the tale of ſorrow that wrung the heart of his diſtracted daughter, betrayed to her the ſecret of the good banker Mr. Adderly; and ſeveral years had alſo paſſed ſince at morning's dawn and evening's cloſe he curſed his own cruelty: At the moment when anguiſh, deſpair, and a proud ſenſe of injury carried Magdalena to the feet of her father; his ſon, the proud, miſerable, true deſcendant of a catholic Grandee, ſwore he would lay down his commiſſion, and for ever retire from a father who pardoned, and a houſe that ſheltered his wretched ſiſter! that brother no longer dictated rules of conduct to his father, he no longer reigned lord paramount of his houſe, nor in reviewing the accumulating riches obtained by a ſeries of honourable and ſucceſsful ſervices, any longer proudly vaunted, "all this is mine," for a cannon ball gave what Captain Seagrove called a ſomerſet to all his arrangements.

Admiral Herbert had the misfortune to ſee his ſon ſhot by his ſide, in an engagement where he commanded the fleet, and the veteran, who would not on ſhore

ſuffer

ſuffer the ſmalleſt ſoil on any part of his dreſs, ſtood unmoved, covered with the blood of his only ſon, till the enemy ſtruck, when he was carried to his cabin in the deepeſt affliction.

Captain Seagrove, originally a fag midſhipman, brought up, and grown grey under the Admiral, was ſecond captain in this engagement; he attended his old commander during this ſevere illneſs, and when he began to recover, put his quid of tobacco out of his mouth, and made the following ſpeech.

"Why, lookye, brother, it does not ſignify a rope's end blubbering; your ſon is gone, and he could not go in a better trim; you ought to thank God he did not kick the bucket in the prime of his life, like a lubber, in his bed, ſeeing as that is the dirtieſt thing that can happen to a tough ſailor in war time; and as to yourſelf, Admiral, why you have weathered a pretty many ſtrong gales, and got a few hard knocks; now, dye ſee, to my mind 'tis full time your old crazy hulk was laid up; you have got your hatches well ſtowed, and grog enough to keep all tight, let the wind blow from what point of the compaſs it will; and what's all the world to a man when he's food for fiſhes, or worms? 'tis much the ſame thing, only to be ſure there is more ſpunk in one than t'other."

"Alas!" replied the old Admiral, "I am a deſolate old man; for this dear ſon, whoſe death is at once my glory and grief, I rejected my daughter."

"You did, did you, Admiral? more's the pity; but it ſignifies nothing overhauling one's conſcience; put your daughter out of the queſtion, and your heart is as ſound as a biſcuit; but however we can't live for ever, and ſo, dye ſee, my advice is this here; as ſoon as the beggarly monſheers have had enough, why I'd have you turn into your ſtation at the Grange; and ſeeing as how you have got nobody to ſtand by you, why I'll take my ſtation in your wake."

"My good friend, will ye?" and the Admiral extended his hand.

"I wool, I wool," replied the captain, replacing his quid and walking away.

When Horace's letter arrived at the Grange the Admiral was at that period of life when

" ——— The general pulſe
" Of life ſtood ſtill, and Nature made a pauſe,
" An awful pauſe, prophetic of her end ;"

and the Captain, meeting age with dauntleſs weather beaten front, a ſtrong voice, a few grey hairs twiſted into a queue, and an increaſing appetite after the true Virginia.

" What the devil is all this ?" quoth the Captain, picking up the Admiral's glaſſes with one hand and the letter with the other; " why, Admiral, zounds! why all your dead lights are out !"

" Read, my good friend, read," anſwered the Admiral, in a faltering voice, and trembling every limb.

" Read, well, why ſo I can, and ſo I wool, when you have done yawing. " Honoured Sir." Well, and what's in that ? I have been addreſſed ſo a hundred times myſelf."

" Read Tom, dear Tom, read !"

" Well, I wool, I wool. " I am—the ſon of—" Why, what hay ! " your injured—daugh—daugh." Yes, it, it is daughter."

The Captain's broad ſtare now coming in exact contact with a flood of tears, which forcing their paſſage from the good Admiral's eyes, diſproved the aſſertion, that " age does not weep," he caught the infection, and before he had ſpelt ſix words more, fobbed like a child, then jumped over the table, threw down his grog, broke the glaſſes, toſſed his hat out of the window, and his ſhoes in the chimney, and at length took another crying fit, when the Admiral having rallied his ſpirits round the anchor of hope, read, though not without extreme agitation.

" *Honoured Sir*,

" The ſon of your injured daughter addreſſes you; he is acknowledged and received by his maternal relations; he is the adopted heir of the eſtates of the Albertina family; and he poſſeſſes a heart burning to aſſert their wounded honour; he will die a thouſand deaths rather than

than ſuffer calumny to reſt on the character of his revered mother; he challenges you as an officer, he invites you as a man, he implores you as a ſon, to join him in a cauſe ſo intereſting and ſo dear, and will hope, on his arrival in London, for permiſſion to prove the legitimate claim to your counſel, advice, and protection of, honoured Sir, your dutiful and obedient grandſon

HORACE MONTREVILLE."

With ſuch claims, credentials, and appearance as Horace and Chriſtiana brought to the Grange, no one will doubt their welcome: Attornies were already employed; the moſt eminent counſel retained, and agents employed in every ſeaport of Great-Britain, to find the chaplain of the Engliſh man of war, who married Captain Montreville to Magdalena Herbert; the advertiſements for evidence, indeed were inſerted as ſoon as Horace's firſt letter arrived at the Grange; but what every effort hitherto failed to obtain, an accident diſcovered.

The Rev. Mr. Jolter was a blue coat boy, on the preſentation of his own father, a wealthy tradeſman, who thus provided for the ſon of his pretty maid of all work; the boy being ſent to college on the foundation, and a private allowance from his father, became as great a rake, as deep a drinker, and as profane a ſwearer as any ſtudent in Oxford; and had his courage to repel, equalled his will to merit chaſtiſement, Mr. Jolter would not have been a character in this hiſtory.

There was a laundreſs in the ſkirts of the univerſity, who had ſaved money enough to give long credit; ſhe had one ſon, a farmer, and a pretty daughter, who helped to iron the linen; and Mr. Jolter, though deep in the mother's books, offered to pay in a coin the daughter firſt demurred about accepting, and then referred him to her brother the farmer.

As the farmer was, and Mr. Jolter was not, very anxious for an explanation, the latter, to avoid unneceſſary trouble, one day married the pretty laundreſs; but as a loſs of all advantages in the college would be the conſequences of a diſcovery, he enjoined, and the family promiſed, to keep the ſecret.

After the usual period of servitude, Mr. Jolter removed to a small living in a distant county, with A. B. to his name; where, as he knew both quadrille and whist; played on the flute; when there was news, told it; and when there was not, invented it; he got into a string of visits, which made him remember to forget the accident of marrying the pretty laundress.

"Two things I wonder at," said the pretty laundress; "that I don't hear from my husband, and what is meant by A. B."

"'Tis a Bachelor of Arts," said a collegian, whose band she was at that moment ironing.

"And how can a married man be a bachelor?" asked she.

"He cannot be married," replied the collegian.

"He married my daughter Molly, at Woodstock church, four years agon last May," joined the mother.

"Then he cannot be a bachelor of arts," rejoined the collegian.

"I will know more of this," said the farmer, in a rough tone of voice.

Farmer Green put up his horse at the Dunder Arms, the very evening before a marriage, between the Dowager Lady Dunder, a crooked widow with a large jointure, and Peter Jolter, A. B. rector of Dunder parish, was to be celebrated.

Farmer Green told every body no more than he knew; Mr. Jolter lost the dowager, his A. B. the living, and all hope of rising in the sacred profession; but as he could not lose his wife without going abroad, a college companion got him appointed chaplain to one of the ships of war, furnished by the king of England to his good cousin and ally, his most Faithful Majesty.

Nothing is less possible than for a clergyman to conceal certain liberal opinions; Mr. Jolter never attempted it; he was consequently the man to marry Captain Montreville, and assured him, on receiving ten Johannes from Mr. Knightly, that if he wished to have the affair concealed, he would be d——d before he would whisper it to his own soul; and if it should ever be inconvenient to own it, why, he would be d——d if he did not deny it on oath.

As the Captain had not then a preſentiment of any event that could poſſibly happen, to put the chaplain to a proof of the latter kind, he never after thought of Jolter, who on his part went through as many changes in life as a patched coat hero, and was always either too full or too much aſhamed of himſelf to claim old acquaintance, except when on a chance meeting he borrowed money, no chance ever tempted him to pay. He had been by turns a parſon, player, quack doctor, gambler, ſchool-maſter, itinerant preacher, auctioneer, writer for a newſpaper; and having had the good fortune to borrow ten guineas from the crooked Lady Dowager Dunder, whoſe coach horſes were honoured on the Epſom downs with water from a pail held by him who had been ſo near being their maſter, put himſelf once more in a whole ſuit of black, and ſeeing an advertiſement, that a gentleman was wanting to teach a young gentleman of nineteen reading, writing, and belles lettres, he anſwered the advertiſement, took a written recommendation from himſelf in his pocket, and was referred to Dr. Parker, to whom he loſt fifty games of backgammon, at ſixpence a game, in one evening, and was ſettled at the hall, as tutor to Sir Jacob Lydear, the next.

The moment Chriſtiana ſaw Mr. Jolter at the Grange, ſhe recollected him; the truth is, Chriſtiana always loved what is called among ſervants junketting, and though the ſecret of her miſtreſs's marriage was of ſuch importance, ſhe could not reſiſt the vanity of entertaining the Engliſh chaplain with her Iriſh lover, at the Don's magnificent houſe; Mr. Jolter, as well as Mr. Caſey, having an extraordinary *gout* for excellent ſweet-meats and fine wines, had repeated his viſits ſo often, that though ſo many years had elapſed, his face was perfectly familiar to her, and the tranſaction recurring freſh to her recollection, ſhe ſeized him as has been related.

Though Jolter was entirely ignorant of the family hiſtory of the Gauntlets, he immediately underſtood his evidence was of great conſequence, and that he was at this time of too much importance to fear the report of the Captain, who was indeed himſelf ſo entirely engroſſed by the various occurrences of the day, that he now only thought of quieting the Admiral's apprehenſions for the perſonal

perſonal ſafety of his grandſon, in ſearch of whom he was going when he met our heroine, and in ſearch of whom he again went when our heroine's ſituation, and the outrage that occaſioned it, were equally forgotten, and when the Rev. Mr. Jolter was uſhered moſt reſpectfully into one of the beſt bed-chambers, and the poor Roſa left to darkneſs and ſolitude in a cold hall!

CHAP. XIV.

"If theſe characters do not take, I ſhall wonder;
"If they do, I ſhall wonder no leſs."

CAPTAIN SEAGROVE having informed Mr. Montreville of the important and accidental diſcovery made by Chriſtiana, a diſcovery of equal conſequence to his intereſt and honour; and having beſides, as he ſaid, ſtrained his old timbers by riding all night, was no leſs ſurpriſed than offended to find nothing was at that moment further from Mr. Montreville's thoughts than getting into the chaiſe, which waited at the door, and returning with him immediately to the Grange.

Mr. Montreville indeed, expreſſed, and felt the moſt lively ſatisfaction at having obtained the ultimate proof of his mother's honour and his own legitimacy; yet as the delay of a few hours could injure neither the one cauſe nor the other, he declared he could not be guilty of ſuch an act as to leave the old woman, with her compound fracture, nor the young one, with that tenderneſs of heart which implicated her in the unfortunate accident, till he ſaw how it would terminate.

The Captain's eſteem was without profeſſion, and his love without flattery; he had no ſort of curioſity to ſee how the *accident would terminate*; he was ſorry it had happened, and willing to lend all the aſſiſtance in his power: but the demands of humanity being ſatisfied, he was himſelf anxious, and thought it natural his young friend ſhould be more ſo, about the termination of

of the events at the Grange, than any thing which concerned either the old or the young woman.

"So," ſaid he, in a ſurly under tone, "only a few hours back you were reſolved to prove your mother ſpliced to your father, if you went to the devil for witneſſes; now one of his worſt imps, in the ſhape of a wicked parſon, runs foul of ye, and you are as dumb as an oyſter, and willing and ready to ſlacken your ſails, as if you were afeard to grapple with that ſon of a gun of a lord; beſides leaving your old grandfather, with all his ſignals of diſtreſs out, to founder, while you run on a lee ſhore, without ſail or compaſs, in chace of an old crazy hulk, and a little cock boat, not worth ballaſt, under falſe colours."

"To founder!" repeated Montreville.

"Oy oy, 'twas, my word, younker, the owld boy has been keeping watch ever ſince you ſlipped your cable, and ſo if you won't hail him with a word of comfort, why, I wool, that's all, and ſo good bye t'ye, good bye t'ye."

Mr. Montreville heſitated; a ſentiment perfectly new, coloured his cheek; he felt the ſtrong ties of real affection and gratitude, which bound him to his venerable grandfather, and his heart ſmote him; at a time when an event ſo unhoped, ſo unexpected, as the diſcovery of the only man among the myriads who inhabit the globe happened; him whoſe ſingle evidence muſt flaſh confuſion on a hoſt of the ſlanderous enemies of his mother, and uſurpers of the rights of her ſon, and when the old officer's heart muſt ſwell in the proud certainty of eſtabliſhing the honour of his family; at ſuch a moment the abſence of his heir would doubly affect him; this Mr. Montreville felt, and his reaſon acknowledged; yet ſuch was the irreſiſtible bias of his mind, nothing could prevail on him to leave Pontefract till he ſaw *how the accident would terminate.*

This, he endeavoured to perſuade the Captain, and to believe himſelf, the old Admiral would not entirely condemn, as it was founded on his own favourite maxim, of aſſiſting all who were in diſtreſs.

"None of your palaver," cried the Captain, ſtriding towards the chaiſe, "will you bear me company or not?"

"I will

"I will write three lines, if you will have the goodneſs to carry it."

The Captain not deigning an anſwer, curſed the poſtillions for not drawing the chaiſe up in an horizontal line, and very devoutly conſigning his young friend, the old hulk, the cock boat under falſe colours, the doctors, and the whole town to a warm birth, bid them drive to the devil, and was in a minute out of ſight.

Montreville retired from the door, with that ſort of pang at his heart ingenuous minds are ſubject to feel, when an internal monitor whiſpers its ſecret cenſure on either motive or act.

"Yes," ſaid he, "the honeſt Captain is right; I inflict pain on the moſt reſpectable of parents, at the inſtant I ſhould be ſharing his triumph and exulting in my own. Has then my ſoul's moſt ardent wiſh ſubſided! do I ſacrifice the fame of my noble mother! do I ceaſe to feel for the honour of her aged father! am I become indifferent to the moſt momentous concern of my exiſtence! the good Admiral expects me; he, no doubt, believes, the moment I hear the vivifying tidings I ſhall fly to his feet; how juſt, how natural, are ſuch expectations! yet I diſappoint them, and for what?"

Roſa, in all the bloom of beauty, and all the grace of elegance, ruſhed before his mind's eye; and her dulcet voice reproaching him for the treaſonable——"for what," vibrated on his ear,——"for what! ah! is there ſuch a creature in the world! can ſhe belong to the woman for whoſe misfortunes ſhe feels ſo much; and if not, is it not likely ſhe alſo will leave Pontefract,—leave *me* without a ſingle clue, except her uncommon charms, to trace her by; and can I for ever relinquiſh the hope of again meeting ſo lovely, ſo perfect a creature? bleſt ſhade of my revered mother, your ſon abates not of his ardour,—reſentment for your wrongs ſtill glows in his heart; but a little while only till he ſees *how the accident will terminate*, forgive him.

One of love's firſt miracles is to extract exceſs of pleaſure from exceſs of pain; that miracle was this night wrought in the heart of Montreville; from the ſecret reproach of neglected duty, from the pain of ſelf-accuſation,

ſation, what a delightful tranſition, to meditate on charms ſo admired.

"Yet it is not," he cried, "beauty alone that renders me thus anxious to know more of Miſs Walſingham; no! beauty might arreſt my tranſient attention, it might attract my eye, but it is grace of animation, the bluſh of ingenuity, the union of ſenſe and ſentiment, and nothing can be more amiable, more celeſtial, more worthy adoration than the charming ſtranger."

How fine was all this! it had every thing on its ſide but common ſenſe! ſince Roſa, pre-occupied, filled with apprehenſion, and diſtracted by ſecret conflicts between ſhame and duty, never ſhewed her mental perfections to leſs advantage; and however Mr. Montreville might pleaſe to ſettle it with himſelf, in the ſublime contempt of mere beauty, certain it is, that the lovely figure and beautiful face, which had captivated his ſight and floated on his fancy, was inſenſibly winding round his heart, before he could pronounce with juſtice on her grace, ingenuity, ſenſe, or ſentiment.

But while Mr. Montreville was thus arguing with his own feelings, Roſa, no leſs divided between her wiſhes and her duty, ſat ſilent, dejected, and almoſt hopeleſs, by Mrs. Garnet's bed ſide, her mind by turns torn with fears for the life of a mother whoſe ill qualities were now no longer remembered; and oppreſſed at once with a humiliating ſenſe of her inferiority to the family of the Grange, a reſentful recollection of their rude treatment, and an unconquerable diſpoſition to believe Mr. Montreville could not ſhare the manners of thoſe to whom he was ſo near allied in blood.

But however blameleſs he might be, and however gratifying his attention, the inference which might be drawn from it in a country, where ſhe could not but ſuppoſe her adventure had excited ſome curioſity; the ſcorn of the old Admiral; the contempt of his friends; the ſneer of his connexions, which conſidering her humble ſtate, it muſt be expected would be oppoſed to the reſpect he paid her, together with the continued repugnance ſhe felt to diſcloſe to him her affinity to Mrs. Garnet, ſtruck ſo forcibly on her mind, that ſhe reſolved nothing, no, not the fear of being known to be the daughter of the

the wretched woman, whose groans went to her heart, should induce her to abandon her in her present state.

She also had just resolved to discourage an acquaintance to which must be attached so many mortifying, and perhaps injurious consequences; when soon after day break a soft tap at the chamber door, and Mr. Montreville's whispered entreaty to be favoured with an audience of five minutes, put her late formed resolution to an immediate test; her heart beat, her cheek betrayed a confusion for which he could not account, and her cold but steady refusal both hurt and surprised him; he looked earnestly inquisitive, as if to explore the secret motive of a conduct, which considering the zeal he had shewn in protecting her from violence, appeared rude, if not ungrateful.

Rosa shrunk from the inquisition of his eyes, and fearful of his discovering what passed in her distracted mind, offered an apology, which more confounded him than any part of her mysterious conduct: "She considered it as her duty to devote her whole time to Mrs. Garnet."

That poor woman's state was indeed pitiable enough; but what motive could induce so elegant a creature as Rosa to sacrifice, or at least, suspend the innate delicacy which spoke in every act, and risk her health, to say nothing of his own deprivation, by fixing herself in the sick chamber of such a woman as Mrs. Garnet, who was only a casual travelling acquaintance, he could not comprehend, and again his eyes sought hers.

Seized with a sudden fear he would penetrate her secret, she retreated from the door, and gently closed it, leaving him in a state of wonder on the outside.

After a moment's pause he determined in his own mind, that such incomprehensible mystery and contradiction must cover deceit, and admitted, with a mixture of regret and mortified pride, that appearances were such as strongly impeached the infallibility of his judgment, when it decided on the merit of an object, whom at that instant he thought destitute of every good quality; he hastily returned to his chamber, and ringing the bell with such violence as to break the wire, ordered a chaise to the door in a moment.

"Yes,

"Yes, your honour," ſaid the waiter, without moving.

"This moment," he repeated; and the man flew to execute his order.

"Devote her whole time to Mrs. Garnet! well, he would not interrupt ſuch agreeable ſociety," and he threw himſelf into an arm chair, where he continued muſing in ſilence till the chaiſe was announced, and till his whole ideas had undergone ſo complete a revolution, that he ordered it to wait, and breakfaſt to be brought in.

"Can then this creature," ſaid he, ſtirring the ſugar into boiling water inſtead of the tea, "ſo frank, ſo gentle, ſo poliſhed, can ſhe, as Seagrove ſaid, carry falſe colours? can ſhe be the voluntary aſſociate of vulgar inebriety? impoſſible!" and he rung a hand bell, which was brought in with the tea things, for the chamber maid; the girl had made half a dozen courtſies before he obſerved her.

"How is that old woman?" he aſked.

"That braked her lag, Sir?" ſhe is as well as can be expected; I juſt axed the young lady who—"

"Where is *ſhe?*"

"In the old gentlewoman's room, Sir; dear heart, ſhe has not been abed all night; and, poor young gentlewoman, ſhe cries and takes on ſo; I juſt popped my head in as ſoftly as a mouſe, and there, if your honour will believe me, I never was ſo frighted in all my life."

"Frightened! at what?"

"Why, there, Sir, if you'll believe me, there I ketch'd her."

"Ketch'd her! who, what, what did you ketch!"

"Dear me, I hope your honour be not angry with me; I am ſure I mean no hurt; but to be ſure 'twas a terrifying ſight for ſo young a gentlewoman."

Montreville had ſent for this girl to feed a lover-like curioſity; he longed to hear what, though poſſible to be true, it was impoſſible for him to believe, or believing, would make him hate both informer and information; and found himſelf ſo intereſted in the diſcovery which had frightened the poor chamber maid, that he bid her go on, in a voice ſcarce audible, and liſtened in eager attention, till the girl's aſtoniſhment, which ſeemed to increaſe

increaſe on recollecting every particular of the ſtrange event, ſubſided, and ſhe declared, ſhe believed in her ſoul ſhe had ketched the poor young gentlewoman at ——prayers!

All the angry paſſions ſubſided in an inſtant.

"At prayers!" repeated Montreville, in a no leſs intereſted, though infinitely ſoftened accent.

The girl had all the ſhrewdneſs attached to her office; ſhe underſtood the queſtion as now put, better perhaps than the propounder.

"Ay, as ſure as you are alive, Sir, ſhe was down a top of her bended knees and her hands; well, then, in my life I never ſeed ſuch white arms and pretty hands, they be like the driven ſnow, well, they were folded together, and her cheeks! lord, I never ſeed ſuch a maiden bluſh colour! Will Oſtler ſweared as ſhe was a painted Lunnuner, and he lived a matter of twô year up at Lunnun, but as cunning as he is, he is out for once, for I'm certain if there was any paint atop of her face, her tears—"

"Tears did you ſay! when was this?"

"Soon after your honour went from the old gentlewoman's door; and ſure enough if her maiden bluſhes had been put on, they muſt have been all waſhed away, for the tears trickled down her face like peaſe, and ſhe did ſo ſob and ſigh."

Mr. Montreville took half a guinea out of his purſe, on which the chamber maid glanced a longing eye, and proceeded.

"I dare ſay ſhe was praying and crying for the poor red faced old gentlewoman."

"I dare ſay not," replied Montreville, replacing the half guinea in his purſe, with a ſort of peeviſh re-action, not quite genial to the feelings of the chamber maid, who continued in an under diſappointed tone.

"Poor old gentlewoman! the doctor ſays her bones are broke all ſorts of ways! and if the young Chriſtian gentlewoman was praying for her, ſo much the better; for we muſt all die; and ſome ſay the ſoonder the better; for this world is nothen but loſſes and croſſes; and they all ſay in our houſe, that, though ſhe is ſo mortal good,

good, she's nothen at all to the old red faced gentlewoman, only met her hap hazzard."

The poor half guinea was destined to be parted from its companions; the "hap hazzard," business secured its possession to the chambr maid, who gaily tripped to the old red faced gentlewoman's chamber, with a card from his honour to the young gentlewoman, and received a second half guinea on carrying back an answer.

The human mind is prone to credit its own wishes; the reader is no doubt astonished at the novelty of the observation; but there certainly is an irresistible suavity in the rhetoric of any being who has the art to scatter roses on the path we wish to tread; and Rosa, who within the last hour had been degraded from the celestial rank in which the reveries of the night had placed her, was again exalted into a divinity; the figure the girl described; the white arms and pretty folded hands, the modest blush, washed with tears, kneeling, addressing her Creator, not only recalled but increased the respect her coldness banished.

THE CARD.

"Mr. Montreville entreats Miss Walsingham's pardon for the mortification he ill concealed, when his perhaps improper request was rejected; Mr. Montreville would not presume, and Miss Walsingham cannot be unjust; he respects her humanity; the office she volunteers is a sacred one; but must all her compassion be engrossed by one object? Mr. M. is now going to pay his duty to his venerable parent, and hopes he may depend on being allowed to make his bow to Miss Walsingham at his return."

ANSWER.

"Miss Walsingham has a very proper sense of Mr. Montreville's politeness."

This short answer Mr. Montreville chose to consider as an accedence to his request; and though the ride from Pontefract to the Grange is perhaps the finest in that part

part of the country, it afforded nothing so worthy admiration as the clear hand writing and neat turned letters of the short card, which was yet in his hand when he arrived at the Grange.

All the affection, the fondness, and hope of Admiral Herbert were now centered in his new found heir: The regret which had embittered many of the latter years of his life, was now changed into a placid, but steady resolution, to clear the fame of his injured daughter, and support the claims of her son, even to the expenditure of his last guinea, and the entire destruction of the old groves of fine timber, with which his estate abounded.

The instant he received the first letter from Horace, he ordered consultations to be held among the first men of the law, and upwards of six months had now elapsed since, by their advice, the following advertisement was inserted in all the public newspapers.

THE EARL OF GAUNTLET.

"Whereas there are strong reasons to believe a marriage between the late Right Honourable the Earl of Gauntlet, Baron Delworth, and Magdalena Condostello Albertina Herbert, generally known and addressed as Lady Magdalena Condostello Albertina Herbert, took place at Portugal, sometime near about the year ——— ; and whereas it is believed that the said Magdalena Condostello Albertina Herbert, after the contraction of such marriage, was delivered of a son, at or near Brompton. Any person who can give evidence respecting the said marriage, or the birth of the said son, that may substantiate a legal proof of either, will, if required, receive bonds of indemnification, and be very liberally rewarded. Apply to Worthy and Carrington, attornies, Gray's-Inn."

As this advertisement, tho' repeated every week, failed of the least success, the Admiral's joy and surprise, at Christiana's recognition of Mr. Jolter, and his ready recollection and avowal of so important a fact, may very naturally be supposed sufficient, to occupy the head and heart

heart of a man of ſeventy-ſix, ſo far as to render him forgetful of leſs intereſting matters. Had Jolter been brought before him, accuſed of treaſon, or any other crime leſs atrocious than murder, the having joined the hands of Magdalena and Captain Montreville, would have moſt probably placed vice itſelf under a ſhade; but, in fact, no accuſation had been made, Chriſtiana ſeizing on the delinquent, and the immediate explanation which followed, as completely turned all the Captain's late adventure topſy-turvey, as a caſk of the ſtrongeſt grog could have done; ſo intoxicated was he with the new aſpect of affairs at the Grange, that he even forgot the buſineſs on which he was going, when he ſo fortunately met with Jolter, till the Admiral's elated countenance ſuddenly fell, and he demanded in a tremulous voice, where his dear boy was, and why he was abſent at ſuch an important and joyful period.

Captain Seagrove made no anſwer, but ſnatching his hat and brandiſhing an oaken cudgel, which he called his little ſwitch, haſtened out, followed by his two companions, Will Ratlin, formerly the Admiral's boatſwain, now acting as butler at the Grange, and Ben Gunter, once ſhip's ſteward on board the old Terrible, but now as he called himſelf Walley De-ſham to the Captain.

The Admiral had really kept watch, as the Captain ſaid, with all his ſignals of diſtreſs out; the widow of his firſt lieutenant, who was killed in the ſame engagement with his ſon, a woman of mild temper and pleaſing manners, had been taken under his protection from the hour ſhe became a widow, ſimply, as he declared, becauſe, "poor thing, ſhe was not fit to buffet the ſtorms of adverſity:" She lived at the Grange, not indeed as manager, for the houſehold, which conſiſted of a ſelection of the ſhip's crew, were not in the habits of being governed by a woman, "ſeeing as how, poor ſowls, they were only fit for other gueſs matters;" nor as the head of the table, for there the old Admiral always preſided himſelf; but to live exactly as ſhe found moſt pleaſant; ſhe had acceſs to her beneſactor's iron cheſt, rode in his carriage, ſaw what viſitors ſhe pleaſed, and returned them when and how ſhe pleaſed.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lynn proved the value she set on a situation so respectable and easy, by a uniform and obliging attention to the Admiral's health, which depended in a great measure on the composure of his mind.

She won his money at piquet, made his whey, administered his medicines, read the papers, and what new novels he chose to hear, and in short, was become so necessary to his ease, that she had long flattered herself she should at his death return to the world perfectly fit to encounter any of the *storms of adversity*.

The first letter from Horace having however in part levelled her Spanish castles; she put a good face on the matter, and appeared to adopt, among other of the Admiral's partialities, all his affection for his grandson; the soothing and attention of this lady were never more needful than during this long night, when every passing hour added to the apprehensions of the anxious grandfather; so many machinations as had already come to his knowledge, invented and executed against his darling, taught him to fear what had been, might be; and when Captain Seagrove got out of the chaise, unaccompanied by any but Ratlin and Gunter, he shrieked, "My boy!" and fell back in his chair.

The Captain, who could swear what he called a tolerable good stick when he saw occasion, did not now spare his talent, and he was literally out of breath when the Admiral revived, to hear with extreme satisfaction, that it was by the enthralment of a pair of bright eyes Horace was detained from home.

"Well, well, Admiral, I tell you but this," cried Seagrove, "that strolling witch has grappled the boy, and I'll be shot if he clears her without damage."

"Beauty, my dear Tom," replied the gallant veteran, "is the sailor's tutelar goddess; Venus herself sprung from the sea; do not therefore be too severe."

"As to Venus, I know nothing about where she came *from*; all I know about her is, that wherever she comes *to*, she does mischief enough, and most of her spite is against sailors, so if she sprung from the sea, the greater jade she, that's all I say; but as to the wench at Pontefract, and the old hulk with her shattered timbers;

bers;—but now I think on't how the devil, or when got ſhe from hence?"

The Admiral was ſurpriſed.

"I might rather aſk how or when ſhe got here," he replied.

This led to the occurrence of the preceding evening, when, though as matters ſtood it was neither politic nor poſſible for the Admiral to take a decided part againſt the Rev. Mr. Jolter, yet he was abſolutely overwhelmed with confuſion at the idea of a woman,—a young, a beautiful, a diſtreſſed woman, being denied the rites of hoſpitality under his roof, and who had, as was now underſtood, after ſtaying the night unnoticed, left it at break of day; he could not anſwer it to his heart as a man, or his character as a gentleman, and therefore declared he would take the very firſt opportunity of making his apology.

The Captain, weary and diſpleaſed, ordered his walley de ſham to carry a pitcher of grog into his chamber, and retired without attending to a ſyllable of the Admiral's polite regrets for the rudeneſs of his family, which laſted till his ſervant drew his curtains, when he dropped with the word apology half uttered, into that ſweet and refreſhing ſlumber with which the ſpirits of the aged and juſt are renovated, to dream his Horace was Earl of Gauntlet.

Want of reſt the preceding night prevented the gentlemen from meeting as early in the morning as they were accuſtomed; but Captain Seagrove's morning matin began where the evening one ended; with his fears of the little cock boat; becauſe why, Horace was not the lad to take a girl in tow, and when the wind changed, turn her adrift,—and as to being ſpliced to her—

The Admiral ſtarted, and his pale face crimſoned at the idea. Horace, *his* grandſon, the future Earl of Gauntlet, marry a little adventureſs!

As to his being an Admiral's grandſon, and a future Earl, the Captain ſaw nothing in that; ſeeing as all the ſons of father Adam were related either at the head or tail, and if a man would ſteer his courſe among breakers, why the only thing to look out for was ſafe anchorage. "Now," continued he, "you know as well as I, the lad

lad is under promiſe; a ſeaman's word, I take to be as good as his bond; it may be another-gueſs thing with a land officer; but give me the man, whether land or ſea, who ſteers through the voyage of life as if every man was his mother's ſon, and every woman her daughter; that's my way."

"And a good way too, your honour," quoth the walley de ſham, who came to announce the return of the young ſquire.

Mr. Montreville, whoſe fine eyes were lighted into rapturous expreſſion by the inſpiration of the god within him, knelt before the Admiral, and would have apologized for not accompanying the Captain, but the joy of his return, added to the happy event which occurred during his abſence, forbid any retroſpects except thoſe of pleaſure.

The Captain gave his hand with a ſort of ſurly "What cheer? what cheer?" and Mr. Jolter, whoſe ſlumbers on the down bed, aided by very free libations of the Admiral's old Burgundy, were not broken till a very late hour, was introduced. He gave a very clear and ſuccinct account of every circumſtance relative to the marriage; which Mr. Montreville having written down, to ſend off by expreſs to Meſſ. Worthy and Carrington, the attornies employed, he very naturally recurred to the accident which had been of ſuch happy import to him; but when the Captain began to recapitulate the adventure which occaſioned their meeting, and he ſaw in the man on whoſe teſtimony the aſſumption of his rights ſo much depended, the pander of vice, the violator of ſocial law, and the inſulter of Roſa, his changed countenance ſhewed in what deteſtation and contempt he held him, and the ſeverity of his remarks on a conduct ſo atrocious, made even the old Admiral, for a moment, forget the intereſt of his family, to join him in the cauſe of moral rectitude.

Mr. Jolter had very little to offer in palliation of his conduct; he was, he ſaid, in liquor; an apology that made no impreſſion on the young philanthropiſt, and he took his leave with confuſion in his countenance, and rancour in his heart.

Horace, from reflections on the evil tendency of corrupt morals, in a man of a ſacred profeſſion, recurred to the object againſt whom the infamous plan had been laid; he ſpoke of her as he felt; he thought her ſuperior to praiſe; and the Admiral, in whoſe fond opinion Horace united the nerve of Demoſthenes, the wiſdom of Cicero, and the modeſty of Pliny, had only to hear his ſentiments to adopt them, and in conſequence was more angry and more vexed at the inhoſpitable neglect which, at ſuch an improper hour, had driven ſo angelic a creature from the Grange.

Mrs. Lynn was ſent for; ſhe had not heard of any lady being in the houſe; the butler and the Captain's walley de ſham accompanied him; and ſince it muſt tranſpire one time or another, the reader may as well know at once, that, excepting the Admiral himſelf, there was not a male domeſtic at the Grange, whoſe ſenſes were not every night well ſteeped in grog; the rum caſks, with which the cellar was always well ſtored, being left to the diſcretion of Will Ratlin, who knowing the comfort of the excellent mixture himſelf, diſpenſed it bountifully to his fellow ſervants; ſo that, as often happens in large families, though there had been a grand error, *nobody* was in fault. As to the Captain, he frankly owned, that from the moment he found Jolter was the man they had been boxing the compaſs after, he thought no more of the wench than if ſhe had gone to Davy Jones's Locker, where indeed he wiſhed from his ſoul ſhe had been before Horace clapped his two precious eyes upon her, ſeeing as how ſhe was in ſuch crazy company, and therefore muſt be damaged herſelf.

"Suppoſe," ſaid Horace, "the old Terrible, which you ſay was a prime ſailer—"

"As ever ſhewed her keel to ſalt water."

"Suppoſe ſhe fell in with a veſſel in diſtreſs would ſhe veer off?"

"No, d—me! never."

"What then would ſhe do, if you were Captain?"

"Send proviſions on board, to be ſure."

"But it is not proviſions the veſſel wants; ſhe is crippled; her rudder is uſeleſs, her mainmaſt is broken, and

she has a leak in her hold, so that she can scarce float; then would the old Terrible sheer off?"

"No, d—me! never."

"How then?"

"Why, Horace, I did not think you had been such a lubber; "How then!" either take the ship in tow, or the crew on board, to be sure."

The Admiral smiled. "Dear Tom, you are fairly caught."

"Caught! I don't understand you; but setting case—"

"The case is already set, Captain," interrupted Horace; "the vessel in distress is the old hulk the—"

"No more of your palaver; the old Terrible is a sound vessel, a prime sailer, and goes on her own bottom, and carries no false colours; if she towed a sinking vessel into port, why there she would leave her, and proceed on her own voyage; so that's case for case. As to this here wench, she should not be boarded by a pirate while Tom Seagrove stood by; but I should be glad to see her bear away, with all her sails up, out of our course; seeing as how, you can't give up the chase; and if so be as she strikes, what then? you can't marry her, can ye? and if she is an honest girl, you wou'dn't ruin her, would ye?"

"I beg your pardon, Captain," joined the Admiral, "as Horace would not certainly do so unhandsome a thing as marry any woman but her to whom he is affianced by honour, the alternative is by no means a fair one; my own opinion of women is, that it is the duty, and should be the choice of every brave man to protect them; that has been one of the standing maxims of my life, and I am proud to see it is a family trait, which will descend to my progeny."

"Oh rare, Admiral! I can't deny but you stand fire like a salamander; you are a good and a brave officer; a little too much of the martinet on board, and a little too finical on shore; but as to this family lingo about women, 'tis all gibberish to me, seeing as how you let your own daughter founder, without hearkening to one of her signals of distress, poor soul."

The Admiral was painfully affected, and the Captain obliged to drink three successive glasses of strong grog before

before he could reconcile himſelf *to himſelf* for being the cauſe; after which the rhetoric of Horace carried all before it; and as while Roſa remained unprotected at the inn, further inſult might be offered from the ſquire, though perhaps his coadjutor would not be openly ſeen in the buſineſs, he ſuggeſted the gallantry of his ſleeping at Pontefract while ſhe remained there.

This was oppoſed by the Captain, ſeeing as how if watch was to be kept, he was more fitter for that there ſort of duty, and beſides, added he, ſlyly, while I am keeping a good look out for my convoy, I ſhall be in no danger of a lee ſhore myſelf.

To this arrangement Horace did not object, provided he was permitted to return that night; the next day the Admiral would, he ſaid, viſit the young lady himſelf.

After this agreement they dined together in the greateſt harmony, and having paſſed ſome hours in converſation on the ſtate of their family affairs, Montreville attended by two ſervants, mounted a fleet hunter, and rode the winds till he arrived at Pontefract.

CHAP. XV.

"Knowledge and wiſdom, far from being one,
"Have oft times no connexion: Knowledge dwells
"In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
"Wiſdom in minds attentive to their own."

On which authority the author aſſures her young readers, wiſdom and love are ſynonimous terms.

ROSA's declining to grant Mr. Montreville the requeſted audience, was a ſevere penance on her own feelings,—it was a ſacrifice of inclination waſhed with tears at the ſhrine of duty; but the conſciouſneſs of right acting, which ever will conſole a reflecting mind, even under the moſt ſevere deprivation, would have ſoon reſtored her to tranquillity, had ſhe in other reſpects been

at peace with herſelf; but the terrible condition of Mrs. Garnet ſo intereſted and ſo diſtreſſed her, that conſidering her as being reduced to it by the concern ſhe had taken in her ſafety and welfare, ſhe reproached herſelf as the primary cauſe of her misfortune; with what deſire, what anxiety, and ardent hope ſhe for many years anticipated a meeting with her mother; when in affluence, how had ſhe wiſhed to ſhare it with her, and how, when diſtreſſed, had ſhe panted for the ſorrowful child's natural aſylum, the boſom of a parent; yet after all, with what antipathy, what unnatural diſguſt, and even horror, did her wayward heart turn from her; how ſhe ſhuddered at the ſound of her voice; how her eyes, and how her ſoul ſhrunk from a reminiſcence of the author of her being, and while every faculty was devoted to a ſtranger, one who was indeed too amiable and too intereſting; how entirely repugnant had her feelings been towards one to whom God and nature enforced obedience. "Alas! ſhe cried, poor unhappy mother! this calamity would not have happened to her, had ſhe not been tempted from her own purpoſe by that natural attraction againſt which my heart was hardened; oh miſerable! is it then the death of my parent only that can awaken me to feeling and duty? Merciful God! continued ſhe, kneeling by her mother's bedſide, oh pardon the barbarous conflict between pride and nature! thou who alone haſt ſeen how ſtrong the one, how weak the other; thou who in judgment haſt overtaken me! yes, my poor afflicted parent! God is thy avenger."

It was at this moment the chamber maid paſs'd in her head, and ketch'd her——at prayers.

The card from Mr. Montreville neither leſſened her ſolicitude for her mother, nor increaſed it for himſelf; her ſoul was at that moment in a ſtate of humiliation, and the only conſolation ſhe felt, aroſe from the conſciouſneſs of adhering to a painful duty, and rejecting a ſweet temptation.

The ſurgeon ſoon after viſited Mrs. Garnet; her blood, heated by the "leaſt drops of ſpirits in the world" at Shawford farm, was in a ferment; he apprehended a fever, and deſired further aſſiſtance might be called in.

Roſa

Roſa, ſinking with terror, received this intimation as the moſt fatal prognoſtic, and in preſence of the ſurgeon and nurſe, while almoſt blinded by tears, examined Mrs. Garnet's pockets, where, beſides ſixty pounds in caſh and notes, ſhe found a letter written and directed to Mr. Philip Garnet, Paradiſe-ſtreet, Rotherhithe. As this letter was not ſealed, ſhe incloſed a ſhort note in it, mentioning the accident, and entreated Mr. Garnet would uſe all poſſible expedition to join his wife.

Having done this, and inventoried the contents of her pockets and ſmall trunk, ſhe deſired an expreſs might be ſent for the moſt experienced medical men in the neighbourhood, and again vowed not to leave her mother.

Mr. Montreville heard from the chamber maid, on his return to the inn, that two other ſurgeons and a phyſician had been called in to the red faced gentlewoman, who it was thought could never hold it; and that the ſweet young gentlewoman neither eat nor drank.

He ſent his compliments, but received no anſwer; and unable to believe ſhe could be ſo entirely abſorbed in grief for a ſtranger, again ſent to requeſt a ſhort audience, which was declined.

Montreville was in a very fine humour to be angry; but the inexorable was ſtill ſhut up; and as anger may mar, but can never mend a good cauſe, he called patience to his aid, and waited two hours before he ſent again, when he was deſired to go into a room next to Mrs. Garnet's chamber, where ſoon after Roſa joined him.

Her pale and dejected looks, while they ſurpriſed, intereſted him; he complimented her on the humanity which impelled her to riſk her own health, by attending to a woman who had no other claims than her misfortunes.

Roſa caſt down her eyes, and after one deep bluſh her pale became paler.

He was ſorry to hear more aſſiſtance was called in, becauſe it implied danger.

Roſa wept, and as Mr. Montreville found himſelf at a loſs how to proceed, after a ſhort ſilence ſhe roſe to go.

The gift of ſpeech was now again returned to Mr. Montreville; he ſeriouſly remonſtrated againſt her behaviour, as cruel and even unjuſt.

Roſa felt that her conduct was inexplicable; Mr. Montreville's manner was too flatteringly earneſt, too congenial to the ſecret good opinion ſhe had formed of him, to offend; but her heart was oppreſſed with anguiſh, and all the reply ſhe could make, was tears.

Mr. Montreville was extremely moved; he took her hand, and begged her to be reſeated one moment, while he apologized for the rudeneſs with which ſhe was treated at the Grange. His own hiſtory, he added, was a ſtrange and almoſt incredible mixture of myſtery and misfortune; the former, he hoped, was clearing up, and the latter changing into bleſſings; the fruſtration of the infamous deſigns againſt her, were productive of an incident more fortunate to him than, he feared, ſhe would allow him now to explain; but when he had that honour, he was ſure ſhe would pardon the ſeeming neglect of Admiral Herbert.

All Roſa's penitence for want of natural affection; all her concern for her mother's dangerous ſituation, could not ſteel her heart againſt an apology ſo frank and intereſting; it was a welcome oblation to pride; it relieved her from a painful ſenſe of debaſement, and reſtored the old Admiral to her reſpect, and his friend, her deliverer, to her eſteem.

Never was there a being whoſe countenance was a clearer index of the mind, than that on which Mr. Montreville's regards were now fixed; he held her hand during the time he addreſſed her; and while watching the working of her ingenuous mind, it is not certain whether he did or did not tenderly preſs it; and perhaps it is ſtill leſs certain whether, after all her ſelf-accuſation, prayers, and tears, ſhe did not for a few moments forget ſhe had a mother with a broken leg; it was however for a very ſhort time her heart was ſenſible to a ceſſation of pain; ſhe anſwered in a low but not depreſſed accent, that ſo much obliged, as ſhe could not but eſteem herſelf, to him and his family, it was very acceptable to her to know no intended affront had been offered her, and ſhe added, deeply bluſhing, "So many and ſo repeated

peated are my obligations to you, Sir, in particular, that I muſt think light of an inconvenience to myſelf, from which you derive advantage."

Mr. Montreville was full of acknowledgments, and more full of admiration; and time was not marked till the nurſe, who attended in Mrs. Garnet's chamber, ſent to let Roſa know the ſurgeon was there. Mr. Montreville however did not ſuffer her to leave him, till he had prevailed on her to promiſe to ſee him half an hour the next morning.

After the ſurgeon was gone, and Roſa retraced what paſſed at her interview with Montreville, ſhe was aſtoniſhed at the eaſe with which ſhe had diſpenſed with all her reſolutions to give up an acquaintance ſo infatuating; again ſhe went over the reaſons which forbade her to indulge a predilection ſo unequal; the reaſons were ſtill too ſtrong for ſelf deceiving ſophiſtry to combat, but the predilection was ſtill more ſtrong.

During this night, contrary to the expectations, and beyond the doctor's hope, the feveriſh ſymptoms were greatly lowered; Mrs. Garnet, whoſe terror of death was extreme, having heard from the doctors the awful ſentence, that if ſhe did not keep herſelf quiet, ſhe muſt die, became from fear, gentle and patient; ſhe ſtill took ſtrong opiates, but in the time of her waking intervals bore her anguiſh without a murmur, and followed every movement of Roſa with eyes that expreſſed both ſolicitude and gratitude.

In the morning Roſa made ſome alteration in her dreſs, and met Mr. Montreville according to appointment.

Mr. Montreville had not indeed watched by the bedſide of a ſick perſon, but his thoughts had been too much engroſſed by one charming object to reſt; like Zadig, though in love, he might eat, drink and ſleep, but it was not preciſely that ſoft paſſion or ſentiment which now prevented the latter; it was a combination of untoward circumſtances, totally inimical to the end of virtuous love; the truth is, Mr. Montreville actually was engaged.

The infidelity his heart was tempted to commit, might perhaps be called a venial treſpaſs, as he had not yet ſeen the lady he was bound to marry; the pecuniary penalty

of a breach of his engagement was conſiderable enough to inſure the fidelity of half the crops about town, but half the crops about town have ſo many ways of diſpoſing of all the hard caſh they touch, to which Horace was a perfect ſtranger, that it was no wonder the precious metal, on which they ſet ſo high a ſtore, loſt all attraction with him; as however there was another penalty which he ignorantly preferred to gold, attached to the engagement, namely, his honour; it was a ſerious conſideration; and it was this ſubject on which he pondered during the whole night, and which was ſucceeded by an aching heart and head, in the morning.

Roſa was ſtartled at his changed looks and addreſs; inſtead of that delighted admiration, which ſhone in his countenance,—that lively and inſinuating tenderneſs which marked his manner the night before, he was melancholy, ſolemn, and ſilent for ſome minutes after he entered the room; but a certain magic power ſeemed to hang over theſe young people; whatever were their ſentiments when they met, a few moments, without the aid even of ſpeech, baniſhed every unpleaſant idea; mutual frankneſs added an age to the term of their acquaintance, and confidence in the honour and principles of each other, begat a familiarity of intercourſe, from which delicacy baniſhed all appearance of paſſion.

Mr. Montreville's clouded brow cleared; neither the engagement nor penalty were remembered; Roſa's white arms and pretty hands managed the coffee; and as Mrs. Garnet ſtill ſlept, he, with great delicacy, adverted to her ſituation, which being, as he took the liberty to hint, both dangerous and improper, he was hurt to hear her declare her intention of continuing.

Mr. Montreville had formed a wiſh to prevail on her to go to the Grange; and as ſhe perſiſted in declaring ſhe would not leave Mrs. Garnet till ſhe was wholly out of danger, engage her to make that her home, and pay occaſional viſits to Pontefract.

In this arrangement it is needleſs to add, the engagement was not at all conſidered; and in order to carry his point, he adduced her danger ſo near Sir Jacob Lydear, ſhould his incorrigibility revive with his recovery from the correction he hoped he had received; it was true indeed

deed Mr. Jolter would not perhaps be his co-adjutor; but his mother was popular, and her misfortunes would render her an object of pity; her ſon diſgraced, her daughter eloped with a mean mechanic, and herſelf overwhelmed in ſorrow, were circumſtances that could not fail to raiſe ſome prejudice for her ladyſhip, againſt all the cauſes of her diſtreſs; Roſa at once ſaw Mr. Montreville wiſhed to make his protection neceſſary, and as all he had ſuggeſted was reaſonable, ſhe was very much alarmed; but as notwithſtanding the apology which reconciled her to the Admiral, the Grange was of all places the one ſhe moſt diſliked; and as, except Mr. Montreville remained at the inn, he could not offer, nor if he did, could ſhe accept his protection; ſhe affected the heroine.

"It is Sir Jacob Lydear," ſaid ſhe, "who ſhould fear, not me; I am under the protection of that law which he has violated; let his power be what it may, he cannot combine a whole town in a breach of the eſtabliſhed police of his country; and with reſpect to Lady Lydear, ſhe knows, ſhe *well* knows—"

Montreville drew nearer; he feared to breathe, leſt it ſhould prevent his hearing what Lady Lydear *well knew*; but he was diſappointed.

Lady Lydear had perhaps by this time not only received the promiſed recommendation from Lady Hopely, but heard a hiſtory of her from Lady Lowder, with all the additions the candour of the latter would infallibly give it; and thus the credit ſhe might hope would reſult from one ſource, muſt inevitably be deſtroyed by the other.

After waiting ſome moments in expectation of her proceeding, Montreville with a mortified air reſumed.

"It was far from his wiſh to leſſen her confidence in the protecting law of the land, but he would aſk, whether youth, delicacy, and innocence, without acquaintance or protectors, were competent to demand that ſafety theſe laws were, without diſpute, ſo well framed to inſure, ſhould the provoked, the ignorant, headſtrong Sir Jacob meditate——"

Roſa could no longer conceal her alarm, or repreſs its effect; ſhe burſt into tears; fancy realized the picture

he had ſketched, and fear magnified a ſmall diſturbance at that inſtant near the door, into the hoſtile approach of the very perſon of whom he had been ſpeaking; ſhe ſhrieked out, "Save me! ſave me!" and threw herſelf into the arms of Montreville, in the moment when the door flew open, and diſcovered admiral Herbert, his gold laced hat carried in a courtly manner in one hand, his gold headed cane in the other; his tall perſon, dignified and erect; followed by the ſhort fat figure of Captain Seagrove, cloſe behind, except one arm which was extended forward to open the door.

A florid apology, which the Admiral had ſtudied, when the perſuaſions of Seagrove, aided by his own ſecret inclinations, prevailed on him to be guilty of ſuch a ſoleciſm in good manners, and violation of the reſpect due to the apartment of a lady, as to enter it unannounced, was entirely forgotten at the ſight of Roſa in the arms of his grandſon.

There was ſomething in the gentlemanlike appearance and mild blue eyes of Admiral Herbert, that impreſſed Roſa with a reſpect, which had even more of ſentiment than politeneſs in it; and perhaps notwithſtanding her dread of his pride and noble alliances, the laced full uniform, and ſtiff ramillee wig, never appeared to more advantage, than when it occupied the preciſe place where ſhe had expected to ſee Sir Jacob Lydear in his ungraceful drab coat, round hat, and dirty boots; nor did Captain Seagrove, with his nine grey hairs on each ſide, his red ſhining ample half bald head, fat round figure, long ſword, and ſhort ſkirted uniform coat, appear wanting in charms, as ſtanding where her fear had anticipated the Rev. Mr. Jolter. She diſengaged herſelf from Mr. Montreville's arms, without a ſenſation of that confuſion which would have overwhelmed her, had any other emotion than terror placed her there, and her reception of the intruders was ſo frank, eaſy, and graceful, that it immediately diſſipated the unpleaſant ſurpriſe into which the Admiral had been thrown, and was indeed ſo accordant to his own ideas of true gentility, that he heſitated not to believe the opinion Montreville had formed of her, was in every reſpect juſt, as ſhe was, he whiſpered

Seagrove,

Seagrove, not only the moſt beautiful, but the fineſt bred woman he had lately ſeen.

Captain Seagrove, whoſe regard for Montreville was little inferior to that of his grandfather, ſaw the lady and the tranſaction in a different light. Hugging between a young man and young woman, as he called the poſition in which our heroine and Montreville were ſurpriſed, had, he ſaid, but one meaning; and a wench who could ſubmit to it, without at leaſt bluſhing, was fit for all weathers.

Roſa now particularly addreſſed the rough diamond, to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged; but inſtead of the blunt good humour which had left an impreſſion of the goodneſs of his heart on her recollection, he haſtily averted his eyes, which had been attracted involuntarily by the beauty and elegance of her face and figure, and to all her profeſſions of endleſs gratitude, anſwered with a ſurly, "What cheer? what cheer, young woman?"

Confounded at this behaviour, and abaſhed at the gold-mounted eye-glaſs levelled at her from the Admiral, in deſpite of the politeneſs and good breeding of the reign of Queen Ann, none of which allowed the ſtaring a modeſt woman out of countenance, by the natural organs of ſight, much leſs with the aid of thoſe auxiliaries, without which a modern pair of eyes cannot ſee an inch beyond its neighbour noſe; perhaps conſidering the Admiral's age, ſome people may fancy ſpectacles might have been the leaſt annoying to a bluſhing beauty, but never had his features been ſo diſgraced in the preſence of any female whatever; and no crooked coquet could be more anxious to conceal the ſhoulder pad, than was the veteran beau to keep his ſpectacles from the ken of a woman.

Mr. Montreville perceived Roſa's embarraſſment, and whiſpered the Admiral, whoſe glaſs was withdrawn with ſuch precipitancy, that in his zeal to repair the breach of politeneſs, he dropped both his hat and cane.

Captain Seagrove had always been in the habit of tendering every little attention due to age and ſuperior rank, which ſince he became a commiſſioned officer, the Admiral, with great politeneſs, declined to accept; the

Captain

Captain, as uſual, offered to pick up and reſtore his patron's ſupporter, which, contrary to cuſtom, he was ſuffered to do, without apology, or even acknowledgment.

Whenever Captain Seagrove received an act of civility or tenderneſs, "Thankye, thankye," ſprung from his heart to his lips; when, on the contrary, he conferred an obligation, he was perfectly ſatisfied if the thankye never came; but to loſe the civilities of his old commander, civilities not worth a ſegar till they were miſſed, on account of a girl againſt whom he had conceived what he thought a well grounded diſlike, and againſt whoſe increaſing influence he had a mountain of objections, was too bad; it inflated all the little gall in his diſpoſition, and he retired in high dudgeon to the farther end of the room.

Roſa, charmed with the mild benevolence of the old officer, as he alternately regarded his grandſon and herſelf, found all her attention drawn to him, and did not remark the ill humour of the Captain.

It is true the Admiral's addreſs was ſtiff, his manner formal, and his language too full of compliments to be perfectly underſtood; but the expreſſion of pleaſure which darted from Montreville's fine eyes, communicated an equal degree of placid pleaſure to the countenance of his venerable friend, who could not help regarding with approbation an object on whom his darling looked with ſuch evident delight.

Montreville, recurring to the cauſe of Roſa's emotion at the moment of his entrance, he frankly offered her his protection, till ſhe could ſend to inform her friends of her ſituation, and till the tax laid on her humanity by that unamiable being, whom he was ſorry to call a woman, was removed; he had, he added, a very worthy woman, who did him the favour of reſiding at the Grange, to whom he would with pleaſure introduce her, and who, he was ſure, would do all in her power to retrieve the credit of his houſe, if ſhe would again condeſcend to enter it.

Roſa bowed; but though as little inclined as ever to aſſign the real motives, perſevered in her reſolution not to leave her mother.

Mrs.

Mrs. Garnet's ſituation, ſhe ſaid, was ſuch, as, however ſtrange it might appear, laid an obligation on her, no conſideration could tempt her to wave,—while her life was in doubt, her own ſtation ſhould be in her chamber.

The Admiral was confounded; his eye met the dejected glance of Mr. Montreville's; diſappointment ſat on his brow, and the colour forſook his cheek.

The Admiral reſumed: "He would then remain at the inn; he would himſelf defend her from inſult."

"Avaſt! avaſt! Admiral," cried Seagrove, "you are a little out of your reckoning I believe this bout; for a firſt rate to keep guard on a little cock boat, not worth ballaſt, is, as I take it, a new line of ſervice; beſides you can't turn in out of your own birth, without ſhattering your poor calico carcaſs to atoms; you know you can't; ſo as I ſaid at firſt, if watch muſt be kept, I am the man that's moſt fitteſt for that duty, and I wool do it."

Roſa now underſtood, to her great mortification, ſhe was, for what reaſon it was not poſſible for her to conjecture, an object of diſlike to a man for whom ſhe felt a particular eſteem, as beſides the ſervices he had rendered her, his rough manner appeared to cover a tenderneſs of heart and warmth of character no leſs pleaſing than new. After a momentary ſurpriſe, ſhe thanked them for the kindneſs of their intention, but added, that although in the moment Mr. Montreville ſuggeſted the poſſibility of Sir Jacob Lydear's repeating the inſults he had already offered her, ſhe was exceedingly alarmed, yet on reflection ſhe had no doubt of her perſonal ſafety, in a houſe where the countenance of ſo reſpectable a perſon as Admiral Herbert would enſure civility; ſhe therefore hoped, neither he, nor Captain Seagrove would inconvenience themſelves on her account.

The Captain nodded at Roſa and winked at the Admiral; the latter indeed, after the firſt flaſh of expiring gallantry, recollected the debilitated ſtate of his health, and that broken reſt, as well as fatigue, either of mind or body, left him in a painfully enervated condition; he therefore again apologized for the inattention and rudeneſs ſhe experienced at the Grange, which he aſſur-

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ed her, on his ſacred honour, was ſolely occaſioned by buſineſs of more importance than life or death to him, which happened to occur at that period; after which, on the Captain pulling out his watch for the fortieth time, he deſired Montreville to order the carriage; and Roſa, taking a graceful leave, left the room.

On her return to Mrs. Garnet's chamber, ſhe found her eating ſome fine fruit, which Mr. Montreville had directed to be carried thither. Roſa crimſoned with grateful pleaſure at ſo delicate a mark of attention, and paſſed to the window in time to ſee the face and form where every grace of nature ſhone, aſſiſting his aged parent into the carriage, and greeted as he entered it himſelf with the Captain's "Fare ye well, fare ye well."

On perceiving that the Captain returned into the houſe from the door, Roſa regretted he perſiſted in an office ſhe could not help ſuſpecting would be performed with an ill grace, and for which indeed ſhe did not, on cool reflection, ſee the neceſſity; but as his offer to ſtay was made to the Admiral, not to her, ſhe could not aſk an interview of him, and it was not likely he would ſolicit one of her; ſo leaving the matter to its own courſe, ſhe returned to Mrs. Garnet, who though too low to be diſtinctly heard, motioned for more fruit, notwithſtanding the nurſe inſiſted it would hurt her.

When Roſa drew near, Mrs. Garnet, who could not ſpeak her feelings, kiſſed her hand, and preſſed it to her heart, while tears rolled down cheeks more furrowed by intemperance than age.

Roſa was affected; ſhe no longer thought on Montreville; her own tears dropped on the brown hand which graſped hers; and ſeeing the poor ſufferer ſtill caſt a languid glance on the fruit, ſent to the ſurgeon, who anſwered nothing could be more proper for her.

With a ſecret ſenſation of delight ſhe ſat down, and while paring the nectarines and picking the grapes, remembered it was the delicate preſent of Montreville, and doubly dear becauſe medicinal to her mother.

Though Roſa did not ſee Captain Seagrove, ſhe heard him roaring out, Rule Britannia, and Ceaſe rude Boreas, choruſed by a number of as diſcordant voices as his

his own, till he turned in; and Mrs. Garnet being now in a fair way, ſhe undreſſed, for the firſt time ſince the accident; but her fancy was too buſy for ſleep, and involuntarily recurred to a few indeſcribable moments, which, though connected with ſome mortifications, from which they could not be wholly detached, no mortification could repreſs the enthuſiaſtic delirium which accompanied recollection.

She ſaw into the art, if ſo it muſt be called, that by inſpiring her with terror of one object, naturally caſt her for protection on another; but the developement of Mr. Montreville's motive could not excite anger; the Admiral, in whoſe houſe he wiſhed her to be, was one in whom ſhe could of herſelf confide the deareſt intereſts of her life; to her his formality appeared a regular ſyſtem of moral rectitude; his pride, ſhe allowed with a ſigh, was a proper and laudable enthuſiaſm, equally calculated to maintain its own nobility, and prevent its own debaſement; and his tenacious regard for the weaker ſex, the effuſions of that true bravery which would always riſe in defence of the oppreſſed,—in vindication of the ſlandered,—in protection of the weak,—and in redreſs of the injured; it was indeed a ſelection of aromatics from the weeds of the knight of La Manche, the great ſpirit of chivalry refined and moderniſed; and it dreſſed its poſſeſſor in all the attributes of true heroiſm; but oh the pity of it! the pity of it! it might defend, vindicate, protect, and redreſs, but muſt ultimately reject *her*; nothing then remained for her, but to ſtrengthen her heart againſt a faſcination, to which ſhe alone muſt become the victim; to retire into thoſe humble duties that muſt ſupport her in the moſt trying moments; to acquit herſelf in the painful avocation in which ſhe was engaged, to the honour of human nature and the approbation of her own conſcience.

The next day, and the next, brought the Admiral and Mr. Montreville to Pontefract; true, ſhe ſtill reſolved every interview ſhould be the laſt; but when a perſon of the Admiral's age and character came thither on purpoſe to viſit and give her reſpectability, how could ſhe treat him with rudeneſs? or how, when no word th[illegible] ſevereſt prude or moſt ready coquet could miſconſtrue,

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eſcaped Mr. Montreville's lips, could ſhe expoſe herſelf to ridicule, by giving a wrong interpretation to his viſits, and without that interpretation how could ſhe decline them?

Captain Seagrove continued at the inn, and generally attended the Admiral in his viſits to Roſa; but though his diſlike was a little ſoftened, he was far from being cordial to her.

Mr. Montreville's attention and reſpect ſeemed to increaſe every viſit. Roſa had mentioned her having wrote to Mrs. Garnet's huſband, whoſe arrival ſhe anxiouſly expected.

Mr. Garnet had gone to Chatham on the invitation of an old acquaintance, to be preſent at a launch, which by delaying his receipt of the tidings of his wife's misfortune, prevented his arriving as ſoon as he was expected by four days.

At length, to the ſatisfaction of all parties, a poſt-chaiſe from Ferry-Bridge, where the mail ſtopped, ſet him down at Pontefract.

"Roſy, my girl, why Roſy, pretty Roſy! what ails my roſe bud?" was the firſt ſalutation of a little thin pale faced man, about thirty-ſix, to a bloated red faced unwieldy woman, ten years older.

"Oh, Phill!" anſwered the roſe bud, "don't touch me; I am all over broken limbs; and to be ſure little Phill and I ſhould have been both dead and gone, and the Lord have mercy, what would have become of my poor ſoul, had it not been for that ſweet pretty behaved young body, bleſs her dear heart; ſhe is ſuch good company: ſhe has ſaved my life."

"Well then," anſwered Garnet, "ſhe is as good as ſhe is handſome, which I am very glad of, for it's ſeldom the caſe; but Roſe, poor Roſy! come, I know how it happened; thee haſt been ſucking the monkey, I know thee haſt."

"No indeed, Phill, I was ſober as a judge."

"Well but, Roſy, how are the timbers all ſpliced, I hope, poor Roſy! come ſend for the doctor, let's have a overhaul, Roſy; thee ſhan't loſe thy precious limbs, if all the ſhiners in my pocket can ſave them."

And

And it being understood Mr. Garnet had got plenty of shiners, the whole house was in motion; the surgeon was sent for; the timbers examined; and all being pure tight, Mr. Garnet called for a pipe, and soon scented the apartment too strong for Rosa to continue in it; she therefore, in part relieved from the pain and trouble of such close attendance as she had tasked herself to pay her mother, ordered another chamber and retired to it.

Mr. Garnet, with his little thin figure, spoke in the voice of a Stentor; he had a low forehead, short nose, high cheek bones, wide mouth, and strong teeth, which, except in the instant when he was smoaking or eating, were graced with a large quid of tobacco; he wore a dark brown coat, red plush waistcoat, ribbed cotton stockings, square pumps, large heavy silver buckles, a black silk Barcelona handkerchief tied loose over a fringed cravat, a round hat three quarter diameter every way, and his own dark lank hair; he was doatingly fond both of Rosy and little Phill, and very thankful to our heroine for being so well behaved to his wife.

As Mr. Montreville desired the Captain to apprise him of Mr. Garnet's arrival, Ben Gunter, the walley-de-sham was instantly dispatched to the Grange with the news.

"Now then, madam," said the Admiral, on entering the room, where Rosa generally received him, "your occupation is over, and you will do me the honour to make the Grange your home, till you think proper to apprise your friends of your situation; Mrs. Lynn will attend you with my carriage, at whatever hour you please to appoint."

Rosa hesitated, changed colour, and faltered out, what it was plain to understand was a determined negative; and the Admiral, who had looked to this trial as a proof whether she did, or did not really belong to Mrs. Garnet, instantly arose, took his grandson by the arm, bowed with great formality, and followed by the Captain, whose watch was now out, departed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

"A Begging Box," addreſſed to thoſe accompliſhed Authors, who prove the abundance of their own ſuperior knowledge, by writing for Novel readers in a confuſion of tongues, beſeeching them to beſtow their charity on the Beggar Girl, in two lines of Italian from Taſſo, *ſee page 239.*

"REPEAT the twenty-four letters whenever you find your paſſion riſing," ſaid the ſage to Auguſtus.—Had Mr. Montreville done ſo, he would not have had to ride back to Pontefract after ſunſet, through a heavy ſhower of rain.

The Admiral, his privy counſellor the Captain, and his grandſon had held ſeveral conjectural beds of juſtice on Roſa, during her reſidence at Pontefract.

She poſſeſſed, in the Admiral's opinion, the very firſt of female graces, "good breeding."

The Captain allowed ſhe was not given to clapper-clawing; but as to her breeding, he ſuppoſed, like other women, ſhe would ſwear black white, to make her own way.

The Admiral, half offended, reminded him his mother was a woman.

"As to his mother," the Captain replied, "belike the Admiral knew what ſhe was better than him; but as to that ugly wolf at Pontefract—"

"Ugly!" Mr. Montreville proteſted her eye would illume the darkeſt cell.

That the Captain granted, becauſe a cat's eye would do exactly the ſame; but if her trim was as good as the old Terrible; if ſhe was as fair as a lily, as ſtraight as a mainmaſt, and as briſk as one Miſs Molly Gum, when he firſt ſaw her walking Portſmouth walls, thirty years ago, what did it all argufy, ſeeing as how a man's word was his ſheet anchor.

"God forbid!" ſaid the Admiral, placing his right hand on his breaſt, "any of us ſhould break the ſacred pledge

pledge of honour; but there can be no reaſon why a man who is engaged to one woman, ſhould not admire another."

"Well," I don't ſay there is," anſwered the Captain, "but this I wool ſay, Horace has got a hankering after this wench, and I don't ſay there is any harm in that neither; when he is as heavy a ſailor as Tom Seagrove, and as old as you, Admiral, he'll alter his courſe; but it is eaſier to prevent than to ſtop a leak."

With this wiſe axiom the converſations generally ended, till this day, when after a ſilent ride home, the Captain called for his grog, and having ſwallowed a half pint bumper, hoped Montreville was now tired of his wild gooſe chace, and bid him not look ſo glum.

"If I look glum, as you call it," replied Horace, "it is at your unprovoked invectives againſt ſo lovely a woman as Miſs Walſingham."

"To be ſure, Tom, illiberality to a fine woman is inexcuſable," joined the Admiral.

"Pity you can't add, with good blood in her veins; pity you can't ſay that, Admiral," retorted the Captain.

"Well, to confeſs the truth, Tom, I do think it is a pity; I muſt ſay ſhe is the fineſt bred, moſt faſcinating woman I have lately ſeen; if ſhe was not ſo meanly connected as I now am convinced ſhe is, and if Horace could be honourably off—"

Montreville's ſoul was on fire; it was not till this moment he clearly underſtood the extent of his own ſecret wiſhes; and he ſprung to the feet of his aged parent, who in accents of kindneſs thus pourtrayed his own ſentiments:

"Horace, my dear boy! my beloved Horace!" cried the Admiral, raiſing him, "I feel, I feel your thoughts; but indeed, my dear fellow, to raiſe a mere ſtrolling beauty to your mother's place, and cruelly to inſult an innocent lady—"

"Oh, Sir," anſwered Montreville, "be aſſured I can do neither; I dare not abuſe your indulgence, and ſhould deſerve to be branded for a villain, if I held light an engagement which—"

"Is,"

"Is," interrupted the Admiral, "not leſs an engagement becauſe thoſe to whom it was made cannot claim it."

"I feel it all, my dear Sir," replied Montreville, "but ſince your opinion of Miſs Walſingham ſanctifies mine, I confeſs my ſoul is devoted to her; I regret an infatuation I cannot reſiſt, and ſurely in ſuch a caſe it is far more honourable to avow the truth than impoſe on an amiable young woman, by making profeſſions I do not feel; I have not yet had the honour of ſeeing her; ſhe is equally a ſtranger to me; her choice may happen to be already made, and if not, ſhe will be ſo great a gainer in point of fortune by defection."

"In that caſe," replied the Admiral, after a ſerious pauſe, "you muſt frankly let her know your heart was loſt before; nay, indeed my opinion is, you had better write without ſeeing her. The moſt unpardonable inſult to a pair of bright eyes is to declare yourſelf invulnerable to their ſhafts, what ſay you, Tom?"

"Say! I ſay 'tis a tale of a tub, about ſuch ſtuff as hearts and eyes, and if you wool look one way, and ſteer another, why you wool; but I ſhall be glad to know when you have cheated the devil, and thrown his cap at him by this ſhabby come off; what's to be done then? you won't let him make a Counteſs of this travelling beauty, and a lady of honour of the old hull her companion, wool ye? you won't go far to empty all your bags into the pockets of judges and lawyers, to make a lady of a vagabond, wool ye? you won't ſarve all your grand aunts and couſins ſo ſcurvily as that, wool ye?"

Mr. Montreville aroſe in an agony of paſſion.

"Captain Seagrove!" ſaid he, in a voice half ſmothered by his feelings.

"Mr. Montreville!" anſwered the Captain, "you may flounder and ſhift your ſtation, but I wool ſpeak the truth; if your noble mother was living, I know ſhe would thank me; ſhe was noble in herſelf, without any help from lords and ladies; poor girl, it would have been well for her ſhe had never known any of them; and there's your old grandfather, as good a ſeaman as ever ſtepped from ſtem to ſtern; what do you do, but hear

ome to make him a laughing block; I ſay you do; or this here's the caſe; here has he been ſtuffing his wn head, and other people's too, with a curſed tough lory about jukes and lords, and the Lord knows what, ll of his kindred; and here in his old age, what does ou, but gets him to father all your fooleries; and ſo s I ſaid, make himſelf the laughing block, by taking lady out of a barn, and throw dirt on the memory of our benefactor; I ſay you do; Tom Seagrove's no inchier; he's no fiſh for ſmooth water; I ſpeak the ruth; and if you don't like it, lump it, that's all my oy."

The variety of feelings aggravated by the effect Captain Seagrove's eloquence, harſh as it was, had on the ld Admiral, which agitated Montreville, during this ong harangue, ſubſided into a ſettled compoſure. Towards the concluſion, "Have you done, Sir?" ſaid he, n Captain Seagrove taking breath.

"No, Sir, I have not done, I, I, yes I have done; ſhall ſay no more, Sir, to *you*."

"Why then, Sir, I ſhall ſay to *you*, and to my dear aternal friend this, that I adore Miſs Walſingham, is ertain—"

"Nothing can be more natural," joined the Admiral.

"Pſhaaaw!" cried the Captain, trebling the ſound of he a in his throat.

"But do not imagine, that if I were ſure of being ccepted by her, which I am not—"

"Pſhaaw!" again exclaimed the Captain, "tell her ou are going to be a lord, ſhe'll ſtrike at the firſt ſumons."

"I cannot think ſo meanly of ſo lovely a woman," id the Admiral.

"Ah!" ſighed Montreville, "ſo convinced am I of er innate worth, ſo entirely confident of her delicacy, er family, and her connexions, that I here pledge my onour, if on a full explanation ſhe does not prove in ery reſpect, except fortune, mind I accept money."

"'Tis not to be named in the ſame breath with a fine oman; periſh the droſs, when put in competition with beauty,"

beauty," and the Admiral raiſed himſelf perpendicular in his chair.

"Money! 'twas mere lumber," the Captain ſaid; "he never was ſo miſerable in his life as when he was cheſting it up, nor ſo happy as ſince he got rid of beſt part on't."

"Well then with that exception I ſwear to you not to aſk her heart till I am convinced it is ſuch a one as the favoured deſcendant of my honoured parent, the ſon of the noble Magdalena, and the heir of a Britiſh peerage, ought to accept."

"Horace, my dear Horace," cried the Admiral, affected to weakneſs, "two things I beg of you; make no raſh vows, and do not name Magdalena; the one may hurt you, the other unmans me. Think again; the power of a beautiful woman neither is nor ought to be ſhaken off at pleaſure; the more you admire this young lady, the more difficult you will find it to reſign her; ſhe may be virtuous, we perceive ſhe is well bred; but I exact no oath, I lay no commands on you, my ſon, but that you act with delicacy and honour towards the lady you were ſo reſolved to marry, before you ſaw this fine creature."

"Yes," joined the Captain, "and let it be ſoon too, for fear the poor girl ſhould loſe the opportunity of ſtriking to another commander; and ſo good night; if you give me your hand, and ſay I know Tom Seagrove is my friend, why do; if ye don't, why don't, that's all."

After this ſpeech, need we ſay they parted friends?

Though the evening ſucceeding the laſt converſation was very wet, Mr. Montreville rode to Pontefract, where he was ſurpriſed at being accoſted by Mr. Garnet, entreating him to perſuade the young woman, who had been ſo good to poor Roſy, to ſtop a bit longer, for that after he and his company left the inn, ſhe told him and his wife, that now ſhe would give up her office, and ſet off for London.

It is hardly poſſible to define Mr. Montreville's feelings at this intelligence: His paſſion for Roſa was, as he thought the object of it, unalterably pure; he fancied he diſcovered in her, not only the beauty, but the goodne

oodneſs of an angel; the new ſenſation which throb-
ed in his heart conſtituted all his happineſs; it influ-
nced his mind, his temper; he could conceive no bliſs
qual to the guiltleſs exceſs of the paſſion that tranſport-
d him, nor any torture equal to its privation; in the
reſence of Roſa it was impoſſible for him ſo far to de-
ch his ideas from the faſcination that arreſted both his
es and ears, as to think on what might have paſſed, or
hat might be yet to come; it was enough that the
joyments of the preſent were blameleſs and delight-
l; he wiſhed her gone from the Garnets, but dreaded
ſeparation from himſelf, and while waiting to ſee her,
peated,

" Ah cruel love! thou bane of every joy,
" Whoſe pains or ſweets alike our peace deſtroy;"

d it is impoſſible to deſcribe his admiration, ſurpriſe,
d pleaſure, when hearing her enter, he turned, and
held the arch look and graceful gaiety with which ſhe
ntinued the two next lines in the original language. *

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

" You ſpeak Italian!"
" Not well!"
" You read it!"
" Something better; my harp maſter was an Ita-
n; and he inſiſted I ſhould never ſing with expreſſion
I was perfect in that language; it was indeed in
opinion right to give the Italian expreſſion even to
gliſh muſic."
The mind of Montreville towered even to the ſkies.
What! a pretty ſtroller! the companion of a vulgar
emperate woman! play the harp! ſing ſcientifically!
ſpeak Italian!" He could not ſpeak, tears of plea-
e ſwam in his eyes; all doubts in reſpect to her con-
ions done way by this diſcovery of her accompliſh-
nts; what was it of rapture he did not at that inſtant
el!

* " Still equal woes from thee mankind endure;
" Fatal thy wound, and fatal is thy cure."

" You

"You speak of singing," said he; "come, you will not dare convince me your practice is inferior to your theory."

"I will dare do no such thing," replied she, with modest confidence; "inattention to the pains and expence bestowed on my education would have been ingratitude; I had besides a noble reward then in view; a sense of obligation excited emulation; I wished to excel, because I knew that would be the best return I could"—

Rosa's heart was on her lips, and her natural frankness would have been restrained by nothing but her feelings; she had indeed but a very slight recollection of Colonel Buhanun's person, but his actions were ever fresh in her memory, and so far from being humbled in her own estimation, by repeating to the whole world obligations so dear and binding; she considered every honour paid to his memory as reflecting some degree of credit on herself; since to have been so truly beloved, and so eminently distinguished by such a worthy character, implied some merit in the object of his regard; but that key to her former and present situation, which she was on the point of giving to the anxious Montreville, must be followed by a developement from which her heart shrunk; had it been only the forlorn state of her infancy, and the charity of her benefactors, with what ease could she have made the disclosure; but to prove herself daughter to a woman so abhorred by the whole Grange connexion, so little beloved by herself, that, she could never do.

While these reflections were passing in her mind, her eyes were cast down, but when on raising them she beheld Montreville glowing with expectant curiosity, and suspected the disappointment he would feel at her sudden recollection, her cheeks flushed, and a gentle sigh moved the muslin on her bosom.

The emanation of fond affection glowed on Montreville's cheek, while his heart sunk in disappointment.

"Come," said he, affecting gaiety, "to the proof."

"If you mean to ask me to sing," replied Rosa, "I will oblige you, though I have been long out of tune."

Montreville bowed.

"Wh

"What do you like? ſhall it be Adagio or Allegro?"

"When I have heard both I ſhall judge."

"Indeed!"

How it happened, as Roſa had really, as ſhe ſaid, been long out of tune, Cupid alone can tell, but her voice was never in better tone, nor did ſhe ever run the cadences of a very beautiful and difficult Italian penſeroſo air with more taſte, melody, and ſcience.

Montreville continued in the attitude of liſtening after the ſong was ended,

"Well," ſhe aſked after a pauſe, "do you like that, or ſhall I give you an allegro?"

"Exquiſite! lovely creature!" cried he, ſuddenly riſing.

Roſa, ſurpriſed, alſo aroſe.

"No," ſaid he, ſnatching her hand, and preſſing it to his heart, "ſweet enchantreſs, I can bear no more; no, you make my ſenſes ache; I leave you; I dare not truſt myſelf any longer till——adieu."

"Till," repeated Roſa, after he left the room, "till what?"

She haſtened to the window, and beheld him vault into his ſaddle and gallop off before his ſervant could mount; her eyes were ſtill bent on the road he had taken, but her heart was in tumults; all her former arguments and reſolutions recurred, if ſhe continued to ſee and be entertained by this charming man, there appeared but one alternative before her, the extravagance of love, or the death of deſpair; the ecſtacy he evinced at diſcovering ſhe had been well educated; the haſte he was in to communicate thoſe diſcoveries; what, alas! did it prove, but that both he and his friends had held her in mean eſtimation? how indeed could they do otherwiſe? a young perſon of her age and her ſex, even her accompliſhments told againſt her; to be travelling alone; to have caſually offered herſelf to fill a dependant ſituation in a family of whom ſhe had never before heard; to leave that family in company with a woman whoſe conduct was a diſgrace to her ſex; to be inſulted; and after being reſcued, ſtill to remain under protection of ſtrangers, all men; no active relative to appeal to, no

ſettled home, no expecting friends to ſpeak of, but to continue in an inn with people of whom ſhe was ſo much aſhamed; ah! what could explain her conduct and ſituation, but that diſcovery which would not only end her connection with Montreville, but end it with contempt on his ſide, and ſhame on her's?

Mr. Garnet was a ſort of man who loved his wife and child; had a large quantity of ſhiners, and knowing, as he ſaid, every guinea went for twenty-one ſhillings, valued himſelf on his independence, without giving himſelf the leaſt trouble about the liking or diſliking of the world, and would not take a whiff of tobacco the leſs or more, no, not for his favourite General Waſhington; he was civil to Roſa at firſt, becauſe ſhe had been kind to his Roſy, and he continued ſo, becauſe ſhe really had an irreſiſtible ſuavity of manner about her, which added to her remarkable ſweetneſs of countenance and ſymmetry of perſon, inſpired what friendſhip his heart was capable of feeling; but his vulgar converſation, and his ſelf-loving, ſelf-opinionated manners, were ſo new and ſo entirely diſagreeable, that even Mrs. Garnet's company was pleaſant in compariſon of his; this then was another objection to the making herſelf known to her mother, ſince it was not merely an hour, day, or a week, it was the fate of her whole life that depended on the conduct of the preſent moment, ſince ſhe either muſt ſink to their low habits, or they riſe to her refinement; the firſt her ſoul recoiled againſt, the laſt was impoſſible; the alternative therefore was obvious.

Mr. Garnet ſmoked all his pipes by his wife's bed, who was now recovering very faſt, and Roſa had already ſignified her intentions to leave Pontefract; ſo diſtracted indeed was her mind, and ſo eager was ſhe to eſcape from the mortifications which threatened to environ her, that the act had moſt probably preceded the notice, had not the fatal embargo ſtill continued on her purſe; and while Mr. Montreville was engaged in rapturous deſcription of her charming accompliſhments, to which were attached his abſolute certainty that ſhe was a woman of ſuperior family and connexions, ſhe was in the moſt mortifying embarraſſment how to raiſe a few guineas, to carry

carry her from the only relative ſhe knew, into a world where ſhe was an unprotected unique.

She aroſe after a ſleepleſs night, with the reflections of the preceding evening ſtill impreſſed on her mind, and had the reſolution to decline ſeeing Mr. Montreville, who was at Pontefract before ſhe rung her bell. Dejected by the painful neceſſity of incurring obligations, where her heart revolted from an acknowledged duty, as ſhe had no poſſible means of ſupplying the expence of her journey, but borrowing of Mr. Garnet, after viſiting her mother, ſhe buſied herſelf in arranging her few wearables, and endeavouring to reconcile pride to neceſſity.

In the afternoon a ſecond meſſage was delivered from Mr. Montreville, by his old friend the chambermaid; and finding he ſeemed diſpoſed to keep his ſtation till he had an interview, ſhe at length met him at the tea table, where he had the evening before ſipped not tea, but nectar with her.

Mr. Montreville was now in his twenty-ſixth year; his figure, face, and deportment, a happy combination of elegance, grace, and grandeur; and added to theſe "a lover is a more than ordinary being; he is full of a divinity which ſpeaks and acts within him; there is no accompliſhment, no virtue, no heroiſm which he is not capable of attaining while in the ſtate of inſpiration, and in the ſight of his beloved."

Whether Horace had not been in the habit of mixing with accompliſhed women, or whether this was the predeſtined hour of ſerious paſſion, certain it is, Roſa's heart had not been more free from attachment than his own; and having laboured very hard to convince his friends at the Grange that the lovely Roſa was virtuous, well born, and finely educated; and having alſo, with that facile rapidity which is ſure to ſmooth every difficulty in the way of youthful fancy, made it extremely clear, that the lady to whom he was by honour bound would be abundantly better pleaſed with a whole fortune, and her own free election, than to ſhare it with a huſband whom ſhe did not know, and had probably no curioſity about, he brought with him the permiſſion of the Admiral to addreſs her, and the but half cordial wiſhes of the Captain for his ſucceſs.

Mr. Montreville had a manner of enforcing ſerious ſubjects peculiar to himſelf; he pleaded his paſſion and avowed his ſincerity in terms equally ſimple and urgent; had he been addreſſing the verieſt coquet in nature, it would not have been eaſy for her to affect either to diſbelieve, or not underſtand he was pleading for more than life.

Our heroine could not doubt a truth confirmed by every ſpeaking feature; he implored her to give him hope; his happineſs depended on her lips, and he awaited their ſentence with the agonies of a culprit.

A thouſand different ſenſations crowding on her mind, took from Roſa all power to ſpeak; once, and but once before, ſhe had been addreſſed by a lover; but how different were her feelings then and now! ſhe had not yet learned to act a part; her eyes beamed tenderneſs on her kneeling lover; her lips ſevered, but no voice was heard; her hands, which he paſſionately embraced, trembled, and what hope ſuch emotions could inſpire, was Montreville's.

Enchanted by a ſilence which conveyed more delight than the higheſt grace of elocution; he ſpoke of his happineſs as an event he might be permitted to expect; told her his proſpects were yet more brilliant than that of ſucceeding to the fortune of his venerable grandfather; that he was the actual and rightful heir to a Britiſh peerage; that he had been defrauded of his birthright by means ſo diſgraceful, that he had every reaſon to expect, from the offers of accommodation already made, his adverſaries would come to any terms rather than have their dark actions expoſed; but as this was an uncertainty, more particularly as one circumſtance remained to be elucidated, on which a moſt material part of his proof depended, he would only offer to her acceptance two thouſand pounds a-year, the Admiral had ſettled on him during life, and the certainty of his whole fortune, at a period he hoped would be long, long ere it arrived, beſides a fortune he was taught to believe, ſtill larger, in right of his mother's family.

Roſa was painfully flattered, but her heart bounded not like Montreville's with hope; ſhe heſitatingly, and in

in a faint voice faltered out ſomething about the Admiral's permiſſion, which was eagerly anſwered in the affirmative. He was the moſt noble and generous of men, and would apply to any of *her friends* ſhe would condeſcend to name, not on a pecuniary expectation, but merely to avow the pleaſure he ſhould feel in the alliance.

Roſa rather groaned than ſighed.

Montreville ſtarted; but perceiving her downcaſt eye was fixed, he proceeded to ſay, her manners, her ſentiments, her education, were vouchers for the eligibility of her connexions; the Admiral was a great family man, hers, if genial with herſelf, might confer honour, but could receive none.

"Good God! Miſs Walſingham," he exclaimed, at ſeeing the blood retreat from her cheeks and lips, in the inſtant that ſhe fell off her chair.

He rung the bell; the waiter and maid ſervants appeared; a cold perſpiration bedewed her face; ſhe was lifted up, her laces were cut, and air let into the room, but the fit continued ſo obſtinate, that Mrs. Garnet's ſurgeon was ſent for, who breathed a vein, which had the deſired effect; ſhe revived, hid her face, and burſt into tears.

"The young lady," ſaid the ſurgeon, "has really fatigued herſelf ſo much, and her delicate form ſeems ſo little adapted to endure it, that I wonder this has not happened before."

Mr. Montreville had remonſtrated with as much earneſtneſs as he could preſume to uſe, againſt the unremitting attention Roſa paid Mrs. Garnet, the cloſe confinement, want of air, and anxiety ſhe had undergone, might well affect her; but there was a hopeleſs anguiſh in the expreſſion of her countenance the inſtant before ſhe fainted, and a burſt of grief ſo moving when ſhe caſt her eyes on him after her recovery, that notwithſtanding all the flattering omens he drew from the tenderneſs ſhe betrayed, the truth ſunk deep into his heart, that there really was a concealed myſtery about her, which menaced deſtruction to his peace.

The ſurgeon deſired ſhe might be left to her repoſe; and Montreville having ſolemnly pledged his word to return to the Grange that night, meaſured back in heavineſs

vineſs and anguiſh the tedious ſteps over which he had flown in the morning on wings of hope and expectation.

As ſoon as Roſa was aſſured he was gone, ſhe ſent for Mr. Garnet; he had been profuſe in his thanks for her care of his Roſy; offered to preſent her with his own maſſy gold watch; was hurt when ſhe refuſed it; and moreover ſhe had ſeen him take a handful of ſhiners out of his leather trunk, and put them looſe into his waiſt-coat pocket.

"Well, my girl," quoth Mr. Garnet, as he approached the bed, "and how goes it with thee now? thee beeſt a poor ſhadow of a thing, fit only for fair weather; come, chear up, have a good heart, and make thyſelf happy till Roſy is able to be jogging, then we'll all bundle off together; what I warrant thee won't diſlike our cabin; we have got a long garden and ſummer houſe, and china bowls thee may ſwim in; and Roſy's got as nice as wax now; her tables and chairs be like looking glaſſes; we had a few tugs at firſt, for ſhe was a little ſluttiſh when I married her, but ſhe's a goodiſh wench in the main, if one keeps a ſharp look out after her, elſe ſhe will ſup the monkey, more's the pity."

Mr. Garnet was all this while employed; he had his chair to reach, his hat to hang up, and his pipe to fill; ſo the freſh flood of impatient tears, which Roſa ſhed on her pillow, was unnoticed.

After many vain attempts to ſpeak, ſhe aſſumed ſpirit to ſay, that as her affairs abſolutely called her to London, ſhe would thank Mr. Garnet to lend her five guineas, which in addition to the trifle in her purſe, ſhe calculated would carry her to town.

"Five guineas!" repeated Garnet, "thee ſhall not want five, no, nor ten guineas, when we ſhow our faces in Paradiſe-ſtreet; what ſhould thee be in a hurry to go to London for? thee haſt no friends there, elſe they would inquired after thee before now; beſides thee have got a ſweetheart, and that's all thy heart can deſire."

Stung at the terms on which Mr. Garnet's friendſhip was to be purchaſed; her heart, ready to burſt at the natural and juſt concluſion in reſpect to her friends, and indignant at the idea of a *ſweetheart's* being a neceſſary appendage to her happineſs, Roſa's firſt emotions were anger

anger and contempt; but "the Admiral's application to *her friends*," recurred; her brain was on fire.

"For God's ſake, Sir," cried ſhe, "do not diſtreſs me; I ſhould be truly happy to oblige Mrs. Garnet, but——"

"*But you won't*," interrupted Garnet; "well, my girl, I can ſay no as well as you; one good turn deſerves another; you ſerve me, I ſerve you; that's the way I got my ſhiners, and that's the way I mean to keep them, and ſo good night."

The anguiſh of this diſappointment was the more keen as it was wholly unexpected; but her unabating eagerneſs to eſcape from the tender importunities of Mr. Montreville, and the application of the Admiral to *her friends*, preſerved her ſpirits from being totally ſubdued by her ſituation; ſhe muſt go ten miles before ſhe could procure the regular conveyance to London; the chamber-maid had, among her other undeſired communications, mentioned the carriage in which ſhe came from Northampton to Sheffield, which was that majeſtic moving vehicle a ſtage waggon; no matter, an eſcape from Montreville, from herſelf, was all ſhe had at heart; and as there was no hardſhip or difficulty not criminally deſperate, but what was preferable to remaining where ſhe was in her preſent ſituation; ſhe rung for the girl, and led to her waggon adventures, but again mortification and diſmay was her portion; this was Friday; no waggon paſſed within ten miles till the Tueſday following.

Roſa cloſed her eyes, and with a bitter groan diſmiſſed the girl.

Thus agonized, ſtanding at it were alone in a world where, turn which way ſhe would, difficulties and diſtreſs encompaſſed her; as a laſt and deſperate reſource, ſhe half formed a reſolution to diſcover herſelf to her mother, and implore her aſſiſtance; from this ſtep however her heart inſtantly recoiled; to own her conſanguinity would be to bind herſelf in ſlavery to the folly of an intemperate mother, and the whimſical tyranny of her huſband; to be the ſtationed companion of vulgarity, and to have her ears ſhocked, her feelings wounded, and her underſtanding outraged every hour of the day.

Wearied with a thouſand ſchemes which ſhe was obliged to reject as ſoon as formed, without abating her ardent deſire to leave the ſcene of ſo many complicated evils, ſleep at length cloſed her eyes, and her ſorrows were ſunk in the "honey heavy dew of ſlumber."

CHAP. XVII.

"If there be a ſtyle which never becomes obſolete,—a certain "mode of phraſeology ſo conſonant and congenial to the analogy "and principles of its reſpective language, as to remain ſettled "and unaltered; this ſtyle is probably to be ſought in the common "intercourſe of life, among thoſe who ſpeak only to be under-"ſtood, without ambition of elegance."

MR. MONTREVILLE had in the mean time reached the Grange, with look and manner ſo different from what he had ſhewn when he left it in the morning, as greatly alarmed the Admiral and his friend.

In his impatience to atone for his abrupt departure from Pontefract the preceding day, he had braved a ſummer ſtorm, and by ſitting in his damp clothes, while his mind was enraptured with the diſcovery of Roſa's accompliſhments, laid the foundation of a ſevere cold, which was now ſo increaſed by returning with the reins on his horſe's neck, again expoſed to the inclemency of the weather, that when he got home it was difficult to ſay which was moſt diſordered, his mind or body.

Mr. Montreville was beloved, as well as reſpected, by his grandfather's domeſtics; they all ſhared in their maſter's concern; and poor Chriſtiana was inconſolable when the Admiral, after attentively feeling his pulſe, declared he had no ſmall degree of fever.

A ſervant was diſpatched for a doctor, and the affectionate grandfather inſiſted on occupying an arm chair on one ſide of the bed, while Seagrove, with a diſmal phiz, ſat at the other, and while Montreville, with an aching head, ſore throat, and heavy heart, wiſhed for nothing

nothing ſo much as to be left to a dark room and his own reflections.

"I can't help fearing," ſaid the Admiral, in a half whiſper and half groan, "that fine creature at Pontefract has made my poor Horace uneaſy to-day."

"Very like," replied the Captain, in the ſame key; "the only way to go heart whole through the boiſterous voyage of life, is to ſteer clear of the mermaids."

"Dear Tom, your ideas are a little groſs; I beg your pardon."

"Ye have it, Admiral,—ye have it heartily."

Montreville ſighed; had he been diſpoſed to reſt, the converſation of his friends was not calculated to promote it.

"What ſhall I do for you, my dear ſon?" aſked the Admiral tenderly.

"Do!" cried Seagrove, "the only thing any body can do to pleaſe him, is to get him the girl,—I can ſee that plain enough."

"She is certainly an adorable creature," whiſpered the Admiral, "and nothing is ſo touching to a ſenſible mind, as the Italian language ſpoken by a beautiful woman."

"As to the lingo," replied Seagrove, "though I have been ſo many times at Leghorn, I can't ſay as I know much about it; it ſeemed to me mighty whining ſing ſong ſort of ſtuff; the only thing I liked in it was the proverb our linguiſt interpreted, of "Deeds are men, and words are women;" however 'tis better from beautiful women than beautiful men, that I can't deny; but as to the good on't, give me plain old Engliſh."

Mr. Montreville was relieved from a converſation he could neither bear nor forbear, by the arrival of the doctor; but, though he inſiſted on the neceſſity of leaving the patient to his ſervant, it was with difficulty the Admiral could be perſuaded to retire to his own chamber.

"I am afraid," ſaid he, ſhaking hands with the Captain, "my poor Horace has not been a ſucceſsful wooer."

"Poh! poh! Admiral, you are out in your reckoning; I'll be bound 'tis but aſk and have."

"I think she could not refuse him."

"She refuse! she has more wit; she refuse Horace Montreville! the handsomest dog in the county,—Admiral Herbert's heir, and a lord by the grace of God; she refuse! she be—".

The Captain stopped, and having reached his own chamber, paced it up and down, ruminating on Horace and the cause of his illness; he perceived there was something which had vexed and disconcerted him; he had no idea of a sentiment that could restrain a man from telling a woman he liked her, if he really did so, though he was always astonished when he fancied there were men who took that trouble for the joke's sake; he by no means approved of his young friend breaking his engagement, yet if he would run a-head, why he might as well strike in among the breakers of folly, as founder in the sea of despondence; so he resolved to lend him a hand, and break the affair to the young woman himself.

The Captain being on horseback at day break, arrived at Pontefract by the time the house was stirring, and immediately ordered Rosa to be called, as he had particular business with her. Rosa started; "Business!" she repeated, as she hurried her dress, and sat down every second, to endeavour at that composure it was impossible to attain, and conscious of the imbecility of all her attempts, she at length reached the room where the Captain waited to see her.

He saluted her with a sort of affectionate "Howd'ye," instead of the surly, "What cheer, what cheer," she had been used to from him, and seeing her stand agitated and irresolute, even reached her a chair.

The Captain had left the Grange resolved to come to the point with Rosa, and the last thing he apprehended was the failure of his courage or resolution; but he had not been in the habit of feeling his rough nature softened and awed by the tenderness and delicacy of a modest woman; this however really happened now, and his confusion was as new as the sentiment which caused it.

Rosa, more alarmed at his silence than even by his visit, sat in painful expectation of hearing the motive of both, and at length raising her eyes with an expression

both

both of ſadneſs and curioſity, met his not leſs mild, though leſs expreſſive ones, fixed on her face, but her glance of inquiry produced no ſatisfactory reply; the Captain wondered what was the matter with himſelf; ſure, thought he, I have not got a locked jaw; and he raiſed his hard brown hand to his no leſs weather beaten face, to make ſure all was right.

"You had particular buſineſs with me, Captain Seagrove," at length faltered Roſa.

"Buſineſs! why, ay, Miſs, I have ſomething to ſay to you." And the ice being broke, he went on with increaſing courage. "Buſineſs about young Montreville: You muſt know, Miſs, he made home laſt night in a very ſcurvy condition, looking as if he had loſt his weather gage."

"I am very ſorry, Sir, but—"

"Well, I know that; you could not help his glum looks, though your own are little better; but as I was ſaying, 'tis a curſed fooliſh courſe he has been ſteering ever ſince the unlucky ſquall that brought us along-ſide of you, and that ugly old hulk; but you ſay ſhe is nothing to you, only belike a conſort you picked up by accident; and ſo much the better, for as I ſaid to the old Admiral, who though a little proud and finical, is as good a ſeaman as ever reefed a topſail; to be ſure he will yaw a parcel of nonſenſe about jukes and lords, and them ſort of fandangus trumpery, and puts a parcel of gibberiſh whims into the head of all the women he falls in with; but then his heart is as ſound as a biſcuit; I have ſailed, man and boy, with him, forty years, reckoning the time I have laid to in his wake at the Grange; and whenever the old boy ſlips his cable, not a man of the whole crew will wiſh to ſtay behind him."

Roſa liſtened to this ſcarce intelligible harangue, out of which ſhe could ſelect nothing that particularly intereſted herſelf, except the Admiral's "nonſenſe about jukes and lords."

The Captain's verboſity and feeling always went together; he was now wiping a tear off his ſun burnt cheek, which gave his hard countenance a grace Roſa thought it greatly wanted.

"But

"But as to that," he continued, "why we muſt all kick the bucket one time or another; and as I was ſaying, what with rich prizes, and honeſt agents, and there's a plentiful ſcarcity of them there cattle, I can tell you, Miſs, whenever Horace gets the Grange, he'll find every part well ſtowed; and beſides that, Miſs, why he's right heir to a lord; his father was a lubberly ſon of a——; but as the Admiral ſays 'tis bad manners to ſwear before the women, becauſe, poor ſouls, that's talking in a lingo they can't underſtand, except indeed ſuch old hulks as your conſort, and I dare ſay ſhe's up to every thing; however Horace's father deſerved to be brought to the gangway every ſecond bell, and that indeed was too good for him; for why, my greyhound takes care of her young, and he wanted to deſtroy his own ſon, or what is nearly the ſame thing, to cheat him out of his ſtation; but however if roguery be a prime ſailer at ſetting out, the keel gets ſo curſedly foul, that the fine clean copper bottom of juſtice is ſure firſt or laſt to bring it to,—and ſo much the better ſay I, Miſs."

"Mr. Montreville's mother, Sir, I underſtand," ſaid Roſa, who now was ſufficiently intereſted in the Captain's diſcourſe, "was the Admiral's daughter."

"Yes, Miſs, and a fine tight well jointed girl, they ſay, ſhe was; the old boy did not care much about her, while his ſon, a pickle young dog, lived, and ſhe poor girl! was brought up among the papiſhes with her old aunt, and there ſhe run away with that black hearted neger Horace's father; and no wonder for an Engliſh girl to ſtrike to a countryman, that we all know well enough; but ſhe might as well have been laſhed to a wherry in the bay of Biſcay; if the old boy had believed ſhe was married, he could not have been angry in his heart, becauſe why, the ſpark was kin to ſome of the tiptops of his own kindred, and as it happened, the rot got into the noble ſtock; ſo this younker ſtarted up like a muſhroom in one night, to be a lord; and then what does the ſhaberoon, but ſhy off, and ſwear he was never married, juſt as if it ſignified a rope's end whether he were or no, if he promiſed, and ſhe, poor girl! believed; ſo then the old boy turned her, and her young

one,

one, that ſtrapping fellow Horace, that is now, quite adrift, and never thought of either till his ſon, young pickle, was ſhot; then he would have given all he had in the world, and himſelf into the bargain, to hear of his daughter; but what the devil ſignifies my telling you this long rig-marole ſtory?—what I had to ſay was about Horace."

"And what, Sir, have you been ſaying but about him?"

"Ay, ay, 'tis about him in the long run, to be ſure; ſo you ſee, Miſs, we light on him hap hazard; as to his mother, poor woman, ſhe has long ſince foundered; but here's the caſe, the young man, my lord as will be, as ill-luck would have it, juſt as he was ſetting ſail, on the look out for another young woman, quite a galleon richly laden with gowld, jewels, and precious ſtones, he falls in with you and that old hulk, and nothing will ſarve him but he muſt break his word to t'other young woman and marry you,—curſed cakiſh, is it not, Miſs?"

There are circumſtances and events under which, be it ever ſo well prepared, the heart cannot harden itſelf; and it is one of the moſt painful and mortifying circumſtances annexed to reduced fortune, that it renders the ſufferer tremblingly alive to the manner in which they are treated by the more fortunate; they feel ſlights never offered, and reſent offences never meant. Montreville's ſtory, though related in ſuch an uncouth and unconnected manner, affected Roſa; her tears dropped on the ſorrows of his unfortunate mother, and it was with difficulty ſhe could repreſs the emotions of compaſſion every word reſpecting himſelf excited, till Seagrove mentioned his former engagement, and the miſadventure of his falling in with her; when, conceiving him to be an emiſſary of the Admiral, and that the tale, which, though prolix, ſhe had found intereſting, was actually intended to humble the vanity which the attention of his heir might have naturally raiſed, and at once put an end to her preſumptuous hope, by contraſting the views of his friends, his high rank, fortune, and noble expectations, with the meanneſs, the ambiguity, and wretchedneſs of hers:—

All

All the haughtineſs attendant on conſcious rectitude inflamed her heart; her eyes ſparkled with indignation; the emanations of a mind formed to enjoy and bear privations with equal dignity, ſhone in her countenance; ſhe aroſe, and was proceeding towards the door, when Seagrove, totally unconſcious of offence, aroſe likewiſe, and walking with her to the end of the room, put his arm under hers, and turned her back with a motion ſo unexpected, that ſhe had no power to ſpeak her anger or ſurpriſe. He reſumed his diſcourſe during this ſpace, and continued that, as well as a repetition of the ſame rapid movement, when they traverſed back to the other end of the room; by which time ſhe became again intereſted in the matter of his communication, though ſtill diſguſted with the manner.

"But pulling againſt wind and tide," continued he, "is labour in vain, or juſt as good; one makes no way: ſo, you ſee, Miſs, t'other young woman muſt be left in the offing,—becauſe why, the Admiral was taken himſelf by foreign lingo, and belike he has a craving in his age for what he loved in his youth; and that, to be ſure, is but natural; eſpecially as Horace ſays he knows all about you. He don't indeed ſay you have got any money; but that is all ballaſt; the old boy don't mind money, nor I neither: you are comed, he ſays, of honeſt parentage, which is a good thing; for what's bred in the bone will never be out of the fleſh; and that's the chief thing our old boy ſets his heart upon; for you ſee, Miſs, ſetting caſe, that old hulk there was your aunt, or your couſin, or your mother, why what could be expected but you would take after her? and for young Montreville for to come for to go to bring a drunken ſwab to the Grange, why 'twould raiſe a mutiny in a jiff: becauſe why, all the reſt of the women, from Mrs. Lynn, nay for the matter of that, I might ſay from Horace's brown venture Chriſtiana, down to blind Beſs of the lodge,—why they would every mother's babe of them be wanting a ſup, and that Will Ratlin would never ſuffer: becauſe why, no diſcipline could be kept; and he finds it hard enough, as it is, for the old Admiral makes all the women rampant; ſo, Miſs, as that's the caſe, the Admiral and I have had a over haul of pre-

miſes,

miſes, and we be willing, as we can't help it, and as we think you are a civil young woman (though to be ſure you may be a vagrant for all we know); why, if you'll give me a bit of a line, juſt with the name of your parents, and the miniſter of the pariſh where they are ſtationed, juſt to aſk about their characters and way of life, and whether you had any grandfathers and grandmothers, and how they behaved themſelves—why you ſee we may take you in tow to the port of matrimony, and you may ſend your band-box to the Grange."

At the concluſion of this ſpeech the Captain let go the arm he had continued to hold; and, having rung for pen, ink, and paper, pulled the neareſt table and chair, which happened to be placed between Roſa and the door, and leiſurely taking out his glaſſes, put them on.

"Now, Miſs," ſaid he, looking at her, "why, what the—why, Miſs—why ſure you ben't—my—barnacles —are hazzy—why ſure you bent crying! But may be 'tis for joy, or may be you and Horace have had a ſet-to; he came home plaguy glum laſt night. Come, never mind that; the falling out of ſweethearts is the lovingeſt thing in the world; come now, what are the chriſtian and ſurnames of your father and mother? 'cauſe you ſee we muſt humour the old boy."

There was ſuch an unaccountable mixture of rudeneſs and feeling in the manner of Captain Seagrove,—ſuch a jumble of truth and inconſiſtence,—ſuch apparent unconcern, and yet ſuch cutting alluſions to her real ſituation, that ſhe could neither admit nor wholly reject the belief, that he really was acquainted with her whole hiſtory; neither could ſhe with more certainty conclude whether he were, as a few minutes before ſhe ſuſpected, ſent to mortify her, or whether he had made this officious viſit, and literally meant all he ſaid. "The names, Miſs, come, the names," was however repeated too loud and too often to be diſregarded.

"I can neither underſtand nor anſwer you, Sir," ſhe heſitatingly replied.

"No! why that's very odd; I have anſwered and underſtood a more difficult queſtion through a ſhip's trumpet, with a hard gale of wind full in my teeth."

"That

"That might eaſily happen, Sir; and yet—"

"Not ſo eaſy, Miſs, as you may think; for ſetting caſe, here we'll ſay you have all your ſails up, before the wind."

"Good God! Sir," ſaid Roſa, impatiently interrupting him, "what is all this ſtuff to me?"

"Stuff!" repeated Captain Seagrove, toſſing off his barnacles, and throwing away the pen with indignation; "Stuff, Miſs!" but, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, and reſuming the pen with an air that ſpoke his thorough contempt of her ignorance, he again demanded the chriſtian and ſurname of her father and mother.

"Let me aſk you, Sir," ſaid Roſa, in a low and tremulous voice, "does Mr. Montreville know—"

She could not proceed; her mind was divided betwixt hope, that he was ignorant of the viſit and its purport, and fear that though it was impoſſible a man ſo elegant, ſo delicate, and ſo ſenſible, ſhould ſend ſo ill-adapted an agent on a buſineſs he had himſelf treated with ſuch reſpectful tenderneſs, he might conſent to have enquiries made in reſpect to her family and connexions, and that, on the reſult of theſe inquiries, depended his future determination in regard to herſelf.

But however he might be influenced by the myſtery which ſhe rejoiced hung over her, (as nothing in that moment appeared to her ſo inſupportable as a diſcovery that ſhe was indeed the daughter of the being held in ſuch ſovereign contempt) her reſolution reſpecting him was made in the inſtant Captain Seagrove announced his engagement with another; and it was, ſhe flattered herſelf, in mere compliment to the dignity of human nature ſhe felt gratified and happy, when Seagrove owned Mr. Montreville was entirely unacquainted with the viſit and its motives.

"Then, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "you will not have occaſion to take the trouble of writing; I will give Mr. Montreville himſelf all the information it is neceſſary for him to have about me."

"I never will conſarn myſelf about women again, as long as I live," cried the Captain, pettiſhly; "here's poor Horace ſick in his hammock, and the Admiral croaking like a pipp'd hen. I wanted to make all tight,

and

and this is my thanks: but follow your own courſe; give you but length of rope, and you'll ſoon do for yourſelf; you'll hail me when you are in diſtreſs, I know you wool; but, though Tom Seagrove's that man that won't flinch, he won't be made a cat's paw; and ſo, Miſs, your ſarvant. A pretty meſs you have brought me into! twelve mile here, and now twelve mile back, at meridian, on that curſed jolting devil Will Ratlin's mare. I had rather pace the quarter deck againſt time under the line, than be roaſted alive upon horſe-fleſh,—and ſo your ſarvant, Miſs,—your ſarvant."

He left the room, and Roſa returned to her chamber the image of deſpondence.

Mr. Garnet having concealed from his wife both Roſa's application and his rejection, ſhe was at a loſs to account for her abſence, and eager to ſee her.

Garnet ſaid, that ill-favoured Captain was with her; but, as his Roſy was not to be pacified, he watched his going, and ſent to requeſt our heroine would viſit his wife.

The little boy, who was the meſſenger on this occaſion, juſt peeped into the room, and ran back with the information, that Miſs Walſingham was ſaying her prayers.

This was the ſecond time Roſa was detected at her devotions; but never indeed had her heart been more thankfully elated,—never had ſhe knelt before her Maker with a more lively ſenſe of his providence.

She had returned, as we have ſaid, to her chamber in the moſt cruel agitation; the world, all of it with which, at leaſt, ſhe was connected, ſeemed combined to torture and diſtreſs her; and ſhe felt it impoſſible to ſupport exiſtence under the preſſure of ſuch accumulated evils; her head turned giddy, and ſtaggering to a chair, ſhe overturned her little portmanteau, which being open, the few things in it fell on the floor. It was ſome moments before ſhe had ſtrength or inclination to move; her very ſoul was wounded. Every killing word Capt. Seagrove had uttered, which at all referred to her miſerable ſtate, recurred to her memory;—the idea of Montreville, the recollection of the open manly tenderneſs with which he had avowed himſelf her lover,—the ſenſe, the

the candour, the honour, nay the purity of his ſentiments and manners,—the pleaſing tranſport of a firſt and fond attachment, certain on her ſide, and profeſſedly ſo on his,—would riſe in ſweet array before her mental view: but, then his engagement, his fortune, his rank, the pride of the Admiral, the meanneſs, the ignominy of her origin, her poverty, and friendleſs ſituation ſucceeded.

"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "what ſhall I do! whither turn me! Ah! my dear, my paternal friends, do ye behold the agonies of my ſoul? alas! alas! 'the majeſty of human nature reſides in the grave;' oh! would heaven that there, my ſad and wearied head might for ever reſt!"

She wrung her hands, and almoſt unknowing what ſhe did, threw the clothes without order or regard, into her portmanteau. Something dropped from them; it was the morocco purſe into which Lady Hopely had ſlipped her card of addreſs. This little memento gave a ſhort reſpite to her excruciating ſenſations; it carried her back to Edinburgh: "Kind Lady Hopely, ſweet Mrs. Steward, bleſſed," ſhe cried, "be your genial ſpirits!" Her heart ſeemed burſting; no tear from her aching eye gave relief to her ſad heart; a momentary deſpair threw her into a paſſion bordering on frenzy; ſhe tore open the morocco purſe; the card dropped; ſhe attempted to replace it; her trembling fingers could not immediately ſlide it in; the corner catched in another pocket hitherto unobſerved; her eye glanced on a paper; ſhe removed it, to make room for the card; the ſoft touch ſurpriſed her; ſhe opens, ſhe reads, and ſinks on her knees, in which attitude ſhe was ſeen by little Garnet.

The enlarged heart of Lady Hopely ſatisfied not its generous feelings with expreſſions of pity; her eccentricities were generally known; her benevolence more generally felt and bleſſed; her rewards were princely; her charities unbounded; like too many of her age, rank, and ſex, ſhe was thoughtleſs, inconſiderate, and expenſive; but her heart, her warm heart, had no ſhare in the errors of imitation; ſhe was borne away in the tide of faſhion when young, beautiful, and adored; yet, though gaiety and diſſipation carried her from herſelf, it could not

not blunt her feelings,—it could not divert her attention from the cries of the wretched, nor prevent her from being the herald of comfort to diſtreſs and misfortune, where or whenever it met her. Compaſſion carried her to Mrs. Buhanun, and curioſity to Roſa; ſhe heard, with benign pity the ardent wiſh of the child of ſorrow, only to reach London; and yet ſhe ſpoke of no reſources, no certain friend to welcome her thither. Her ladyſhip remarked this, and made her own comments; ſhe gave her addreſs, and added to that addreſs and promiſe of protection, means to ſupport her till the latter could be claimed. Roſa, as ſhe kneeled, held in her hand an Engliſh bank note of twenty pounds. How rapid is the ſucceſſion of hope to the anguiſh of deſpair!

"True hope is ſwift, and flies on ſwallows' wings;
"Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

How, in one moment, was every proſpect now reverſed! what a pleaſing hurry ſucceeded to deſponding laſſitude! She put her clothes with care and order into her portmanteau, locked it, and buckled the ſtraps; inwardly exulting that now, at laſt, ſhe was enabled to purſue her journey without danger, mortification, or diſtreſs; ſhe lightly tripped to her mother's chamber; there indeed, ſhe experienced a tranſient inquietude. Mr. Garnet was not a bad-hearted man; he really liked her, and the increaſing fondneſs of his wife for her, rendered her company a deſirable object to both; he was glad to find ſhe wanted his aſſiſtance, and thought he acted a politic part in making a bargain, to grant it on his own terms; but on hearing from his ſon how he found her employed, his heart ſmote him; he told his Roſy how he had acted, and what were his motives.

Mrs. Garnett fell into an agony of tears at hearing that *the well-behaved young lady, who was ſuch good company*, was diſtreſſed for money; and reproached her huſband for his cruelty in refuſing to lend it to one who ſhe was ſure had ſaved her life.

Mr. Garnet was ſmoaking a laſt pipe of the beſt Virginia, which he had carried from town with him; and the reflection, that it *was* the laſt, contributed to lower his

his ſpirits; his whiffs grew longer and longer, till his pipe dropped, and he fairly wept with his Roſy.

It was at this intereſting moment Roſa entered the room; fearing ſome diſtreſſing accident had happened, ſhe ſtopped, and ſilently hoped no new tie on her duty had occurred.

"Thee be come in good time, my girl," ſaid Garnet; "I am ſorry I did not give thee the money; wife's quite down in the mouth about it."

Mrs. Garnet, whoſe leg was ſtill in a cradle, and herſelf obliged to keep to her bed, opened her arms to welcome and receive a viſitor, who was very dear to her; ſhe wept on her neck, and by way of excuſe for her huſband, confeſſed their wiſh to retain her with them.

"If fifty or an hundred ſhiners will do thee good, here they be; take them; or if thee do wiſh to ſend them any where, I'll give thee a draft; but don't leave poor Roſy."

Roſa was affected; her mother really looked pitiful; and Garnet's hand, filled with ſhiners, was offered her: ſhe wiſhed to decline accepting any, but he looked ſo mortified and ſorrowful, and ſhe was ſo anxious to be arranging all things for her departure, that to avoid further ſolicitation, ſhe took the five guineas, and ſaid, though ſhe had not yet fixed the immediate time for her departure, yet ſuch was the urgency of her affairs, it was not poſſible for her to remain at Pontefract till Mrs. Garnet could be ſafely removed.

Mrs. Garnet wept; her huſband ſaid, "Well, if it be ſo, it muſt; but thee had better take ſome more money."

"Ay, do," joined Mrs. Garnet; "for though you are *ſuch a well-behaved young body*, and *ſuch good company*, London is a dull place without money."

Roſa thanked them, and ſaid, if ſhe had occaſion, ſhe would certainly aſk for it.

They dined together, and when Mrs. Garnet dropped aſleep, and her huſband dropped his pipe, our heroine retired to her chamber, and rung for her fountain of intelligence, the chambermaid, whom ſhe immediately aſked, if her intereſt was ſtrong enough with the oſtler to perſuade him to keep a ſecret.

"No

"No indeed," the girl replied, "for John Oſtler, who had come down from London, on purpoſe to be her fellow ſervant, had been turned off that very day, and was hired at the other inn; and, pleaſe God, ſhe would not ſtay long after him."

"Another inn!" Roſa put a crown into her hand, and the girl engaged that John Oſtler ſhould have a chaiſe from his inn, which ſhould wait at the Market-place, and receive both her and her baggage.

Roſa's reaſons for concealing her departure were cogent and manifold, and following the example of *other great* writers, we ſhall make the readers acquainted with ſuch of them as ſuits ourſelves, and leave the remainder to their own ingenuity.

Firſt, by not taking leave of the Garnets, ſhe avoided the pain of her mother's regrets, who, though unconſcious of the ties of natural affection, certainly did feel an attachment to her, which at leaſt proved the gratitude of her diſpoſition; and ſhe alſo avoided the ſolicitation of both he and her huſband to give them her addreſs in town, which the great difference between her connexion and theirs would have rendered very inconvenient to comply with.

Second, ſhould Sir Jacob Lydear feel himſelf inclined to honour her with any more of his notice, ſhe eſcaped that alſo;—and laſt of the *promiſed* reaſons, ſhould there happen to be a being in the world, who had the preſumption to imagine, that however inferior in the accidental favour of that blind gipſy, Fortune, who was at this moment moſt unmercifully ungoddeſſed, that her little heart was not as proud, as diſintereſted, and as honourable as the beſt; if certain high-minded folks fancied that poverty of circumſtances and poverty of mind were one and the ſame thing, they would find themſelves miſtaken, that was all; and ſo, with a heart that muſt rather be called eager, agitated, and hurried, than light, ſhe haſtened down ſtairs, when her colleague gave her notice, that the portmanteau was depoſited in the chaiſe, and John Oſtler waited near to conduct her to it.

One difficulty occurred during the few minutes ſhe was collecting her thoughts, which was in regard to the money,

money, which to appeaſe Mrs. Garnet, and to pleaſe her huſband, ſhe had taken of them.

Her firſt impulſe was to incloſe it in the billet ſhe left for them; but ſhe conſidered that ſtep would really diſtreſs a ſtill ſuffering parent, and inflict on her mind that moſt torturing of all evils, *ſelf-reproach*; ſince, according to the reckoning of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet, they were under obligation to her, and however well diſpoſed ſhe felt to diſpenſe mortifications among ſome other of her recent connexions, her wiſh was to increaſe their felicity; accordingly ſhe wrote a ſhort note, aſſuring Mrs. Garnet of her affectionate regards; hinting at a ſudden neceſſity for quitting them; thanked her for the five guineas which ſhe would take the firſt opportunity to go to Paradiſe-ſtreet to repay, and ſee their pretty garden and ſummer houſe; ſent twenty kiſſes to little Phil; and entreated them, if they had any regard for her, to anſwer no queſtions whatever concerning her to *any body*. She then ſnatched up a freſh ſheet of paper, and wrote—

To H. Montreville, Esq.

"*Sir*,

"The laſt words I had the honour to ſay to your friend, when he condeſcended to pay me his very extraordinary viſit, were, that I ſhould myſelf inform *you* of all it was neceſſary *you* ſhould be acquainted with concerning me; that neceſſity however does not include the gratification of impertinent curioſity. It is ſufficient to tell you, Sir, I never yet broke an engagement of honour myſelf, nor will countenance it in another. The name and reſidence of my father is buried in my heart; but whether his character, his anceſtry, and his alliance be, or be not worth the trouble your friend was ſo good as to take, of this be aſſured; neither my own family, nor any other, ſhall ever bluſh to acknowledge

ROSA WALSINGHAM."

Having read over this wonderfully heroic epiſtle with a glow of internal triumph, ſhe gave it the maid, with an additional half guinea, for care and ſecrecy, in delivering it into Mr. Montreville's own hands, and perfect-

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ly pleaſed to think he would be completely miſerable, ſhe haſtily left the houſe, in a high flow of falſe ſpirits, and having caſt one tender look towards the road which led to the Grange, was proceeding to the market-place, when the ſudden ringing of the bells, and commotion of the people, made her return into the houſe.

An *avânt courier* had juſt arrived, to order a relay of horſes for the daughter of Admiral Herbert, who had for many years been ſuppoſed to be dead, but who was now travelling poſt towards her father's manſion.

Such was the univerſal reſpect in which the old officer was held; and ſuch was the intereſt excited in all ranks, by the extraordinary events in his family, that in every town where the one was known and the other heard of, ſhe was received with every poſſible demonſtration of joy.

At Pontefract, where the Admiral was a general benefactor to the poor, boughs of evergreens were haſtily torn down, and gardens ſtripped of flowers, to ſtrew the road, and ribbons cut by the ſhop-keepers, to decorate the ſervants and horſes; the *avânt courier* was almoſt forcibly detained, to have all the gaudy colours of the rainbow twiſted round him and his horſe.

Roſa deeply ſighed; this was an event that would not give Montreville time even to be ſtung by her letter; again ſhe left the inn, and amid the buſtle of general joy, threw herſelf into the chaiſe, and taking the road to Ferry-bridge, inſtead of Sheffield, arrived there juſt before the Newcaſtle coach paſſed, with a vacant place, in which ſhe proceeded to London without any further difficulty.

CHAP. XVIII.

"Human nature is never ſo debaſed, as when ignorance is armed with power and inflated with pride."

So entirely engroſſed was Roſa, by a recollection of the paſt, and perhaps unknown to herſelf, indulging ſomething like hope in the future, that ſhe had not once thought

thought about the where to go, or what to do, at the long delayed end of her journey; when, however, the coach drove up the inn yard, and she beheld a motley crowd, of formidable appearance, in comparison of those about the country inns; when the welcome greeting of friends, who waited the arrival of her fellow passengers, reached her ears; when the hearty shaking of hands among the men, and salutation among the women, were over; and she saw herself an object of general observation, while the waiter of the inn held the steps for her to dismount, she was at once transported from Pontefract, and all her embarrassment there, to the yard of an inn in London—far removed from the objects that had so entirely engrossed her ideas, and feeling even more desolate in her escape than she had been in the midst of all her troubles.

"Shall I call you a coach, madam?" and, "remember the porter, madam," were all, in the hurry and confusion of her thoughts, she perfectly understood: she seemed to be alone in the peopled world, and in that moment thought of her mother, and regretted the absence of her natural protector.

"Where is the coachman to go, madam?"

"To Dr. Croak's, Walbrook."

"Dr. Croak's," said the man, scratching his head—do you know the house, madam?"

"I think I do."

The few days Rosa passed in London previous to her journey to Scotland, in the bosom of friendship with Eleanor; receiving the civilities of Dr. Croak's family, and the most flattering attention of fatherly care from Major Buhanun; rattling from shew to shew, and from shop to shop, in the Doctor's well-appointed carriage, could give her no sort of idea of London as it now appeared; when half dead with fatigue, alone, and uncertain whether the Doctor was in town, (for she had no other doubt) she was jolted in a dirty hack, step by step, along the streets; and though her eye was attracted by the crowds, all pushing different ways, earnestly occupied by separate pursuits and interests; though the shops, now lighted up, shewed that spirit of busy industry which is quite as necessary to the prosperity

the common-wealth as the higheſt importance of the moſt ſelf-important, nothing intereſted her feelings: the progreſs of the heavy vehicle only increaſed her impatience to reach Walbrook, where ſhe ſhould at leaſt hear of one true friend; and certain of the propriety of accepting an aſylum for a few days under the hoſpitable roof of Doctor Croak, ſhe had already begun to conſider of the means to diſcover her other dear friend, Mrs. Walſingham, by whoſe advice ſhe pre-determined to regulate her future actions.

To thoſe humble beings, who muſt either wade through the ſtreets of the metropolis in wet weather, or be dragged over the ſtones in a dirty hack, the agreeables of a jumble from High Holborn to Walbrook, need not be deſcribed; nor, after riding in a heavy ſtage two days and a night, will it be doubted that Roſa joyfully recognized the houſe in Walbrook, where ſhe had been received with every greeting of affectionate friendſhip, and from whence ſhe had not been ſuffered to depart without extreme reluctance: her heart bounded with pleaſure, tears ſtarted into her eyes, and the minute which elapſed between the coachman's rap, and the opening of the door, ſeemed to her the moſt tedious ſhe had ever paſſed.

But tranſient were the pleaſing ſenſations which filled her beating heart: it was, indeed, the ſame houſe, but the owners were changed: Doctor Croak had left it; and the ſervant, who was a new comer in the family, knew nothing of his maſter's predeceſſor. After having ſaid this, as he ſtood with the door half cloſed, the light he held in his hand being blown out by a ſudden guſt of wind, he ſhut it to, and left Roſa totally incapable of anſwering the coachman's repeated queſtion of, where he was now to drive.

She had eſcaped from the inſults of Mr. Frazer, from the littleneſs of his wife, from the mortifications reſulting from their united malice; Lord Lowder had by this time probably loſt his bet; ſhe had evaded the importunities of the amiable Montreville, and no longer dreaded the inquiſition of his friends; the intemperance and vulgarity of her mother were at too great a diſtance to crimſon her cheek, nor could ſhe now be annoyed by the coarſe manner of Mr. Garnet. Her long journey was com-

pleted; without ſacrificing pride to neceſſity; at length ſhe had compaſſed the end which had ſo long been the object of her deſire; ſhe had attained the goal of her wiſhes; ſhe was returned to the *abode of friendſhip, the ſcene of former pleaſure, the centre of hoſpitality*, and found herſelf alone, unknown, unprotected, deſtitute of all the common comforts of exiſtence, and a helpleſs ſtranger at that home for which her heart had panted.

Terror, diſappointment, grief, and conſternation abſolutely deprived her of the power of utterance, till the coachman, weary of ſtanding in the rain, aſked rather petulantly, if ſhe would return to the inn.

The queſtion conveyed a ſmall portion of that conſolation of which ſhe ſtood in ſo much need. The inn was then open to her; there, where ſhe had ſo late arrived, her return might not be extraordinary, nor perhaps her failing to find her friends without a precedent; an aſylum for one night only was, in her preſent ſituation, a ſource of comfort, and before the coach turned from the well-known door, ſhe had recollected, that, in a few hours, ſhe would be received into the warm boſom of friendſhip at Mount Pleaſant. A glowing ſentiment in her own heart convinced her ſhe would be a welcome gueſt to Mrs. Harley. Urbanity like hers was unchangeable; and ſhe was quite as likely to receive information reſpecting Elinor, from her as from Doctor Croak; and thus with the facile promptitude to forget diſappointment and embrace hope, which animates the youthful mind, while the coach dragged heavily on, imagination was on the wing to anticipate the meeting at Mount Pleaſant. Already ſhe felt Mrs. Harley's warm, maternal embrace; already ſhe heard the gratulations of the few young ladies her former acquaintance who might ſtill remain there; and loſt in one of the delightful deliriums of fancy, which give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name," ſhe thought not of the hearſe-like pace with which the coach was drawn up Holborn-hill, nor perceived the torrents of rain which beat on its roof; neither did the darkneſs of the night, which the twinkling of the lamps through the wet rendered more diſmal, appal a mind tranſported out of preſent ill by fond anticipation of coming good; till all the airy edifices of fancy were deſtroyed by a ſud-

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den overturn of the crazy coach, occaſioned by its being locked in the wheels of another vehicle as crazy.

As Roſa's coachman had the advantage of his brother whip, both in ſobriety and good humour, he ſoon extricated her from the danger, and carried her in his arms into a ſmall chandler's ſhop, which fortunately happened not to be cloſed; he then fetched her portmanteau, and having recommended her to the civilities of the miſtreſs of the ſhop, promiſed, as ſoon as he had taken care of his beaſts, to get her another coach.

Roſa was ſo profoundly occupied by the wanderings of her own ſanguine fancy when the accident happened; her removal from the vehicle was ſo ſudden, and her preſent ſituation ſo new, that neither the dangers ſhe had eſcaped, nor thoſe which ſhe might ſtill encounter, ſtruck her, till the woman had repeatedly aſked if ſhe were alone, and far from home.

It was a ſimple, and a natural, but at the ſame time an unanſwerable, queſtion.

——— "home is the reſort
"Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
"Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends
"And dear relations mingle into bliſs."

But no ſuch home had our poor beggar; ſhe was

"Deſolate even in crowds."

The queſtions were again repeated, "Are you alone?" and anſwered with a faint "Yes." "Are you far from home?" No anſwer but tears.

A motley crowd, notwithſtanding the weather, were aſſembling, ſome near the ſhop, others round the broken carriages. Roſa glanced her affrighted eyes towards the door, and trembling at a ſcene ſo terrifying, turned pale. A ſervant girl obſerved the change in her countenance, and, after placing a chair at the further end of the little ſhop, ran for a glaſs of water.

Meanwhile, the attention of the miſtreſs was engaged by a new object.

Roſa, it appeared, was not the only unprotected ſufferer by the accident: the fare of the other coach, leſs fortunate in a driver, had by this time cleared herſelf from

the wreck of the carriage, and haſtened to the aſylum which the open ſhop offered, commanding the crowd to make way, and complaining of the injury both her perſon and dreſs had ſuſtained.

She entered the ſhop, declaring ſhe was dying, her nerves were ſhattered to pieces. She had the misfortune to be, in the firſt place, a very delicate, and in the next, a very ill-uſed gentlewoman; and, finally, being a perſon of no ſmall importance, ſhe proteſted nothing ſhould prevent her from puniſhing both the coachmen. "And what," added ſhe, peeviſhly, addreſſing the ſervant girl who, regardleſs of her, ſtood chafing Roſa's temples, "What are you dawdling about there? reach *me* a chair and a glaſs of water? I dare ſay that Miſs, whoever ſhe be, can bear the misfortune much better than me; *her* coachman carried *her* out of the wet and dirt, though her ruſty black habit could not ſuffer much; *my* clothes are ruined;—but it ſerves me right, for venturing alone in a dirty hack. See what a ſituation I am in!"

The lady did not complain without reaſon: ſhe was certainly a very prominent as well as an unfortunate figure in the group the accident attracted.

Her face was highly rouged; and though a wreathe of ever blooming roſes entwined her temples, the tale of other times was too legible to eſcape notice. A plume of feathers, ſome broken, others drenched with rain, and one or two leaning in all directions but the right, was ſupported by a large ſhewy pin, which, with ear-rings and a necklace, encompaſſing her bare and ample boſom, were diamonds of Dovey's manufactory; her robe was of yellow gauze, her arms were decorated with bracelets, and every finger ſhining with paltry gems; her perſon was ſhort, ſqualid, and unwieldy, and her voice every thing but harmony.

Such a figure, ſo adorned, needed not the aid of vain volubility to render it conſpicuous: it excited equal wonder and ridicule in the crowd; nor could Roſa, though pale, ſpeechleſs, and in tears, help regarding her with aſtoniſhment.

Finding her complaints and threats equally diſregarded, the diſtreſſed lady turned her ire againſt the object whoſe modeſt manner and patient endurance formed a

contraſt

contraſt which had a very mortifying effect on the ſpectator.

"Pray, now, good woman," cried ſhe, darting at the ſame time a ſpiteful glance at Roſa, "if this important fit is over, have the goodneſs to give me a little aſſiſtance."

Roſa's innate politeneſs was ſuperior to the little inſult; ſhe handed her the glaſs of water ſhe had taken from the ſervant, which was received without the ſmalleſt acknowledgment.

"I have got a coach, Miſs," ſaid the coachman, calling from the door where it was drawn up.

The lady forgot ſhe was dying, that her nerves were ſhattered to pieces, that ſhe had the misfortune to be delicacy itſelf, and that the water was untouched, but forcibly puſhing through the crowd to the door, had one foot on the ſtep of the coach, when the man perceiving ſhe was not the fare about whoſe accommodation he was ſo good-naturedly anxious, inſiſted ſhe ſhould not enter it, except the young gentlewoman conſented to be ſet down by her, and except ſhe agreed to pay him his whole fare, from the George to the city, and from the city back.

This double attack on her feelings ſhe reſiſted with all her might, and a ſort of ſcuffle enſued, which ended in her removal from the ſtep.

What this unfortunate lady wanted in the gentle art of perſuaſion, was abundantly ſupplied by ſtrength of lungs; ſhe loudly called for the number of the coach, which the man permitted her to take, without receding from his reſolution: he maintained that he got the coach for his own fare, a ſweet pretty young country lady, who, being a ſtranger, and both modeſt and genteel, was not fit to take care of herſelf at that late hour.

The eulogium or the manner of pronouncing it, acted like ſpirits on fire; and it is impoſſible to ſay to what exceſs the angry lady's paſſion might have carried her, had not a ſudden ſnatch at one of her Dovey ear-rings damped her courage, and changed anger to fear.

As the tone of her voice had, from the commencement of the diſpute about the coach, more reſembled ſhrieking than dialogue, the change was only perceptible

to the ears of the affrighted Roſa. The ſhouts of the crowd, though it confuſed the woman of the ſhop and her ſervant, could not divert her attention from a being of her own ſex in diſtreſs; without recollecting her own forlorn ſituation, ſhe made an effort to reach the door; but repeated ſhrieks from the lady, whoſe falſe gems were faſt getting into the hands of depredators, and a freſh ſhout from the mob, drove her breathleſs back. "Alas!" cried ſhe, what will become of me! Oh, my mother! my poor mother! why did I leave my poor mother?"

The bloodleſs cheeks of the chandler woman crimſoned; her eyes darted liquid fire.

"Leave your mother! your poor mother!" ſhe exclaimed; "and are you ſo wicked a creature? and have I kept my doors open, at the riſk of my property, to harbour an undutiful wretch who has left her poor mother! the tawdry woman might well call you *Miſs*;—you know each other very well, I dare ſay—ſo troop, *Miſs*—go—that I may ſhut my honeſt doors;—I have ſuffered enough by ſuch cattle. It was juſt ſuch another painted old jezebel that ticed away my poor Bet, and made a *Miſs* of *her*; nay, it may be the ſame, for aught I know. Begone!—Mary, ſhut the door."

The teſty ſhop-woman was in downright earneſt: the ſeduction of a daughter lay heavy at her heart, but ſhe was too outrageouſly virtuous to be ſoftened by the miſery even of her own child, rudely ſeizing Roſa's arm, ſhe dragged her towards the door.

The robbed and abuſed Lady finding no aſſiſtance was to be hoped for from the houſe, called vehemently for the watch. A rattle was ſprung: the half-blind, half-lame and more than half-drunken guardians of the night, obeyed the ſummons. That part of the mob whoſe object was pillage, diſperſed; but there yet remained, what appeared to Roſa, a myriad of demons, among whom the watchmen were not the leaſt formidable. She was on the threſhold; the door cloſing, with all the maid Mary's might, againſt her—"Oh, for mercy!" cried ſhe ſpringing back, and ruſhing to the further end of the ſhop in ſpite of the proweſs of miſtreſs and maid.

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The coachman, who ſaw her, called out with an audible voice, "Miſs! madam! come along—I have got the coach for you, and I'll take care of *you*, never fear."

Roſa was indeed now paſt fear; ſhe was at this moment a victim to terror: ſhe had fallen on the ground totally ſenſeleſs, and to all appearance dead.

The woman's indignation againſt bad girls was loſt in fear, leſt the ſuppoſed criminal ſhould expire in her houſe, and at leaſt expoſe her to the trouble of a coroner's inqueſt. She ſhrieked murder! murder! help!

The watchmen, the crowd, the coachmen, the lady, all ruſhed in. "Yes," ſobbed the latter, her heart ſoftened by her own danger, "yes, the poor young creature is quite dead, and I am near it. But watchmen, I charge you with theſe coachmen, they are principals—and thoſe women, they are acceſſaries."

"Me!" cried the woman, trembling—me! I am ſure I took her in—did I not, Mr. Coachman?"

"Yes," replied he, raiſing Roſa gently in his arms; "but you was dragging her out again."

"And me!" cried the maid Mary, turning pale; "did I not give her water?"

"Yes; but I ſaw you ſqueeze the door againſt her with all your ſtrength."

The woman had now nothing for it, but to ſlip a ſhilling into the hand of a watchman, and beg him, for the Lord's ſake, to ſtep for a neighbour, who, beſides being a juſtice of the peace, was an elder of the chapel to which ſhe belonged. "Oh, my dear Mr. Bronze," cried ſhe, as he entered, "here is a ſad piece of work. This woman was brought into my houſe, out of the ſtreet, and theſe people ſay I killed her."

The black brows of the magiſtrate ſtarted over his ſallow cheek. "Killed her!" repeated he; "how dare any body talk of killing!"—killing is dying, and dying is homicide, and homicide is murder, and murder is——Lord forgive me, I don't know what it is;—it is *ſcandalum magnatum*; and nobody has ſuffered no more nor myſelf,—though I am a man of ſubſtance, and deals with the great, and keeps my coach, and got a will of my own.

"Oh! to be ſure, Mr. Bronze, every body knows how bad you was uſed, when you was a 'prentice, and married your maſter's widow."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Suet—don't mention it—it puts me all over in a cold perſeferation; beſides, you know, all that is done away,—I took my character twice into court, and got it white-waſhed both times; beſides, I have money and law of my ſide; ſo, if ſouls as well as bodies were to be dug up out of their graves, I warrant I'll make them pay for ſperſing the character of Jeremy Metal Bronze, Eſq. a magiſtrate and a ſubſtantial tradeſman."

"Oh, for heaven's ſake!" ſaid the Lady, "if you be a magiſtrate, ſend ſomebody to protect me home, and not ſtand proſing about character; for it muſt be a very dirty one that wants white-waſhing ſo often."

One of the great misfortunes of this lady was, an inſatiable appetite to ſay good things; and another, to fancy every thing ſhe did ſay came under that deſcription; ſhe could not even now reſiſt the vanity of wit, though at the riſk of affronting a perſon from whom ſhe aſked protection.

The magiſtrate, without deigning to anſwer her ſarcaſm, ſuppoſed ſhe lived ſomewhere in the purlieus of St. James's.

"You are not very far out," replied the lady.

"And this girl, I preſume, belongs to you."

"Belongs to me! what does the fellow mean? I am a gentlewoman."

"Fellow! inſult me in my office! here, watchman, take this gentlewoman into cuſtody."

The watchmen obeyed, and the Lady was ſtruggling againſt the authority of the law, when a chariot, with three blazing moons in front, and two footmen in livery behind, ſtopped, by order of the owner, to witneſs the event of a ſtruggle between a gay-dreſſed woman and two old watchmen.

To the great joy of the lady, and as great aſtoniſhment of the gentlemen, they happened to be acquainted.

The lady was entering immediately on a detail of the adventures of the evening, when ſuddenly recollecting the

the inſult of Jeremy Metal Bronze, Eſq. ſhe reſolved, under the protection of an Earl, (for ſuch her friend really was) to look the little great man into confuſion.

"I am come, Sir," ſaid ſhe, returning to the ſhop, "contrary to *your order*——"

Jeremy Metal Bronze, Eſq. was in the brilliant point of an harangue. "Take the gentlewoman away," he roared, and then went on. "I was ſaying, Mrs. Suet, that—what was I ſaying?"

"Pleaſe your worſhip," anſwered maid Mary, "that there coachman was ſaying, as how this there young lady was uſed monſtrous ill; and I am ſure miſtreſs nor I laid our finger on her, in way of abuſe; nobody can ſay as we tied her in her chair, for we only putted her there; and if I did make her ſwallow a draft of water, it was becauſe I had nothing elſe to give her."

"Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Suet!" exclaimed Jeremy Metal Bronze, Eſq. "ſtop that wench's tongue: if the woman really dies——"

"Well, and if ſhe do," cried the girl, ſmartly, "if your worſhip, or even the crowner, examinates, you won't find a mark of virulence about her."

"Silence!" roared the juſtice; "I ſay, if the girl dies, it will be proved manſlaughter in her own defence."

"Do you hear, my lord," cried the lady, "his worſhip's profound expoſition of the law?"

My lord did not hear a ſyllable of the matter. The harmony of Roſa's features was returned; a hectic flush ſlowly animated her aſhen cheeks; her ſighs were more deep, but her breath more free.

"Where, in the name of all that is charming," ſaid his Lordſhip, "did this lovely creature drop from?"

"Pleaſe your honour," anſwered the coachman, "ſhe drop'd out of a York ſtage into my coach; I drove her to her friends, but they were gone, nobody knew whither; ſo, bringing her back, my old coach got entangled with another old coach, and both upſet; ſo there I could do no leſs than get the *young* gentlewoman another coach, and that odd *old* gentlewoman would get in."

The man's narrative added a poignancy to the lady's recollection of the misadventures of the evening. Heaven and earth! was it not enough that her Doveys were gone, her feathers broke, the train of her yellow muslin totally spoiled, and her scarlet slippers ruined, but she must be branded with the epithet of *old gentlewoman?* She actually did gasp for breath; and the maid Mary, eager to atone for former neglect, seized the first thing she could get at, which happened to be her mistress's evening potation of porter, and handed it to her across the counter.

"What filthy stuff has the creature given me!" cried the lady—having swallowed an hearty draught.

Maid Mary begged pardon—she would run for some water.

"No matter," said the lady, lifting the humble beverage again to her mouth.

During this period, Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. recollected, that it was possible he might be obliged to assign some better motive for committing a lady to the custody of the watch, than her happening to affront his character, and avowing herself a gentlewoman. He had often exposed his bare powdered head to all weathers at the door of a coronetted carriage, and he had even had the honour to bow to lords and ladies from behind his own counter; but as to the matter of holding a conversation with an Earl on the subject of affronting a lady, it was really too tremendous a business for him to adventure; so taking advantage of the general confusion, his worship stole off, fully resolved not to risk his dear character any more by premature commitments.

Whether the porter or the peer, or both, had an exhilarating effect on the lady, she was now almost as much concerned for the unfortunate stranger as the earl, her friend, could be himself; and his lordship, who had continued to gaze on Rosa with a mixture of interest and admiration, hazarded an hint that it would be an act of humanity worthy his good friend, if she carried the young lady in his chariot to her own house, and kept her there till her friends could be sent to.

The angry passions having subsided, the lady's ready assent followed all her friend's propositions; one objection

tion only occurred; that indeed, considering every thing, was pretty obvious,—it was in regard to the character of the young stranger.

"Character!" cried the inexorable tradeswoman, "has she not herself confessed she ran away from her mother; what character can she, or indeed any who harbours her, pretend to!"

"Well, good woman," answered the peer, with an air at once haughty and compassionate, "if she have run *from*, we will endeavour to prevail on her to run *to* her mother.

"Pray, Mr. Coachman," said the Lady, evidently a little struck by the severity of the tradeswoman, "where did you carry the young person in search of her friends?"

"To Walbrook. I think we asked for one Doctor Croak or Loke, or something like it."

"Doctor Croak!" cried the Lady, in a half scream; "well, how very odd and surprising! Doctor Croak is my particular acquaintance; that is, he was: he is retired into the country, poor man! he has been very unfortunate; he——"

"Pray, my dear madam," interrupted the earl, "let us attend to the misfortune before us; as you are acquainted with the friends of this lovely creature, *your character* must *rise* by your protection of her, and the sooner she is removed from hence the better. You will assist us, my good friend."

The coachman lifted Rosa into the carriage; the lady followed, and though maid Mary was uncouth, and had more than once, during the last hour, fallen under the displeasure of the lady, she had the honour to be received into the chariot as her assistant, while his Lordship very delicately made choice of the hack.

The rapid motion of the carriage, drawn by two prancing bays, and driven by a dashing coachman, contributed in no small degree to the restoration of Rosa's senses, though she was not able to articulate when lifted from the chariot into a handsome house in Conduit-street.

The earl warmly recommended her to the kindness of his friend, who proved her disposition to oblige him, by sinking all her own complaints of fatigue, and the injury done

done to her feathers, her yellow muſlin, and ſcarlet ſlippers, beſides the loſs of her Doveys, in concern for a lovely ſtranger, who was ſo much the object of his lordſhip's admiration and attention.

The earl having liberally rewarded the coachman for his care, and put a piece of money into Mary's hand, which ſhe could ſcarce perſuade herſelf was gold, it being the firſt time her palm had been ſo richly endowed, begged the lady would permit him to charge himſelf with every expence neceſſary for the recovery and accommodation of her charge, and took his leave.

The fatigue of the long journey, followed by a diſappointment ſo unexpected, the fright of the accident, and the deſolate ſituation to which it expoſed her, even before ſhe was terrified by the unfeeling tradeſwoman, with threats of being turned out from the temporary ſhelter of her ſhop to the mercy of the crowd, who were, as ſhe had every reaſon from her ſhrieks to ſuppoſe, wantonly injuring her fellow-ſufferer, may naturally account for the fit from which Roſa now partially recovered; ſhe was perfectly ſenſible of the kindneſs ſhewn her, but had no power to expreſs her gratitude. The lady aſſiſted to put her to bed, where, after giving her ſome whey, ſhe left her under the care of one female attendant, while ſhe retired to communicate her adventure, her misfortune and her opinion, both of her noble friend and his *protegée*, to the other.

Secrets are allowed in all families. The reader muſt not, therefore, at this period of the hiſtory, expect to be admitted into a confidence ſo ſacred, as that, which in all civilized countries, is allowed to ſubſiſt between a talkative miſtreſs and her favourite Abigail.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

The Beggar begins to grow familiar with great houſes and fine manners.

"TIRED nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy ſleep," ſtole, by degrees, over the harraſſed faculties of our heroine; and, after her long journey and recent agitation, no wonder, when her ſenſes were once "ſteep'd in forgetfulneſs," that it was near noon before ſhe awoke, nor that it was not till ſome time after ſhe could, by perfectly recollecting the events of the preceding evening, account for her preſent ſituation.

The ſervant who was left to watch by her bedſide, had been called to her uſual domeſtic occupations, and her place was ſupplied by the confidential Abigail, who offered to aſſiſt her in dreſſing, as her miſtreſs, ſhe ſaid, had waited two hours for her breakfaſt.

Roſa needed no ſtronger motive for diſpatch: ſhe hurried on her clothes, and followed the ſervant into a handſome parlour, where her hoſteſs was ſitting, with a countenance in which impatience and anxiety were equally portrayed.

Beſides the perfect figure and uncommon beauty of our heroine, there was a mark of innocent candour on her brow, that happily impreſſed the beholder at firſt ſight; and the manner in which ſhe paid her reſpects to the lady of the houſe, the animated glow of her countenance, when ſhe expreſſed her gratitude for her protecting kindneſs, and the poliſhed phraſes which diſplayed her feelings, ſtruck the perſon to whom they were addreſſed with viſible ſurpriſe.

"Well," ſaid the latter, without deviating from the uſage of high life, by taking the ſmalleſt notice of Roſa's graceful curteſy, "you look vaſtly well after your fright—vaſtly well, indeed—quite handſome;—ſo very handſome, that I am afraid I have brought myſelf into a fine hobble by taking care of you; but that's my way. Come, ſit down, and take your breakfaſt; I expected his lordſhip would have been here before now;—

you

you ſee I am dreſſed to receive him—ſo, indeed, are you. Aye, aye, you may look, and wonder too—but take your coffee, and I will ſoon explain the injury my patroniſing you may do me."

The uncommon manner and appearance of this lady had left too ſtrong an impreſſion on Roſa's mind to be ſoon forgotten: ſhe expected, perhaps, again to witneſs ſome of the eccentricities that had rendered her ſo conſpicuous at their firſt meeting; but tho' it was impoſſible for her to comprehend how the aſſiſting a helpleſs ſtranger could expoſe her protectreſs to injury, yet, as the lady ſaid it, and as ſhe was not in the habit of doubting what ſhe heard, the idea of remaining a moment longer than could be poſſibly avoided, in a ſituation to return kindneſs by injury was ſo irkſome, ſhe could not avail herſelf of the repeated invitation to breakfaſt, but earneſtly entreated a carriage might be ſent for, that ſhe might neither be a burthen nor inconvenience where ſo much gratitude was due.

"You are really monſtrous troubleſome, my dear. I really remember, five or ſix years ago, I had exactly your figure; but you ſee I am grown out of all ſhape. You take this for *en bon point*, I ſuppoſe, or, in vulgar Engliſh, you would call me fat: you never was more miſtaken. I am really a poor invalid, bloated by bad health, a complication of diſorders, never out of the doctor's hand——Sweeten your coffee, my dear, and don't look ſo frightened."

The invalid, as ſhe choſe to call herſelf, was all this while doing ſuch juſtice to the breakfaſt, and had ſwallowed both muffin and toaſt with ſuch *goût* and celerity, that, had Roſa's mind been enough at eaſe to explore cauſes and effects, ſhe would have been no leſs puzzled how to reconcile ſo good an appetite to ſo bad a ſtate of health, than ſhe ſtill was, to comprehend how her affairs or herſelf, could injure a lady who appeared perfect miſtreſs of herſelf; but as ignorance was no argument againſt an aſſerted fact, her open and ingenuous countenance confirmed the eager with her tongue leſs eloquently expreſſed. Again ſhe requeſted a carriage might be got, to remove her out of the poſſibility of giving any more trouble.

The

The lady could not do that; but as she had now done breakfast, she would make the promised explanation. As to the trouble, she said, there was, as the mischief was already done, no knowing where it would end.

Rosa's alarm had in it a certain degree of wounded pride: she arose, and again requested a carriage of some sort might be sent for.

"Sit down, I tell you," said the Lady. "The mischief, as I said before, is already done, and your going away in a hurry will not mend matters. The thing is exactly this—Lord Denningcourt, my particular friend, the nobleman in whose carriage you were conveyed hither, was exceedingly struck with you—I could see it in every look. The character of your face is indeed so exactly what mine *was*, that I the less wonder at that; but his lordship is actually the honourable and received lover of a very dear young friend of mine, who has eighty thousand charms—My lord is vastly handsome, as you will see, but as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as Timon, so that he could do nothing for you but make you his mistress."

"His mistress!" repeated Rosa indignantly.—"And the mistress of a poor lord," continued the lady, not attending to her, "who marries a rich heiress, is, let me tell you, a poor, very poor thing; you must share his discontent in private, without his daring to protect you in public; you——"

Nothing could exceed Rosa's surprise at the easy unconstrained manner, in which a woman of apparently decent character, spoke of a situation so criminal; it was not the guilt and immorality, but the advantage and disadvantages, that seemed to her, at all an object of concern; never before had her chaste ear been wounded, nor her understanding insulted by the free delineation of such sentiments from a female; and, as she concluded, no woman of honour or true delicacy, could speak with such *sang froid* of circumstances so highly culpable, she grew not only more uneasy, but alarmed, and repeated her request to have a coach ordered for her departure, with such concern and anxiety, that the lady was reduced to the necessity of acknowledging she could not suffer her to leave the house, without risk of offending

Lord

Lord Denningcourt, before she had either seen or heard from his lordship.

Rosa trembled—the only lord she had ever known had left an impression of nobility on her mind, which the manners and conversation of her present hostess were ill calculated to remove, and she replied, that "as she now felt the impropriety as well as inconvenience of delaying her meeting with her friends—"

In that moment a carriage drew up.

"Here is my lord himself," cried the lady, running to the glass, and casting an anxious glance round the room; "say not a word of what I have told you; I would not distress my dear, good, very dear friend, Charlotte Mushroom, for the world; but then, neither would I offend the earl—no, that is impossible—I must run and receive him in the little parlour; he will ask me all manner of questions, I make no doubt, and all about you—ah you are too pretty!"

"Charlotte Mushroom!" exclaimed Rosa in astonishment, "and she is the dear, very dear friend of this indelicate woman? Is it her this lord is addressing? Poor girls! are they both doom'd to splendid misery? and will it be always my wayward fate to hear of, and meet the people I wish to forget, while those to whom my heart is attached, dear objects of my esteem and fond affection, are, if not lost, far, far divided from the poor friendless Rosa."

The voice of the mistress of the house, proclaiming her approach, ended the short soliloquy. Rosa involuntarily retreated—Lord Lowder—his card—his gentleman—and his bet recurred—and what better could she expect from another lord, who on the same mercenary motives, was about to marry into the same family? Her breath failed—she staggered to a chair—the fit of the preceding night left a soreness on her chest, and a weakness of spirits of which she was now sensible, and had not a burst of friendly tears in some degree relieved her, she must have fainted.

The door was thrown open—a tall, elegant, plain dressed man entered, who could hardly be said to look at our heroine, or at the lady of the mansion, or even at the opposite mirror—he slided into a chair, under which a large

a large maſtiff, his companion, compoſed himſelf to ſleep. His lordſhip, with his fine dark eyes fix'd, now on the head of his ſwitch, which was alſo often carried to his mouth, now on the fire, and now on his maſtiff, hoped the lady was well. The lady, in the ſweeteſt tone imaginable, humbly thanked his lordſhip both for his enquiries, and the honour of his viſit, which indeed, ſhe ſaid, her fair charge and herſelf had been expecting with great anxiety, and ſome impatience.

Roſa looked with aſtoniſhment through her tears—what anxiety—what impatience had they felt?—and what the neceſſity, in this caſe, of profeſſing what they did not feel? Lord Denningcourt gave the aſſertion all the credit it deſerved; he yawned, and proteſted he had totally forgot the affair of laſt evening, till a card from the amiable Charlotte reminded him of an engagement which he had alſo forgotten with her.

"And you apologiſed, my lord, no doubt?" aſked the lady, ſomewhat alarmed.

"No faith, he meant to have anſwered the card, but it had ſlipt his memory."

"You mean it?"—with more alarm.

"Poſſibly."

During this intereſting converſation, his lordſhip's eyes had taken a new expreſſion as well as direction; their glances at Roſa were full of intereſt and animation, which were neither unobſerved by her nor the lady.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Denningcourt," reſumed the latter, "but are we to give a hiſtory of *my* laſt night's misfortune, as an excuſe for your lordſhip's breach of punctuality?"

Lord Denningcourt's eye, no longer ſunk in apathy, ſeemed to look into the lady's ſoul; he perceived the nature of the interrogations; ſmiled, and then relapſing into indifference, anſwered, "Why not, Mrs. Feverſham?"

Roſa almoſt jumped off her chair—Feverſham was a name perfectly familiar; and tho' ſhe had totally forgot the perſon of the lady who bore it, her connection with the Muſhrooms rendered it certain, and recalled to her mind many traits of her character, which, as ſhe had them from Mrs. Harley, were ſure to be ſo ſoftened down

down as at leaſt to *reſemble good*. More confident in her protection; more reconciled to her eccentricities, and no longer dwelling on her indelicate explanations, ſhe felt a ſecret pleaſure in the recognition of one ſhe had known in happier times. It was, indeed, with difficulty ſhe could repreſs the deſire of inſtantly announcing herſelf.

The anſwer Mrs. Feverſham made to his lordſhip's "why not," eſcaped her; nor did ſhe hear the peer's rejoinder; and though his camelion countenance gave her a momentary alarm, yet from a man who forgot every thing, ſhe could have little reaſon to fear any thing, and now internally reconciled to the lady, felt more diſpoſed to be amuſed, than to fear the lord. She was, however, ſurpriſed, when, after ſeeming to examine the luſtre on the chimney, ſome framed prints, and two or three bad pictures, he ſlid up to her, and in a ſoft energetic whiſper, hoped ſhe had recovered from every ill effect of her fright; and added, in a low but more audible voice, he was concerned, at his entrance, to obſerve the traces of tears on her lovely countenance; he had, he aſſured her, reproached himſelf for not calling in medical aid.

"And yet, my lord," dryly interrupted the lady, "you had totally forgotten the whole affair."

"Forgot! Oh yes, certainly; one really cannot remember every thing; but you, for inſtance, is it poſſible to forget *you?* I thought of you in Bond-ſtreet; of your pretty hand and white arm; thoſe chains and d'or molu lockets, it ſtruck me, would ſuit them; allow me"—

And he opened a ſmall red caſe, which contained a pair of neat, though not high-priced bracelets.

Mrs. Feverſham, in raptures, permitted his lordſhip to faſten them on her arm, and whilſt ſhe walked to the glaſs, to judge of the effect, he dropped a billet on Roſa's lap, and then ſauntered to his chair, and commenced a tender addreſs to his maſtiff.

Roſa's confuſion and ſurpriſe, during the whole ſcene, is not to be expreſſed. Whatever were Lord Denningcourt's deſigns, he was, it was plain, acting a part, and either the intereſt he ſeemed to feel for her, or his indifference to every thing elſe muſt be affected. The billet ſtill lay on her lap; a glance from under his eye-laſh

as he was patting his maſtiff, told her that he obſerved that it did, and a ſecond glance reproached her want of confidence; yet there it ſtill lay.

Mrs. Feverſham returned from the dear employment of contemplating her own perſon, and though ſhe thanked his lordſhip in all ſorts of phraſes, for his elegant preſent, he looked and anſwered as if he had totally forgot there were ſuch things as bracelets in the world; and after another glance at his billet, he ſlightly bowed to Roſa, bid Mrs. Feverſham good morrow, and with his maſtiff ſauntered out of the room, followed by the lady and her bracelets.

The whole of Lord Denningcourt's behaviour was a perfect myſtery. Roſa could ſuggeſt no laudable motive for his writing to her, at leaſt in a clandeſtine manner; and had not her embarraſſed conjectures, in regard to him, been blended with freſh doubts of the principles of her new old acquaintance, the billet would have been inſtantly preſented to her; but the little epiſode of the bracelets ſtaggered her faith in that goodneſs of heart, for which ſhe remembered Mrs. Harley had always given Mrs. Feverſham credit; it revived her firſt prejudices, and the anxious wiſh to leave her houſe, they had inſpired.

Mrs. Feverſham returned in high ſpirits; "this charming man," ſaid ſhe, "loves you, my dear, I ſee it in every action; he is one of thoſe faſhionable loungers, to whom nothing but a dog, a horſe, a bet, or a bottle, appears to give animation. I have beheld him ſeveral times in critical ſituations with the lady he addreſſes, without his exhibiting the ſmalleſt proof that he knew ſhe exiſted; and, though ill health may have rendered *my eyes* leſs brilliant than *ſome other people's*, and though his lordſhip remembered to buy me theſe ſweet bracelets, the concluſion is obvious; but my lord is as poor as a pilgrim;—ergo, he muſt marry eighty thouſand pounds."

Roſa ſmiled.

"Aye, child, you may ſmile, but nobody would hold eighty thouſand pounds lightly, who knew how charmingly money may be employed—and notwithſtanding his lordſhip's politeneſs; notwithſtanding the beauty of the ſweet

ſweet bracelets, and the ardent deſire I feel to oblige my friend, the Earl of Denningcourt, I cannot," and ſhe drew herſelf up, " be ſeen in the affair."

Roſa was ready to expreſs her readineſs to relieve her from every embarraſſment on her account, but Mrs. Feverſham choſe to prevent her, by aſſigning her own reaſons.

In the firſt place, ſhe had lived ſome time in Sir Solomon Muſhroom's family; ſhe had taught his girls all they knew; uſhered them into life; poliſhed their natural uncouthneſs; combated their innate vulgarity—they were, indeed, after all, two poor, ungrateful, conceited things; but, ſhe had, notwithſtanding, a violent friendſhip for them; one, the younger of them, was already the wife of an earl, who, though a profligate, was a man of the firſt faſhion; and the other would at laſt alſo be a counteſs;—two events that never could have happened had not their entrée into the world been graced by her protection; the uncle, indeed, Sir Solomon, complimented her with a penſion, which, paltry as it was, ſhe could not afford to loſe;—ſo that, on the whole, our heroine might perceive, her connections were by no means among common people.

While thus Mrs. Feverſham mingled anecdote and invective, Roſa, diſguſted at the vanity, ſelf-intereſt, and even rancour, with which ſhe ſpoke of people who were her *very dear friends*, and to whom ſhe confeſſed pecuniary obligation, rejoiced ſhe had not followed the firſt impulſe after recollecting her of declaring herſelf to be the Miſs Buhanun, for whom ſhe was formerly intereſted, and reſolved to avoid all poſſibility of being expoſed to the inſults of the upſtart Sir Solomon, or the ſcorn of his proud heireſſes, by retaining the name of Walſingham, by which ſhe had announced herſelf, at leaſt till ſhe reached Penry, without adverting to former events, or even aſking after any of her old friends.

She could not doubt a kind reception from Dr. Croak, and Mrs. Harley, ſhe *knew*; but ſhe had too much pride, and her pride was raiſed on the baſis of integrity, to think of being a burthen to either; all her hope was to hear of Elinor from the former, and to receive from the latter ſuch advice as might enable her to procure a laudable

laudable ſubſiſtence by her talents and her induſtry; her ſtay, therefore, at Penry, ſhe hoped, would be too ſhort to expoſe her to the malevolence of which Lady Lowder had given ſo decided a ſpecimen, or provoke that revenge Lord Lowder might poſſibly feel for the diſappointment of his illicit hopes, and the loſs of his bet.

Mrs. Feverſham having, as ſhe thought, and as was indeed, in ſome ſenſe, true, confounded our heroine with the greatneſs of her connections, was actually ſilent! Her mind was in a ſtate of warfare.

There were Sir Solomon's penſion, his daughters coronetted carriage dropping tickets, and ſometimes even invitations at her door, on one hand.

There were Lord Denningcourt's remembrances in Bond-ſtreet, and the opportunity of mortifying her very dear and particular friend, on the other; with as many auxiliary reaſons on both ſides, as might have kept any other lady ſilent, at leaſt half an hour; but ſilence was not Mrs. Feverſham's *forte*—the penſion, tickets and invitations, carried it in five minutes.

Mrs. Feverſham ſtill remained as near the ſame woman the reader remembers her three years back, as any modern woman of ſpirit could remain, after paſſing the intermediate ſpace in a conſtant round of luxury and diſſipation. She would have been ſtill diſpoſed to patronize, and fancied her advice competent to ſettle the moſt difficult point; but the truth is, having carried with her from Muſhroom houſe, all the habits of luxury, and all the irritation of falſe pride, ſhe could not return to her old connection, without ſuffering more than ſhe had fortitude to endure.

The period which paſſed ſo pleaſantly to herſelf in the Muſhroom family, had not ſecured her one friend in or out of it.

Sir Solomon, indeed, who felt in the approach of ſome chronic diſeaſes, that he was not immortal, had ſo good an opinion of her medical ſkill, that Mrs. Dorothy Wright became ſeriouſly fearful leſt, when his daughters were both married, he might fancy her as a companion himſelf; and though Lady Lowder held all advice in the moſt ſovereign contempt, from the hour ſhe became a counteſs,

a countess, Mrs. Dorothy still retained sufficient influence over Miss Charlotte to make her think as she thought, and act as she advised; the consequence was, a serious pre-concerted tiff between Miss Mushroom and her *chaprone*, which, though at first managed with great spirit by the latter, being aided by the countess, without any other motive than her natural propensity to mischief, raised a storm in Mushroom house, that could be only allayed by the *chaprone's* resignation.

"No man," says the proverb, "is wise at all times."

To a quick penetration, Mrs. Feversham added a retentive memory. Certain commotions in the honourable bosom of the Earl of Gauntlet, had so far put him off his guard, that one morning, when Mrs. Feversham had, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Dorothy Wright, given up Bond-street, the park, and an exhibition, to sit with Sir Solomon, when bodily pain, a sensation new to him, confined him to an arm chair, in rushed the earl, first letting fly a volley of imprecations, which were the more terrific, as coming from one of the most courtly mouths that ever lisped a compliment, and next, entering on a subject the reader may possibly anticipate, before he perceived the silent and attentive Mrs. Feversham.

Of this incident the disgraced favourite gently reminded Sir Solomon Mushroom, at her departure, with such effect, that she retained in some sort his confidence; was restored to the notice of the ladies; and, what was still better, got her a pension of an hundred guineas a year.

With this addition to her own fortune, Mrs. Feversham might have retired, the patroness and adviser of all Penry; but that pride which writhed under the torture of leaving Piccadilly, submitted to the deprivation of all real comfort, for the sake of remaining in the routine of quality calls; sitting sometimes with Miss Mushroom in Lady Lowder's box, at the Opera—going in their coach to the play—continuing to be admitted to their supper parties, and being sometimes included in the invitations of their friends; all which were secured by her having a neat furnished house in Conduit-street, where, with the most niggard œconomy, she contrived to keep herself and two female domestics.

Nothing

Nothing is ſo likely to turn common acquaintance into friendſhip as mutual misfortune: Mrs. Feverſham's baniſhment from Piccadilly, before the grand affair of her penſion was ſettled, happened about the ſame time when Dr. Croak and his *chere amie*, Mrs. Bawſky, found it neceſſary to make arrangements for their departure from Walbrook; at this intereſting juncture, the ladies were inſeparable; and Mrs. Feverſham made a city acquaintance at Dr. Croak's, which, even after the acquiſition of the penſion, ſhe found it convenient to continue.

Mrs. Alderman Tetch was literally a great woman, if height and bulk could entitle her to the diſtinction; the triple comforts of her life were, good eating, fine clothes, and grand ſights; ſo that when a good dinner was given in the city, or an extraordinary exhibition took place at court, Mrs. Alderman Tetch introduced Mrs. Feverſham to the former, and Mrs. Feverſham introduced the alderman's lady to a commodious view of the latter.

It was returning from a ſuperb dinner, at the Manſion-houſe, at an early hour, in order to reach Piccadilly, where Miſs Charlotte Muſhroom had condeſcended to invite her, that an intoxicated coachman, being repeatedly urged to drive on, occaſioned the accident which ſtained Mrs. Feverſham's train, broke her feathers, loſt her Dovey earings, and made Roſa her gueſt.

When Roſa fervently urged her departure, conſidering the irreſiſtible propenſity Mrs. Feverſham always had to *adviſe*, it may be thought rather extraordinary that ſhe betrayed no curioſity to know her certain deſtination, where ſhe came from, and what was her future intention; but, it muſt be remembered, ſhe had good reaſons to ſuppoſe the firſt would be to Dr. Croak's; and, however ſtrong the temptation of habitual curioſity, the had as ſtrong reaſons for chuſing to be totally ignorant of the two laſt.

As Roſa's ſentiments were, in this reſpect, congenial with thoſe of her hoſteſs, though from very different cauſes, ſhe again deſired a coach might be got, and enquired how far it was to the inn, where ſhe alighted from the York ſtage.

"The inn!" repeated Mrs. Feverſham, "what would you do there? But mind, I don't aſk; I won't know; only I can't think what you can want at an inn!"

"Simply,

"Simply," replied Roſa, "to avoid giving your ſervant the trouble of hiring a chaiſe for me; I preſume I may get one there."

Mrs. Feverſham's heart was not abſolute adamant, except where her own intereſt was at ſtake; ſhe looked on Roſa's face; the mark of innocence was ſtill on her brow; her brilliant eyes darted rays of ſenſibility; the glow of beauty mantled on her cheek, and ſhe was "of the firſt order of fine forms." It was now near four o'clock; it would be five before the chaiſe could ſet off. She was a ſecond time, in the ſame day ſilent five minutes, weighing the *pros* and *cons*, whether to riſk another viſit under her roof, from a man ſo enamoured as Lord Denningcourt, which, admitting he even remembered her in Bond-ſtreet, might be injurious "to the peace of her dear, very dear friend;" or let a young creature ſo beautiful and unprotected, begin a journey, which, as it was impoſſible ſhe could compaſs before dark, might expoſe her to worſe accidents than thoſe ſhe had eſcaped the preceding evening, without appriſing her of the danger. The advocate on one hand, was intereſt, on the other, humanity; and the deciſion would have been ſpeedy and characteriſtic, had not the following letter, gilded round the margin, and ſealed with arms as large as half a crown, decided in favour of humanity.

"*Dear Fev.*

"Vaſtly ſorry for your accident. Den ſays it was quite ſhocking—going inſtant into the country; the G's—ſiſter—Den and I can't tell who—monſtrous large party.——Poor Beauty, dear creature, juſt out of ſtraw, too weak for travelling, ſo ſend her and ſweet little ones to dear Fev.—pray take care of her, and remember, though all the other dogs eat roaſt chicken, or even beef, poor Beauty never touches any thing but mutton and ſweet breads.

"Sir Sol. not well and monſtrous ſulky.

Your's,

C. MUSHROOM."

Beauty, a little ugly Dutch pug, and her puppies, as ugly as herſelf, being ſet down in a baſket of fine cotton, the

the ſervant gone, and Lord Denningcourt, i. e. *Den*, ſafe, Mrs. Feverſham explained to Roſa how much more eligible it would be to begin her journey, wherever ſhe was going, earlier in the day, and very cordially invited her to ſtay at her houſe till the next morning, when a chaiſe, which might be previouſly ordered, would take her up.

Roſa ſeldom thought of time or ſpace, except reminded by feeling or neceſſity; the more ſtrongly ſhe was impreſſed by the dangers ſhe had recently eſcaped, the more Mrs. Feverſham's conſiderate arrangement affected her; and her honeſt heart, naturally prone to put the moſt candid interpretation on the actions of others, reproached itſelf for certain movements which now appeared not only ſevere, but unjuſt; an emotion of gratitude, almoſt amounting to affection, ſprung to her eyes, and ſhe would have certainly betrayed herſelf, had not Mrs. Feverſham, to whom the ſtudy of the heart was a new ſcience, left her to give ſome orders in her domeſtic affairs.

A moment's reflection convinced her that the making herſelf known to any perſon ſo intimately connected with a family, by whom ſhe wiſhed never to be recognized, could anſwer no one good purpoſe; but, on the contrary, might poſſibly involve her in difficulties, from which ſhe might not be eaſily extricated; the billet, however, left by Lord Denningcourt, was a confidence of another kind, and the moment Mrs. Feverſham returned, ſhe delivered it ſealed, into her hand.

"Well!" exclaimed ſhe, "did I not tell you ſo—yes, yes, I ſee he is in for it, deep enough, but what does he ſay?"

Roſa glanced at the unbroken ſeal.

"What not open! Oh Lud! oh Lud! pray now is not this *mock modeſty?* but let us ſee."

"*You are a very lovely, or a very artful woman.*"—Very frank indeed, my Lord.——"*You will fear to peruſe this, leſt it ſhould inſult virtue, or you read it with the eager expectation of having enſnared a new dupe—in either caſe you are deceived.*"—Oh to be ſure! you are very deep, my very good Lord Denningcourt, but I have found you out.—"*You intereſt me.*"—I know it; didn't

I ſay ſo.——" *I am perhaps, a frivolous character.*"—I told you he was; what can be more frivolous than the nothing hunters of faſhion!—" *But affronting a modeſt woman is among the few things I dare not do.*"—Indeed! why then you are further gone than I thought you—" *Why are you not with your friends? Is yours a face and form to be your own protector?*"—No, certainly—" *I incloſe my addreſs.*"—Aha, my cautious lord, and you thought I ſhould not know this—" *What friendſhip and aſſiſtance a woman of virtue can accept from a man of honour,*"—Fiddle faddle—" *freely demand.*"—Oh I dare ſay he will be generous enough, when he is rich—" *I ſee you no more.*"—Nonſenſe—" *If, on the contrary, you wear a ſpecious maſk, I forbid you to trouble me.*"

DENNINGCOURT."

" Was there ever any thing ſo ridiculous?" cried Mrs. Feverſham, folding the letter, and returning it to Roſa; " but I ſee into his art, he knows my regard for my friend, who, to be ſure, is a mighty ſilly girl, and not one quarter ſo handſome as you, and feared you would ſhew me his letter; nothing can be more natural. Had he made you any profeſſions inimical to the honourable addreſſes he is paying the dear diſagreeable Charlotte Muſhroom, of whom, notwithſtanding ſhe has not one ſingle good quality, I am exceſſive fond—why, you know, I muſt have been outrageous; nothing can be more natural—and beſides, as I conſider myſelf bound in honour to inform my friend, Sir Solomon, of every particular, it might have *inconvenienced* his lordſhip in the *caſh account.*

Roſa, without knowing why, felt herſelf ſtrongly impelled to put a milder conſtruction on Lord Denningcourt's billet. It is true, there was a myſtery about it, which thoſe who beſt knew him, were beſt qualified to explain; but as ſhe ſaw no probability of her being neceſſitated to put the honour or truth of his profeſſions to proof, ſhe accepted Mrs. Feverſham's invitation to a frugal dinner, and liſtened to her account, begun even in the intervals of eating, of the rank and faſhion of all her friends; the eſtimation in which ſhe was held; her taſte in dreſs; her judgment in ſelecting, and exactneſs in

purchaſing

purchaſing bargains of all deſcriptions. When all theſe topics were exhauſted, and the dinner removed, ſhe returned to the family of the Muſhrooms, with an acrimony which impeached both her diſcretion and gratitude.

"The uncle was," ſhe ſaid, "a low bred, artful man, who having got together, God knew how, a princely fortune, flattered himſelf the memory of others were as treacherous as his own; but, admitting that to be the caſe, a ſhort time would certainly remind both him and them, of certain manœuvres, and reduce him to his primitive nothingneſs. The girls, who, ſhe proteſted, had neither ſenſe nor principle, were called handſome, and thought themſelves admired, whereas the fact was, all their attractions lay in their uncle's hoarded thouſands. Lord Lowder and Lord Denningcourt were the only, among the titled nobility, whom poverty could induce to ennoble the two dawdles; the former having ſquandered all the fortunes of two rich wives, which were not ſettled on their children, as well as his own paternal inheritance; and the latter, cut off by his father's will from all but his title, and a huge old caſtle in the north of England, with a few hundreds a year, which could not be alienated; "but you don't attend, child."

This was very true; Roſa's imagination had tranſported her to far diſtant ſcenes; but Mrs. Feverſham had the diſpoſition to be charmed with the ſound of her own voice, and ſhe had a right to be indulged in her own houſe, by a gueſt ſo very much obliged.

Roſa apologiſed, and ſhe proceeded.

"This Lord Denningcourt, as I told you, is a faſhionable lounger—that is, a man without purſuits or paſſion; a thing, who reverſes the order of nature, and, inſtead of paying court to our ſex, ſhews himſelf at public and private aſſemblies, lolling on a brother lounger, merely to give them an opportunity of courting him—My dear ſoul, you look incredulous, but, upon my honour, there are ſuch things; and take the circuit of Bond-ſtreet, St. James's-ſtreet, Piccadilly, and Hyde-park, any morning, you will meet them by dozens."

As theſe were places to which Roſa was as much a ſtranger, as to the beings Mrs. Feverſham was deſcrib-

ing, ſhe was very much inclined to believe, that lady was entertaining her with the effervescence of her own fancy.

"Lord Denningcourt," proceeded the oratrix, "to do him juſtice, was not always a lounger, he had once a character; he was a famous whiſt player; had horſes at New-Market, and kept one of the moſt expenſive women in England."

"A character indeed, madam!" exclaimed Roſa.

"You are a novice, child," anſwered Mrs. Feverſham. "Let me tell you a ſecret all the world knows—even ſuch a character is better than the inſufferable inanity of a lounger. Active vices may change to oppoſite virtues; but, that indifference, that indolence, that deſtruction of genius, that repeller of the paſſions, that innovator, which inverts the natural propenſities of youth and gallantry, and ſtrangles all the ſeeds of heroiſm in the birth; in ſhort, that apathy, in which our young men are ſunk, will in the end ſink them."

Roſa was all attention; but, notwithſtanding her wiſh to diſguiſe it, incredulity was ſtamped on her countenance.

"Well, child," continued Mrs. Feverſham, "you are to be envied; you have never ſeen the heterogeneous animal I have deſcribed, and what contradicts reaſon, it is difficult to believe; but this Lord Denningcourt had ſo exhauſted his father's coffers and patience, that he was at length obliged to live on a ſmall annuity; but, proud of being ſtill pre-eminent, from a leader of daſhers, he became a chief of the loungers.—That eternal Lord Gauntlet propoſed his making all up, by a prudent marriage; and the old earl, a little mollified, entered into the treaty, but, before affairs were arranged, the earl died, having deviſed every thing he could give from his ſon, to his ſecond counteſs, a very beautiful woman, on whom he doated; and here you would expect ended the treaty with the Muſhrooms; no ſuch thing—pride ſwallows mill-ſtones——Charlotte muſt be a counteſs; Sir Solomon offered twenty-thouſand more than was aſked at firſt, to begin the world with eclat; but Miſs was not ſo warm as her papa, and the lover downright cold. He took a whim of running backwards and forwards to the North, pretending to viſit his old frightful caſtle; and

Miſs,

Miſs, not to be outdone in folly, took it into her head to find herſelf in love with a young fellow, who"—

Here Mrs. Feverſham fixed her eyes on Roſa, and with ſome aſperity accuſed her of being ready to drop aſleep; adding, it was not a very polite return to one, who, though far from being a talkative perſon, was taking ſuch pains to amuſe her.

Roſa denied the accuſation, and truly did ſhe deny it; for though the whole of Mrs. Feverſham's communication had a ſtrong ſoporific tendency, the retroſpects in which ſhe was but too apt to indulge, were very hoſtile to ſleep.

Mrs. Feverſham, though, as ſhe ſaid, far from being a talkative perſon, was delighted at an opportunity, which did not often occur, when ſhe could not only diſplay her wit, information, and conſequence, without interruption, but ſhe could indulge her pique againſt the dear diſagreeable Muſhrooms, to an auditreſs whoſe inſignificance was too decided to be feared.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Feverſham, with renovated ſpleen, "the chit pretended to be dying for a young fellow, brought up, as *they ſay*, by Sir Solomon, on charity! *Hem*, that is, as *they* ſay; the young man tells a different ſtory, very different; he was ſent to India with an odd ſort of ridiculous man, who was formerly in love with me; a hideous jaundice looking creature, Colonel Buhanun; I—you are certainly going to ſleep, Miſs."

"Sleep, Madam! Good God! how can you think ſo; pray, pray proceed—what of Colonel Buhanun? What of the young man?"

Roſa, the reader will believe, was no longer in danger of being called to order for drowſineſs or inattention.

But the perverſe Mrs. Feverſham, alarmed at the earneſt glow of attention her ſtory now excited, felt ſuſpicious and confounded. It is the curſe of little minds to fear whom they hate; and the deprivations that muſt follow her being diſcarded by the dear, diſagreeable Muſhrooms! were ſo important and ſo highly prized, as to fill her with inſtant alarm—guilt is ſaid to be the parent of diſtruſt—ſhe feared an accuſer even in the mild and candid Roſa; caſing herſelf, therefore, in all the cau-

tious reſerve of a perſon who is aware of a ſpy, it was in vain Roſa entreated a continuation of her confidence; that ſhe watched every opening to reſume the ſubject, and that at length, unable to conceal her impatience, ſhe took courage to name Colonel Buhanun.

All Mrs. Feverſham's anſwers were cold monoſyllables, till ſhe gravely hinted that it would be proper for Roſa to retire early, in order to be ready for the chaiſe, which was ordered at ſeven o'clock.

The ſupper was laid without being touched; and Mrs. Feverſham, full of fear for the conſequence of her own volubility, wiſhed her gueſt health the moment it was removed, and returned to conſult her Abigail on what ſhe conceived to be a very critical ſtate of her affairs, leaving Roſa to be attended by the other ſervant.

Roſa's curioſity, thus provokingly juſt raiſed and denied gratification, was mixed with a reſtleſs impatience which deprived her of reſt. She aroſe before day, and was already dreſſed, when the favourite Abigail entered her apartment, and informed her, that by her miſtreſs's order, ſhe had coffee waiting.

Affected by this apparent kindneſs, and by the officious attendance of the ſervant, ſhe left moſt grateful compliments; and reflecting that ſhe was again becoming a wanderer, the probability ſtruck her, for the firſt time, that the kindneſs of theſe ſtrangers, from whom ſhe was parting, might ſhame the welcome of her friends.

Eager to eſcape the agony of ſuch ſurmiſes, ſhe ruſhed into the chaiſe, and ſoon loſt ſight of the metropolis, which had coſt her ſo many hours of anxiety to reach.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

" Oh friendſhip, thou ſoother of the human breaſt; to thee " we fly in every calamity; from thee, the wretched ſeek for " ſuccour; on thee, the care-tired ſon of miſery fondly reſts; " from thy kind aſſiſtance the unfortunate hopes relief, and may " be ſure of diſappointment!"

WE now ſee our heroine again a lone traveller; the chaiſe went on at the diſcretion of the driver; a heavineſs of heart pre-occupied her; all the airy caſtles, ſo delightful in the perſpective, vaniſhed; and it was not till long after changing horſes at the firſt ſtage, when ſhe began to recognize ſome of the objects they paſſed, that a gleam of pleaſure entered her ſinking heart; but the white ſteeple of Penry, and the ſchool-houſe at Mount Pleaſant, almoſt concealed by the thick ſurrounding wood, dear objects of early obſervation and affection, could *they* be ſeen without an impulſe of that indefinable mixture of joy and ſadneſs which ever accompany a return to the ſcenes of childhood?

There, in full view, was Penry, where Doctor Croak once lived, and where ſhe ſtill hoped to find him; and there was Mount Pleaſant, the abode of tranquillity! the nurſery of virtue! the ſeat of benevolence!

At the Doctor's, nothing was leſs doubted than a hearty welcome, as well as hearing of Elinor; but at Mount Pleaſant, there, oh yes! there was the union of ſenſe and ſentiment; and as there too, ſhe would moſt probably hear of Elinor, ſhe bid the driver take the road a little to the right of the village; and, in a quarter of an hour, during which her eyes were ſtrained to greet every paſſing object, and her heart bounded before the chaiſe, lo, from between an avenue of tall trees, the iron gates firſt, and then the whole, of Mount Pleaſant were in view.

The morning was fine; a gardener was removing the myrtles and geraniums from the green-houſe into the air, as was uſual at the time of her reſiding there; ſhe left

the chaiſe, and rather flew than ran up the ſteps acroſs the hall to the ſitting parlour: it was empty, and the firſt thing that ſtruck her, was the abſence of a favourite arm-chair, more valued by Mrs. Harley than a throne, on account of its being the joint labour of her pupils.

A ſervant entered, ſtirred up the dying embers, and ſaid, his miſtreſs would wait on her immediately. "*Wait!*" repeated Roſa; but perceiving the man was a ſtranger, ſhe reſtrained her emotions; and looking round, perceived more abſentees: the pannels of the wainſcot were ſtripped of the works and drawings, many of them her own, which ſhe had left, and their places filled by others more gaudy, but leſs ingenious. Before ſhe had time to comment on the change, the door was thrown open, and a tall ſtately woman, dreſſed in all the extreme of faſhion, entered: ſhe made a cold return to Roſa's ſilent curteſy; and having ſeated herſelf, pointed to a chair.

Altho' Roſa could not but conſider this as a permiſſion for her to ſit in the preſence of the auguſt perſonage, her ſurpriſe was ſo great, and the forebodings of her mind were ſo painful, ſhe continued, without ſpeaking, to turn her anxious and expecting eye towards the door.

"You expected, I preſume, ma'am," at length ſaid the ſtately perſonage, "to ſee Mrs. Harley."

"And ſhall I not ſee her?" anſwered Roſa—"is ſhe not at home?"

"She is not here—this houſe is now mine."

"Yours! has then my dear governeſs declined her ſchool?"

"It might elſe probably have declined her—ſhe was unable to continue it."

"Unable!"

"I might perhaps have ſaid with as much propriety, ſhe was unfit."

"Unfit! Mrs. Harley! the beſt and moſt amiable of women, unfit! ſurely, madam, you do not know her."

"Not much, I confeſs: I have, however, paid a liberal price for her houſe and ſchool; but, to be candid, I found her pupils ſo over-indulged, that it has coſt me infinite trouble to bring them into my rules."

Over-

"Over-indulged! oh, my beſt Mrs. Harley, where is ſhe?"

"Gone to Bath, in a terrible nervous way, poor woman! ſhe had reaſon to be ſenſible of the error of her ſyſtem. Her illneſs was occaſioned by the miſconduct of one of her favourites: ſhe was in the habit of making favourites—a thing I never do."

"Dear, dear, Mrs. Harley! ſo, indeed, ſhe was;—but is Miſs Corterels here?"

"No, Me'em, ſhe would not do for me, after living ſo long with Mrs. Harley; there was no diſcipline, no ſeverity about her."

"True, madam, true; but Miſs Reynold—ſhe was more ſtrict."

"*She* might have done, but did not chuſe to ſtay."

"And Madame Luſac?"

"Dead. She was in a weak way before I took the houſe, and I have no time to attend to invalids; ſhe died ſoon after."

"Poor Madame Luſac! But you have ſome of Mrs. Harley's young ladies yet remaining who remember Roſa Buhanun."

The violence which the ſtately governeſs had done her haughty temper, in anſwering with bare civility ſo many interrogations about her predeceſſor, was no longer neceſſary. Of Roſa Buhanun, her talents, accompliſhments, ſweetneſs, and beauty, ſhe had heard more than enough; and ſhe had alſo heard of Mrs. Harley's meanly preferring a known and acknowledged beggar, to the many favourites of fortune under her care.

The ſyſtem of education purſued by Mrs. Harley, and that adopted by this lady, were extremely different: to mild precepts and immaculate example, the former added the tenderneſs of a mother, and the ſolicitude of a friend. In the bleſſings of the poor, her pupils felt the ſecret reward of charity; in the ready obedience of the domeſtics, they ſaw the effects of kindneſs and good-humour, and, by her repugnance to cenſure even the vicious, they learned to compaſſionate the faults of others, and to reſpect themſelves.

With Mrs. Bagnal, on the contrary, the order of every day was ſeverity: it was ſeldom—very ſeldom, ſhe

ſpoke to the good name of others, but ſhe was not on that account leſs tenacious of her own. Rigidly auſtere, oſtentatiouſly charitable, and unreaſonably pious, ſhe thought it exceeding hard that her virtues ſhould not be the theme of admiration, and that a ſchool conducted by ſo faultleſs a governeſs ſhould not be crowded with ſcholars; which was ſo far from being the caſe, that all Mrs. Harley's pupils, a few Eaſt and Weſt-Indians excepted, had dropped off one by one; and as ſhe heard conſtantly of the affectionate regret they all expreſſed for their late governeſs, ſhe became the object of her envy and diſlike; perſuading herſelf, that leſſening the virtues of her predeceſſor enhanced her own, ſhe availed herſelf of every poſſible opportunity to depreciate her talents and management, forgetting that while ſhe was rancorouſly making a king log of Mrs. Harley, ſhe was making a king ſerpent of Mrs. Bagnal.

"Yes," ſaid ſhe, exulting at an opportunity of blaming the late governeſs, and of humbling her avowed favourite, "ſhe is very well remembered here: it is not, and ſhe roſe perpendicular from her ſeat, and ſcowled at Roſa under her bent brows, "very poſſible, for people who poſſeſs any portion of proper pride themſelves, to forget the mean folly which placed a common beggar on a footing with young ladies of fortune! I have no enmity to beggars, heaven knows—I give them alms;—and had this girl been under *my* care, *I* ſhould have made her uſeful, without allowing her to forget herſelf. I have bluſhed to hear ladies of faſhion, whom Mrs. Harley had the honour to educate, relate her ridiculous attachment to that girl—Lady Lowder, for inſtance. But if you know her, Me'm, adviſe her not to preſume to come to Mount Pleaſant—I ſhall encourage no ſuch degrading recollections in any of *my* ladies, I aſſure you. Good morning"—and the ſtately governeſs ſlowly walked out of the parlour.

No language can deſcribe Roſa's feelings during this whole ſcene. Saddened as her heart was at the ill health of Mrs. Harley; diſappointed of an aſylum at ſo critical a period; diſcouraged by the haughty manner of Mrs. Bagnal, from aſking that advice or recommendation on which ſhe depended from Mrs. Harley, with the mortifying

fying recollection that her purſe was again decreaſing very faſt, ſhe muſt have ſunk under the weight of ſuch accumulating evils, had not that innate ſpirit of *proper pride* which ſhe *felt*, and of which Mrs. Bagnal *talked*, now ſupported her. Not a tear ſtarted into her eye, not a ſigh burſt from her heart, as, after looking round with more diſguſt than regret, ſhe followed; and, with equal hauteur in her manner, had nearly reached the gate, her cheeks burning even to pain, and her heart beating almoſt to ſuffocation, when ſhe ſtarted at feeling ſomething ſtrike her hat, and, in the ſame inſtant, perceived a ſmall paper parcel fall on the gravel before her. She made an involuntary ſtop; and, on ſtooping, ſaw, in a terrible ſcrawl, "For dear Miſs Buhanun," wrote on the outſide: ſhe picked it up without heſitation, and looking back towards the houſe, heard a ſaſh gently pulled down, and ſaw the Venetian blind of the muſic-room move.

Immediately concluding this was a kind contrivance of ſome of her young friends, to prove that they remembered her with affection, ſhe haſtened to the chaiſe. The driver aſked for orders; ſhe endeavoured to collect herſelf; and in hope of finding Doctor Croak at Penry, having given directions to go there, drew up the blinds to conceal from obſervation of the paſſers by, as well as the driver, that anguiſh which could no longer be repreſſed.

On approaching the village, the driver again ſtopped for directions to the houſe. After breathing on her hand, and drying her eyes, ſhe faintly pointed to the turning.

Sick with diſappointment, and almoſt hopeleſs of finding Doctor Croak at Penry, ſomething like comfort warmed her heart at ſight of the old board announcing the reſidence of "John Croak, ſurgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife;"——but if the internal change at Mount Pleaſant had been more keenly felt from the appearance of the external in the exact ſtate ſhe left it, the Doctor's houſe, and every thing about it, prepared her for that alteration within, which, indeed, was the natural conſequence of the events hinted at in Elinor's letter.

The ſmall houſe, where the Doctor's aſſiſtant had lived and made up medicines for the convenience of people beneath

beneath the Doctor's then notice, was occupied by a cobler; and the little bow window, where the gariſh glaſs jars once ſtood, was filled with old ſhoes and odd bits of leather.

The coach-houſe being divided, was converted into two different ſhops; one of which contained the few medicines the Doctor had now call for, the other was the ſtore-houſe of his fine garden, from whence ſuch of the Penry inhabitants as could pay a good price, were ſupplied with fruit and vegetables; the ſtable contained a ſtock of potatoes and carrots for winter uſe, and a convenient hutch for the breed of rabbits.

The windows of the houſe, once plate-glaſs, kept in the brighteſt order, were now, ſome nailed up to ſave taxes; ſome with the ſhutters cloſed; and the few open, changed to common glaſs, and covered with duſt.

The painted ſtages, on which formerly rows of green-houſe plants and flowers were placed in ſuch high order, as did great juſtice to the Doctor's ſkill in the art of his progenitors, had been cut up for fuel; and the front of the houſe no longer attracted the wonder and admiration of the paſſing traveller.

The outer gate ſtood wide open, the pigs grunted round the court, and even rudely mounted the flight of ſteps which once in colour vied with the new-fallen ſnow.

A ſervant girl, tying a clean apron over a dirty one, opened the door; and again the warmth of our heroine's heart diſpenſed with ceremony. The maid ſaid her maſter was at home—and in ruſhed Roſa.

After ſo long an abſence, during which ſo many important events had taken place, the authoreſs muſt be forgiven, even if ſhe leave her heroine waiting for a welcome, and peep into the family arrangements of what was ſometimes heretofore called "Croak-houſe."

Doctor Croak had now experienced an overturn in the wheel of fortune; which effected the very change that, in a proceſs of one his firſt grand experiments, coſt him infinite labour and expence, it turned every thing to verdigreaſe!

He had brooded over his misfortunes, till he ſet down the being ſelected for the purpoſe of bringing a child into

into the world, by whom he might have been honeſtly benefited, as the primary cauſe of every evil under which he now groaned; forgetting *how* he had been aggrandized, he remembered only his humiliation. Seven thouſand pounds, the property of the child, which he had expended, no doubt with great taſte, retained a very ſmall trait in his memory; but the eclairciſſement which at once proved the injuſtice of his actions and the inſolvency of his circumſtances, was a cruelty and oppreſſion which filled his bad heart with impotent rage, and added to the torture of thoſe diſeaſes which luxury and indolence engendered in his conſtitution. He inſtantly recognized Roſa, not as the amiable and unfortunate girl, for whom he had profeſſed the utmoſt cordiality, but as a link to that chain of evils which overwhelmed him. The firſt glance of her renewed ideas he wiſhed never to remember: being at that time almoſt helpleſs with gout, it gave him a momentary twinge; and the inſtant Roſa reached him, he uttered a long and peeviſh piſh! which frightened her back to the parlour door.

Mrs. Bawſky was at cribbage with the only lady in Penry who had a fellow-feeling for the mortification in which her attachment to the bewitching Doctor, involved her.

Mary Waltringham, the buxom maid of all work to a coach-maker in Long acre, made an acquaintance with a ſober couple, who, having by dint of penurious induſtry, ſaved money enough to eſtabliſh themſelves in the buſineſs of their maſter, a harneſs-maker, in the ſame neighbourhood; and were, in a few years, ſo ſucceſsful, as to retire with an handſome competency to live, not as the axiom is, like themſelves, but like other people.

Mary the Buxom had alſo her turn in the whirligig of deſtiny: A ſober citizen of fortune, caſt the eye of deſire on her coarſe red and white, and promoted her from the all-work of the coach maker, to upper ſervant of three in his villa at Hackney, where ſhe ſucceſsfully ſtudied the palate of her maſter, till he unfortunately fell out of his own gig, as he was ſpying through his glaſs after a barrow-girl in Whitechapel, by which accident

cident he broke his own neck, and undid Mary the buxom; for he had ſuch an averſion to every thing that reminded him he muſt leave the good things of this world, that he never could prevail on himſelf to ſay "I give and bequeath."

Mary being now at large, and hearing of the opulence of her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Snaffle, dreſſed herſelf in her beſt, and went to pay them a viſit.

Mr. and Mrs. Snaffle knew very well how to make a good bargain, in buying a fine houſe, elegant furniture, handſome coach, and blood horſes; but when ſet down in the former, and in poſſeſſion of all the latter, no two people could be more miſerably at a loſs in what manner to conduct themſelves.

Mary's viſit was the moſt opportune thing that could happen; for Mr. Snaffle having invited all the quality round Penry to dinner, the good woman his wife had laid in proviſions for a ſiege. Mrs. Mary, however, by cutting down the bill of fare in ſome articles, dividing it in others, and new-modelling the whole, ſet ſuch an entertainment before the gueſts, as won the heart of her plain honeſt friend, who, after conſulting her huſband, deſired her to add Miſs to her name, and ſtay as long as ſhe pleaſed with them;—and ſhe did pleaſe to ſet herſelf down for life; ſhe intrigued with the huſband before his wife's face, deprived the well meaning woman of every comfort of exiſtence, and on the ſimple merit of culinary knowledge, uſurping the authority of the houſe, inſulted, ridiculed, and deſpiſed its unhappy miſtreſs, who, ſuffering the inflicted torture with patient reſignation, ſunk, uncomplaining, into the grave.

Miſs was now the moſt elegant entertainer, except only her friend, Mrs. Bawſky, in the environs of Penry; and Mr. Snaffle agreed, with ſome reluctance, to go through a ceremony, that had at leaſt the novelty of the parſon to recommend it, and make Miſs an honeſt woman.

But there was an eye that marked them.

Mr. Snaffle was called to his long account, in the midſt of the bridal preparations, without revoking a will made in favour of the relations of his deceaſed wife —"So down dropped Dido;"—for though he left her a handſome

a handſome proviſion, it was only for life, and much too narrow to ſupport ſuch an houſe and equipage as ſhe had long been uſed to.

Nothing therefore could be more appropriate than the friendſhip of Mrs. Bawſky and Miſs Waltringham, otherwiſe Mary the Buxom.

The ladies laid down their cards; and ſuch was the involuntary reſpect the elegant manner and beautiful figure of Roſa excited, that, had it been poſſible for Miſs to make a ſudden movement under her enormous load of fleſh, ſhe would have riſen before the mutual explanations of the Doctor and his chere amie explained our heroine's *no* claims to reſpect of any kind.

Roſa, diſcouraged and almoſt ſinking, aſked the Doctor with a faltering voice, if he did not know her?

The Doctor looked at Mrs. Bawſky for his cue, and ſhe anſwered for him; to be ſure ſhe was vaſtly grown, and indeed ſhe could not ſay but what ſhe was alſo much improved; but, ſtooping forward to her friend, ſaid, in a ſort of ſtage whiſper every one *ſhould* hear, "You remember the little beggar the Eaſt-India Colonel cloth-ed and put to ſchool."

"Remember! certainly, the ſtory is too remarkable to forget;—but is this young lady——no—ſurely it is impoſſible."

Mrs. Bawſky having aſſured her it was the ſame, Miſs put on her preſervers, and ſaid ſhe was quite a well-grown young woman.

Well it was for poor Roſa that, excepting in one inſtance, ſhe was never aſhamed of the poverty of her origin; ſince after flying from the comments of ſtrangers, it ſeemed a predetermined thing, that every being in whoſe memory ſhe lived, ſhould be ſenſible of the neceſſity of reminding her of what they conceived to be her diſgrace.

"And pray, Miſs—I ſuppoſe you call yourſelf Buhanun ſtill—what has brought you to this part of the world?"

The queſtion, the tone in which it was put, the look that accompanied it, and Mrs. Bawſky cutting the cards for her friend's deal, without ſhewing the leaſt intereſt in what would be the anſwer, convinced her ſhe had

had little to expect from them. But her feelings being free from thoſe tender ſenſations of affectionate regret which ſo affected her at Mount Pleaſant, did not long deprive her of preſence of mind.

As it ſtruck her that the mixture of pride and meanneſs which ſhe had long known to be the ruling paſſions of Doctor Croak's mind, rendered a meeting with one whom he had neither ſeen nor heard of ſince the ſo viſible alteration in his circumſtances, painful and perhaps mortifying, ſhe therefore anſwered with a dimpled ſmile, ſhe was brought there by her deſire to ſee and inquire after her old friends, and was not entirely diſappointed, ſince ſhe *ſaw* him, and ſince Mrs. Bawſky looked ſo well.

Mrs. Bawſky deſired ſhe would reach a chair and ſit down.

Roſa did as ſhe was bid; and, after a few indifferent ſentences, aſked after dear Elinor.

The little ſunſhine her pleaſing manners extorted from the cynical Doctor and his bloated chere amie, inſtantly vaniſhed. A ſettled gloom ſucceeded, and neither the moſt ardent entreaties, nor tears, could prevail on them to give her one word of information, either reſpecting her welfare or addreſs.

Wearied out at length with her importunity, the Doctor ſaid, that he had already been plagued enough on that young lady's account; that her relations need not be furniſhed with freſh provocations to uſe him ill; that if they choſe ſhe ſhould keep up any of her old acquaintance, they would no doubt have permitted her to write to them; but that he believed they did not; and the very laſt time he had ſeen Elinor, ſhe entreated him particularly never to mention the name of Buhanun before them, that therefore, no opening by which any hangers on might find her, ſhould come from him. Roſa wrung her hands and wept—hope was at laſt deſerting her; again ſhe implored, and even kneeled—and again was her petition rejected;—the more, indeed, ſhe appeared affected at her diſappointment, the more ſtern and reſolute were the anſwers ſhe received.

The maid in this inſtant entered to ſay, the poſtillion muſt put up his horſes.

The

The Doctor ſent a glance from the corner of his eye to Mrs. Bawſky—Mrs. Bawſky returned the glance, but obſerved a dead ſilence.

Roſa's heart was burſting; but it was too ſtout to aſk, or even accept, an obligation from thoſe who wilfully withheld from her its firſt and deareſt wiſh. After one more effort to make an impreſſion on flint, ſhe relieved them from their viſible embarraſſment, by taking and receiving a cold farewell.

"A bold-looking thing," ſaid Miſs Waltringham, in her hearing, as ſhe ſtood at the door waiting for the drawing up of the chaiſe.

"What can one expect?" anſwered Mrs. Bawſky.

"What can ſhe want with the direction?" reſumed Miſs.

"That is eaſily gueſſed," replied Mrs. Bawſky. "I think, Doctor, we heard the Scotchman who took her from ſchool is dead."

"I am glad the Doctor refuſed her," rejoined Miſs Waltringham.

"Piſh! cried the Doctor, with a groan; "a pretty ſcrape I ſhould have brought myſelf into."

"Don't you think ſhe was painted?" aſked Miſs.

"I think it very likely," anſwered madam.

"She looks monſtrouſly made up."

Roſa ſtill ſtood at the door: anger and ſcorn flaſhing from her eyes—the *where to go?* was repeated ſeveral times.

Familiar as this diſtreſſing interrogation was now become, ſhe appeared to be totally without comprehenſion of its import; but throwing herſelf into the chaiſe, remained ſilent.

The driver made his own comments: he had carried the young country lady, as he thought her, to two houſes, where it was plain ſhe was not a welcome gueſt. Now he had in the village an old acquaintance, where the caſe would be reverſed, as nobody could receive ſtrangers, whoſe appearance ſpoke for the ſtate of their finances with more cordiality; accordingly he whipped up his horſes, ſet off at a hand gallop, and ſtopped at the door of the Old White Horſe.

The

The ſight of a houſe where two or three times in the year Mrs. Harley had taken her to viſit Landlord and Landlady Brown; the bench at the door, where honeſt John and his Shakeſpeare uſually waited their arrival; and the red-bricked parlour, to which ſhe was paſſively conducted, once the pride of Mrs. Brown, renewed ſuch a train of recollections, all equally painful, that, to the aſtoniſhment of a female who ſhewed her in, ſhe threw herſelf on the firſt chair, and burſt into a paſſion of tears.

The woman withdrew, with no ſmall precipitation; and having added this anecdote to thoſe the driver was giving the landlord, a doubt aroſe reſpecting her power to pay for civility, which was confirmed by the ſize and weight of her portmanteau. As this was a point of great importance, which it was very material to decide, the driver, without the ſmalleſt regard to the luxury of grief in which the poor traveller was indulging, firſt rapped at the door, and then abruptly entered to be paid for his chaiſe and horſes.

Roſa meekly drew out her purſe, and gave him a guinea for change.

The information he carried to the landlord brought him in; and he demanded, with great reſpect, if ſhe would pleaſe to order any thing for dinner.

Roſa was ſufficiently experienced in travelling to know dinners were indiſpenſable at inns. "Any thing, any thing," cried ſhe—her cheeks again deluged with tears. The landlord ſtood before her—his eyes fixed on her face, with an expreſſion which offended and ſurpriſed her.—Roſa was never wanting to herſelf when treated with unbecoming freedom: ſhe aroſe, and, with an air of dignity, added, "Send in what you have got." The man withdrew, but his eyes remained fixed on her till the door cloſed.

This behaviour recalled our heroine's reflections to her own peculiar ſituation. It is true, ſhe was now where, as it was the firſt ſcene of her early remembrance, might be called her native home; but if there were one place more deſtitute of every degree of comfort than another, this was preciſely that place; and although ſhe had in it neither property, connection, nor friends, ſhe had already

ready been greeted with the uſual concomitants of poverty,—inſult and contempt.

She indeed carried every where, in her own placid mind, the olive-branch of peace; and though no reſting place could ſhe find on the face of the earth, neither was there an ark for her to return to; in the ſame degree of natural partiality with which ſhe had cheriſhed the remembrance of Penry, did her heart now recoil from the idea of remaining there in her preſent forlorn ſituation.

"Some natural tears *ſhe* drop'd, but wip'd them ſoon:
"The world was all before *her*, where to chooſe
"*Her* place of reſt, and Providence *her* guide."

She had now no reſource but to return to London. Mrs. Feverſham's motives for preventing her from commencing her journey the day before, appeared doubly kind, when contraſted with her freezing reception at Dr. Croak's; and the attention of the ſervant, by her miſtreſs's order in the morning, was, in compariſon of the experience of the laſt three hours, an aſtoniſhing effort of urbanity.

No other plan appearing ſo feaſible, ſhe determined to make herſelf known to Mrs. Feverſham; to lay before her, without reſerve, the whole of her ſituation, to aſk her recommendation either as governeſs in a family or aſſiſtant in a ſchool, and to be an economiſt of the ſmall remains of Lady Hopely's twenty pounds, in order to maintain herſelf in the mean while, without pecuniary obligations. Scarce was this little arrangement formed, before the poſtillion appeared with the change, and the female waiter entered to lay the cloth.

No end to the diſappoinments of this luckleſs day: the poſtillion abſolutely refuſed to carry her back even to the place from whence he brought her.

He had a right to his return, and would not give it up.

Roſa did not underſtand what he meant; but, on being told, offered to pay him for the whole chaiſe, as a return.

No, he had already engaged as many returns as he could carry, and would take no more. The queſtion then

then now, was not *where*, but *how*, to go?—for, although the improvements of Penry included, "Neat post-chaises to any part of Great-Britain," Rosa's mind's eye was so intently fixed on the cruelty of Doctor Croak, she had passed all the new erections in the village, without seeing any thing, till the White Horse, the bench, and red-bricked parlour overwhelmed her with sorrowful recollections.

It was now some years since Sir Solomon Mushroom, lord of the manor of Penry, first begun to meditate the downfall of the Old White Horse, and having built a large house on a modern plan, he had since been privately endeavouring to deprive the ancient inn of its license; but as the ground landlord was to the full as proud and as obstinate as his worship, though not quite so rich, he found it more difficult than any man with so much money could have reasonably expected; so that the grand point gained by the removal of honest John Brown and his loquacious helpmate, Betty, he put Sam the waiter as his tenant under the lease into the old inn.

But though Sam had succeeded in supplanting his mistress in the house, having it no further in his power to oblige the lord of the manor, that great man took especial care his new inn should supplant him in the business, and that once commodious and long-established thatched inn, the White Horse, was now reduced to a mere ale-house—resorted to, on account of the fine home-brewed ale, for which it was still famous, only by a few of the old inhabitants, higlers' carts, and return-chaises.

This premised, it was impossible for our heroine to be accommodated with any sort of carriage from what she thought the only inn in Penry. The famous painted cart, formerly the visiting vehicle of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, stood dropping to pieces under a shed; the horse which drew it having been starved on the common in the depth of the last winter.

But the driver and Sam understood each other perfectly: the former gravely assured our heroine it would be impossible for her to get a conveyance that day; but, that the next morning, several stages would pass farmer Brill's close about a quarter of a mile off, when she might be

be ſure of a cheap place; and Sam as gravely aſſured her, ſhe would be very well accommodated where ſhe was till then; to prove which, he called the maid to ſhew her the bed-chamber.

The idea of getting to London cheap, was the only thing that pleaſed Roſa in the aſſurance of either; but as that was again becoming a very principal conſideration, it in ſome meaſure reconciled her to the delay, and ſhe followed her conductreſs to the bed-chamber.

Again were her feelings lacerated: it was the beſt chamber of poor Betty Brown: the white calico half-teſter bed; the quilt, covered with the fine flowered frocks in which ſhe had firſt dreſſed the little beggar; ſome broken remains of Colonel Buhanun's fine china, ſtuck together with white paint, ranged on the chimney ſhelf; over which was a coloured profile of poor John—his wife having, in all her trouble, taken care to remove one of her own, which ſhe had proudly exhibited as its companion; the chairs, the glaſs, the neat white table, all in the ſame order as if they had never been removed, again drew floods of tears from Roſa; ſhe could ſcarcely articulate her approbation of the room, and diſmiſs the maid. John's hard features—ah! how inſenſible of the honour!—was preſſed to her roſy lips, and to her beating heart;—the well-remembered gaudy frocks watered with tears; and her exquiſite ſenſibility rendering air neceſſary, ſhe opened the little woodbined caſement.

But what an increaſe of emotion did the temporary relief occaſion!

On the right, juſt out of the village, ſtood the houſe occupied by Colonel Buhanun; a little further, the almoſt roofleſs barn from which ſhe had been ſent by her mother, a half-ſtarved, ragged infant mendicant, to ſolicit his charity. On that path ſhe had fallen; to thoſe ſteps ſhe had clung; under that roof ſhe had been clothed, fed, and nouriſhed by him who was no more—by him whoſe death left her expoſed to all the miſeries from which his charity relieved her.

From objects ſo dear and ſo intereſting, the lofty turrets of Muſhroom Place, the beautiful lawn, luxuriant ſhrubbery, and ample park in front, had no power to detain her flowing eyes; but, on the left, emboſomed in wood,

wood, and half ſeen over the tops of the houſes, was Mount Pleaſant; and thither too did memory painfully wander.

So entirely abſorbed were all her faculties in the retracing of former ſcenes, that Sam himſelf had twice announced the dinner, before ſhe followed him to the parlour, where the poſtillion waited to give her the little parcel ſhe had picked up in the gravel walk at Mount Pleaſant, which ſhe had totally forgotten.

The *honeſt* lad conceiving, by the weight and wrapper, that it contained very transferable property, had conſcientiouſly opened it; but finding only a large ſtone, which he had no means of changing to gold, he brought it to Roſa, and ſtood, hat in hand, waiting a gratuitous reward for his great honeſty.

Roſa ſecretly reproaching herſelf for paying ſo little reſpect to a memento ſo kind, as ſhe doubted not the wrapper contained, put half-a-crown into the finder's hand, and eagerly began to open the little parcel.

Now as half-a-crown was five times as much as the man expected, and thirty times as much as he thought the ſtone and its envelope worth; and moreover, Roſa having given it with a certain air of generous good-will, ſuch as he had long known how to turn to advantage, he very naturally began to grumble at the ſmallneſs of his reward, which, the more intereſt he obſerved in her countenance as ſhe explored the contents, the more certain he grew, was very inadequate to the value of the ſervice he had rendered. The man became not only more eloquent, but impertinent, before he gave the matter up; but finding it impoſſible to obtain attention, he at length quitted the room, and, with a knowing wink, ſhewing the half-crown to Sam, ſet off on his return home.

After removing four envelopes, wrapped round a ſtone, Roſa diſcovered a billet, which, in a terrible ſcrawl, ran thus:—

"*My dear, dear Miſs Roſa Buhanun,*

"Oh! how I do love you, and oh! how I do hate our croſs governeſs, who won't let us ſpeak to you; but don't be angry—you bid me hate nobody—but ſhe is always hating herſelf;—and who do you think ſhe hates?—

hates?—why our dear governeſs Harley—only think how wicked! Charlotte and the two Reeves and I, do ſo long to hug you round the neck; but Mrs. Bagnal charged them to have nothing to ſay to you, and made them promiſe;—and we all know you never loved any body who tells fibs; but ſhe did not think of me, though I am eight years old, and have learned to write ever ſo many weeks, and was your own dear friend's child;—and oh! how good ſhe was to me; but we muſt never talk of her now—not ſo much as in our prayers; but I always whiſper God Almighty to bleſs my dear Miſs Elinor Bawſky,—that I do, and a fig for you know who; but here Charlotte teazes me to tell you, that one fine Sunday, as we were walking home from church, who ſhould come up but a poſt-chaiſe and four, with a ſweet pretty handſome young gentleman; and he got out and walked with governeſs, and aſked all about you; and ſhe was ſo frumpiſh and croſs, ſhe did nothing but ſcold, and ſaid ſhe knew nothing of you—though Charlotte longed to let him know you was at Scotland; then he wanted to leave his addreſs, and ſhe flounced away and would not take it; and he ſaid, Jemima Reeves heard him ſay it, if you was above ground, he would find you;—then ſhe ordered us all in, and bang'd the gate in his face. So, when Charlotte paſſed, ſhe juſt ſaid "Scotland," but ſhe don't think he heard, becauſe ſhe was afraid to ſpeak loud; but Jemima heard him tell the driver to go to Brown's, at the White Horſe, in the village, and that was more provoking than any thing, becauſe we all knew poor Mrs. Brown was gone away;—and then, what do you think Mrs. Bagnal ſaid? it was ſome ſhocking fellow come to ſteal the rich Miſs Lollypop, our confectioner's daughter;—and Charlotte ſays he is a ſweet-looking young man, the picture of our couſin Henry, of Bengal—and he is quite a beauty; and as to Miſs Lollypop, ſhe ſquints, and is crooked;—and Charlotte ſays it is impoſſible ſuch a handſome young man would think of ſtealing her;—but you can't think how Charlotte hurries me; but I will ſend you a whole line of kiſſes—there

. . . . . .

from Jemima and Auguſta Reeves, Charlotte and your dear little friend,

"HENRIETTA NELSON."

Tears

Tears now bedewed our heroine's cheek from a different ſource—grateful ſenſibility: ſhe kiſſed the ſcarcelegible writing; but on a ſecond peruſal, Montreville, in all the charms of grace and eloquence, filled the whole of a mind from which, indeed, he was never abſent: to him only ſurely could ſo innocent and animated a picture belong; and had he already traced—traced—alas! where did diſguiſed hope carry her?—No, it could not be him—he was ignorant of the name ſhe bore at Penry; nay, it was probable, he was equally a ſtranger to the place itſelf. Certainly of Mrs. Brown he could not have even heard; and, more than all, it was impoſſible in point of time it could be him—ſighing at giving up an idea ſo flattering—who then could it be? Doctor Cameron, Lord Lowder's gentleman ſaid, was come to London—was it him? or was it not more likely his Lordſhip himſelf? yet would theſe gentlemen be deſcribed by boarding-ſchool girls as young and handſome, ſo like the beautiful couſin at Bengal?—certainly not;—but again, who then could it be? He ordered his carriage from Mount Pleaſant to Brown's:—poor Brown was not at Penry; but was it not natural he ſhould make inquiries there?

The bell was rung with trepidation; it was unneceſſary—Sam, unobſerved by her, ſtood at the back of her chair.

She haſtily aſked if he recollected at any time a gentleman calling there from Mount Pleaſant to——

"To inquire about you, ma'am," anſwered Sam, with that kind of ſignificant earneſtneſs that had before offended her."

"Me! do you know me, Sir?"

"Know ye! do I know my own name! why Miſs, I have carried you baſkets of fruit a hundred times. My poor maſter, Brown, always gathered or bought the beſt of fruit to ſend to Mount Pleaſant."

"Poor Brown!"

"Ah, Miſs! he was uſed very ill—our lord of the manor——well, I ſay nothing; but no man can have been worſe uſed by him than myſelf—none, after what *I* did for him."

"But the gentleman who called."

"I know

"I know him too, Miſs, as well as I do you: he has no more reaſon, I believe, to brag of our lord of the manor than other folks. Ah, Miſs! there are ſtrange ſtories about—but I ſay nothing—though murder will out."

"But the gentleman?"

"As fine a young fellow as treads on ſhoe leather, Miſs! I dare ſay he came home from India on purpoſe."

"India! India! did you ſay?" cried Roſa, riſing in agitation, "who is he? where is he to be found?"

"Why, Miſs, his name is Littleton—Mr. Horace Littleton, he uſed to be called, tho' ſome folks ſay he is by right a great lord; for my part, I ſay nothing; but if he is not a ſome body more than ſome folks gave out, why I ſhould think he'd hardly offer to marry him to his niece; but I ſay nothing;—I am his tenant. In bad times a man can't always keep out of debt, and priſons are hard lines;—however, the young man would not *then*, as folks ſaid—I ſay nothing—have any thing to do with the family; and he was right,—for what's got on the devil's back, you know, Miſs——"

Roſa was kept ſilent during this oration, by a mixture of joy and ſurpriſe. Every letter ſhe had received from Colonel Buhanun, mentioned this Mr. Littleton; he was claſſed with herſelf in the affectionate regard of that good man; and his name thus familiarized was dear to her heart and recollection. He muſt be worthy, would he elſe have been beloved by Colonel Buhanun! At laſt ſhe heard of a being who would be intereſted in her welfare; at laſt ſhe would find another honourable protector, one who perhaps cloſed the eye of her firſt benefactor, who heard his laſt wiſhes, who might even be charged with them to herſelf.

Had not Sam of himſelf ceaſed to *ſay nothing*, he might have completed the Muſhroom family anecdotes without any ſort of danger; but his pauſe renewed her impatience. "Where is Mr. Littleton?" ſhe eagerly aſked.

"Why, Miſs," anſwered Sam, "to the beſt of my belief, he is at this moment at Muſhroom Place, making up the match with Sir Solomon for his niece: ſhe ſaid,

ſhe'd have nobody elſe, and ſo 'tis to be a match—but I ſay nothing."

"At Muſhroom Place!—can you carry a note from me to him directly?"

"Why no, Miſs, I don't think I can do that; for, as Sir Solomon did really tell him as he knew nothing about you, he may not like it;—but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll ſend our Judith up to the Place—her brother is one of the footmen."

"Pen and ink directly," ſaid Roſa.

"Provided you mention no names," ſaid Sam.

Roſa agreed; and immediately ſcratched out a ſhort note, which the landlord approving, Judith was ſent to Muſhroom Place, with order to give it her brother, to deliver to—and Sam winked at Roſa—"my lady Miſs Muſhroom's, humble ſervant—

"*To Mr. Littleton*," ſaid Roſa, with emphaſis, and away tripped Judith.

The dinner was untouched—Roſa's mind was in tumults—it was ſcarce poſſible for Judith to have reached the place before ſhe anxiouſly expected her back. A japan clock, which ticked behind the door, pointed to the paſſing time;—an hour dragged heavily on, and yet Judith came not.

Wearied with impatience and conjecture, yet unable to detach a ſingle idea from Mr. Littleton, ſhe aſcended to the little chamber, opened the woodbined caſement, and fixed her eyes on the avenue to the Place. At length, to her infinite joy, ſhe ſaw Judith returning, and with her a ſmart livery ſervant. She ran down to receive the anſwer to her billet—it was verbal. The ſervant delivered it with a curious earneſtneſs—"the gentleman begged to ſee her at Mount Pleaſant, and ſent him to conduct her thither."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

What befel the Beggar at Mount Pleaſant, and ſhewing the Wiſdom, if not the Politeneſs of the old Adage, "look before you leap."

HAD Roſa's curioſity been tempered with diſcretion; had her joy been meliorated by prudence; that is in ſhort to ſay, had ſhe been a few degrees leſs impetuous, and a few years older, ſhe would, in the firſt place, have recollected, that Miſs Muſhroom had, at leaſt, one admirer, or, as Sam termed it, an humble ſervant, beſides Mr. Littleton; and, in the next, ſhe would have conſidered, that more was due to her ſex and ſituation, than a vague, unceremonious invitation to the houſe of a perſon, to whom ſhe had ſo well-grounded a diſlike.

But the damſel was in alt; ſhe trod on air; and, unconſcious of the admiration her graceful mein excited from every eye at the inn, as, followed by the ſervant, ſhe croſſed the road, in her way to Muſhroom-place, oh, how light were her ſteps! how more than light her heart!

Anticipating a meeting with ſome one in the creation, to whom her exiſtence were, on diſintereſted motives, of importance, ſhe even fancied ſhe ſhould know the perſon of Mr. Littleton. She had teazed Sam, during Judith's abſence, out of ſo many deſcriptions of his perſon and countenance, that her fancy, always ſanguine, portrayed his very features. She reached the Place, and was admitted into the great hall, in a delirium of expectance, which happily prevented her feeling the indelicacy of her ſituation, or being ſurpriſed at the want of etiquette, with which her *entrée* was obſerved by the ſervants.

Every thing about this ſuperb dwelling ſeemed to prove, that the Muſhroom family, like that of Toboſa la Mancha, though modern in itſelf, would be ſufficient to give a noble beginning to the moſt illuſtrious progenies of ſucceeding ages.

The whole houſe had been beautified and new furniſhed, ſince our heroine was in it before; the ancient

marble pavement and pillars were indeed the ſame, in the grand hall, but the latter were ornamented and gilt; the ceiling and ſtair-caſe painted by Kauffman; and ſeveral niches, made for that purpoſe, filled with ſtatues, lately imported, at an immenſe expence, from Italy, of the higheſt reputation for ſymmetry and workmanſhip.

Occupied as Roſa's fancy now was, the grandeur and elegance of the ſcene ſurprized even her; nor could ſhe fail to recall the times, when, in that ſpot, leſs adorned indeed, ſhe had often been received, careſſed, and, apparently, beloved: ſickening, as with the ſcenes of juvenile friendſhip, ſhe recollected the narrowneſs of ſoul, which a ſhort time ſo completely matured, in her early companions; moraliſing on that chance that had caſt her, a beggar, under the very walls, where ſhe was afterwards received as an honoured gueſt, and again brought her, unknown, unexpected, and, to the owners, unwelcome, under the ſame roof; ſhe felt not the humiliation of waiting unnoticed for admittance, in a grand hall which afforded not a ſingle ſeat.

After ſome time the folding doors of the eating room were thrown open; ſhe heard a loud burſt of laughter, and was deſired to come forward.

It was in this moment, that a flaſh of ſomething in the ſhape of doubt, which imagination could not define, in one moment ſubdued the fortitude hope had inſpired, and ſhe ſhrunk back confounded and irreſolute.

The ſervant ſtill invited her approach; the doors were wide open; all within were ſilent.—She took her heart to taſk—what! whom had ſhe to fear? Was ſhe not waiting to ſee the adopted friend of her benefactor! her own friend!—Her confidence returned; yet ſhe trembled, and ſcarce knowing how found herſelf in a large room, near a table covered with decanters, of different ſorts of wine, goblets, glaſſes, and gilt ſtands with fruit.

Some perſons, who had the appearance of gentlemen, that is to ſay, as far as depended on their taylors and valets; and ſome others, who had leſs of that appearance than thoſe taylors, or thoſe valets, were ſeated round in high convivial glee.

Roſa

Roſa raiſed her modeſt eyes, and happened to fix them on an handſome ſun-burnt face, which ſhe inſtantly fancied was Mr. Littleton; the gentleman, ſtruck with the beauty of her countenance, as well as her particular notice of him, aroſe, reached a chair, and then returned to his ſeat.

As, ſuppoſing ſhe was right in her conjectures, that this was Mr. Littleton, conſidering the ſolicitude he had expreſſed to find her, this was a ſtrange mode of receiving her; ſhe changed colour, and her confuſion became torture, when a ſecond loud burſt of laughter convinced her ſhe was the object of their amuſement.

Afraid of ſhe knew not what, ſhe caſt a fearful glance half round, and was almoſt petrified by the broad ſtare of the Earl of Lowder.

But, before we proceed, we muſt, in due reſpect to the rank and quality of the gueſts then and there aſſembled, introduce them to the reader.

At the right of a chair, vacated, after the third bottle, by the founder of the feaſt, on account of a nervous habit encreaſing on his conſtitution, ſat the Right Honourable the Earl of Gauntlet; on the left, the Earl of Denningcourt, looking, as uſual, neither at the table, the company, the wine, the fruit, nor the lady; but as his eyes were certainly open, at ſomething it is preſumed in the air, ſuperior to either; next him, Lord Delworth, whom our heroine miſtook for Mr. Littleton, but who was, in fact, a much greater perſonage, being ſon and heir to the Earl of Gauntlet.

On the oppoſite ſide, next the ſaid Earl, ſat another right noble Earl, my Lord of Lowder, whoſe Buckhorſe face remained fixed exactly oppoſite that of our affrighted heroine.

There were alſo Major Montreville, ſecond ſon to the Earl of Gauntlet, a very young man for ſo old a commiſſion, who, beſides the colour of his regimentals, had nothing of the officer about him, except the immorality too often attached to the character; a Colonel Richly, an intimate aſſociate of the laſt mentioned gentleman; Sir Jacob Lydear, the Yorkſhire Orſon; and the Rev. Mr. Jolter, a perſon, who, however liberal of all ſorts of

expletives in his general converſation, "never mentions hell to ears polite."

To account for the meeting of ſo many noble perſonages of our acquaintance, with ſo many to whom we are ſtrangers, at this time, under Sir Solomon Muſhroom's magnificent roof, the reader muſt underſtand, that the bond of amity, between him and his always ſteady friend, Lord Gauntlet, ſo far from yielding to what conquers all things, "Time," was at this period drawing cloſer than ever. It was by his Lordſhip's intereſt the blood of the Muſhrooms was graſted into one noble ſtock; and it was by his management, it had now ſome tolerable chance of a ſecond advancement of the ſame kind.

It had indeed, ſome three years back, been Sir Solomon's grand plan, to give his eldeſt niece, and her eighty thouſand pounds, to the heir of his noble friend; but though the Earl was ice on the buſineſs, as far as reſpected his own alliance, he was indefatigable in promoting the ladies' intereſt in the families of Lowder and Denningcourt. The latter treaty had, indeed, proceeded with great deliberation; perhaps, from the predilection of the lady, in favour of her firſt choice Mr. Littleton; perhaps, from ſome ſimilar cauſe on the part of the young lord; but, at preſent, whether the gentleman's having neglected the lady, or the lady having neglected the lord, or whatever other cauſe, the treaty had been protracted, certain it is, matters were now ſo much *en train*, that this family party was actually conſidered as preparatory to the final arrangement; and it is as extraordinary as true, that though the common friend of both parties, the Earl of Gauntlet affected to rejoice in the ſucceſs of an event of his own planning, he had now nothing ſo much at heart as breaking off the treaty entirely, and bringing about the very match he had formerly declined with outward civility and inward contempt, with his ſon; but it was now his dear friend's turn to be ice on the buſineſs.

The village people had ſpoken, with more truth than reſpect, of ſome ſecret motives for the offer Sir Solomon certainly made, of his niece and her eighty thouſand pounds, to a boy bred up on his *charity*—it was a recent affair;

affair; and, as refuſing a fine woman with ſo large a fortune, would, in many people's opinion, be an act of inſanity, no wonder it was diſbelieved among the villagers; or that, as Miſs was known to be deſperately in love, the family coming to Penry, oſtenſibly to receive the deſtined huſband, and ſettle preliminaries, the error of landlord Sam was a general one in the neighbourhood.

Roſa's note being ordered by Sam to be given to Miſs Muſhroom's humble ſervant, a footman laid it on a ſilver waiter and carried it to Lord Denningcourt.

His lordſhip, with apparent difficulty, exerted himſelf ſo far as to lay down his toothpick, let fall his handkerchief, and open the note.—The laſſitude of manner and inſipidity of look, which caſt a diſguſting ſhade over his fine features and perſon, evaporated for one moment, during the peruſal, but returned the next; he yawned, threw down the note, reſumed the toothpick, and appeared to have totally forgot the whole tranſaction, till the ſervant, in an humble whiſper, aſked if there was any anſwer.

"Anſwer!" repeated his lordſhip, "to what?"

"The note, my lord."

"Oh the note! true—I proteſt I had forgot; my compliments to the lady, I am engaged."——Then putting the note into his pocket, he relapſed into ſilence and inſipidity.

"The lady!" repeated Lord Delworth—"come I'll bet a *rouleau* the note is *not* from a lady."

"I won't win your money, Delworth," replied Lord Denningcourt, "becauſe I believe you can uſe it to more advantage; but there is the note, and you may both read, and anſwer it, if you pleaſe."

"*You have* anſwered it," ſaid Lord Gauntlet, gravely. "Surely, Lord Denningcourt, this is not a proper place for—"

"'Tis a place, Lord Gauntlet, I take it, for any thing I chuſe to do; every place I am in muſt be ſo to me."

"Come, come, no proſing—read," vociferated the major.

"Ay, read, read," cried his echo, the colonel.

Lord Delworth desired his brother would be clerk.

The major had taken too much wine; he turned it over to the colonel.

The colonel would bet odds, the major could not read three words without spelling.

The major would take any odds, the colonel could not spell at all.—The colonel retorted—the major replied—repartee, and we wish we could add wit, was the rage of the moment.

Parson Jolter was snoring. From cutting up each other, the two bucks began quizzing the parson; while Rosa, telling the tardy moments, waited an answer; and the note would have remained to be cleared away with the glasses, had not Sir Jacob Lydear, having first assured the company, he had larned of Parson Joulter to read all sorts of riten hand, offered himself for clerk on this important occasion, and Lord Denningcourt, looking rather doubting, he instantly arose, and proved his assertions, by reading in a clerk-like tone and audible voice.

THE NOTE.

"The person you were so good as to take the trouble to enquire after, at Mount Pleasant, is extremely anxious to have the pleasure of seeing you; hearing you are at Mushroom-place, and being ignorant of your address, she hazards this note, to inform you, she is at the inn. The anxious wish to hear of our dear lamented friend must apologize for this trouble.

R. B."

The table was in a roar of applause.

"Vastly well, Jacob, and very clerk-like," said Lord Lowder.

"But who is this R. B.?" asked Lord Gauntlet, gravely.

Lord Denningcourt had his flash of sensibility; he coloured; but relapsing into inanity, "have you a wish to see her?" said he.

Oh, see her, see her, by all means—even the quizzers voted for ocular demonstration.

"Very

"Very well,"—then ſpeaking to the ſervant, "my compliments, requeſt the honour of the lady's company here."

"On this ridiculous meſſage then, was Roſa unguardedly involved in the moſt cruel embarraſſment; and the miſtake was productive of all the effects of the moſt brilliant joke, as it amuſed half a dozen men of faſhion, and put a modeſt woman out of coutenance. Having explained thus far, we return to Roſa, who, transfixed by the gorgon, which was ſo near turning her to ſtone, could not ſpeak, and ſcarcely breathed.

Lord Lowder immediately recognized the face he ſo much admired, and on which he had ſo great a bet, which two days would determine; and rejoiced at an accident, which, after all his unſucceſsful enquiries, thus unexpectedly gave him a chance of not only poſſeſſing her, but even winning his bet with Lord Aaron Horſemagog. The triumphant earneſtneſs of his gaze, changed the moſt beautiful work of animated nature into the appearance of marble. Lord Denningcourt, who affected to look at nothing, alſo recollected her, and was the firſt to obſerve both cauſe and effect; he roſe with alacrity to aſſiſt her: But there was another perſon in company, more intereſted than Lord Lowder, more agile than Lord Denningcourt, who, with trembling limbs and beating heart, prevented "the prattieſt laſs in the world" from falling.

"The ſectaries of pleaſure are not *all* quite ſo bad as they are willing to make themſelves appear:" The gentlemen had enjoyed the joke, but they were alſo all, not excepting the quizzing captain, now concerned. The bells were rung; the alarm given; and the Ladies, Lowder and Gauntlet, with the Earl Gauntlet's two daughters, and Miſs Muſhroom, broke up their little party, of guinea *vingt-une*, to ſee what was the matter.

Miſs Muſhroom, though ſurpriſed to ſee Roſa at Muſhroom-place, was in ſome meaſure prepared by her ſiſter, to obſerve and envy the rapid improvements of her perſon, and, agreeable to the family politics, did not appear to have the leaſt knowledge of her: It indeed, in a few minutes, became a horrid offence to this knot of virtuous and faſhionable ladies, to ſuffer ſuch a creature to receive

the leaſt aſſiſtance in their preſence, or even to breathe the ſame atmoſphere with them: as for poor Lady Lowder, ſhe no ſooner beheld the lifeleſs form of our heroine, in the arms of Sir Jacob Lydear, and not only Lord Lowder, but all the gentlemen, anxious to reſtore her, than ſhe fell into ſuch a paſſion of grief, and bemoaned her wretched fate, with ſuch pathetic ſorrow, that it was impoſſible to miſtake the ſource of her uneaſineſs.

Lord Denningcourt, who was of all lords the moſt inexplicable, reſumed his ſeat on the entrance of the ladies, appearing to liſten to Lady Lowder's complaints, while his eyes were fixed on her lord.

The ladies now underſtanding that Roſa was a vile creature, of whom Lord Lowder was fond, abandoned all concern for her, and attended only to the injured Lady Lowder, whom they would have prevailed on to quit the room; and even my lord, who had ſome ſecret reaſons for chuſing to keep terms with his rich father-in-law, attempted to ſooth and pacify her, without effect; as the creature, ſhe declared, would be her death; and when Sir Jacob Lydear, obſerving every body offering aſſiſtance, where it was not wanted, and refuſing it where nature and humanity ought to enforce it, fairly carried Roſa out of the houſe, ſhe fell into down right fits, ſhrieking, ſobbing, and beating herſelf, in a manner that convinced ſome part of the company, ſhe was not only the moſt injured, but the moſt fond of women.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom, rouſed from his afternoon's nap, by the diſorder in his family, now made his *entreé*, and adapted the moſt ſummary method of reſtoring order: he carried his daughter himſelf to her room; directed it to be darkened, and a doctor ſent for to let her blood; then calmly returned to the company, who, Lady Lowder and Roſa being now both abſent, laughed at the one, and deſpiſed the other.

Lord Lowder, fearing to loſe ſight of his prey, affected to take offence at his lady's *unjuſt* ſuſpicion; declared his intention to return to town, and ordered his gentleman to prepare accordingly, in ſpite of the remonſtrance and entreaties of both his father-in-law, and his good friend Lord Gauntlet.

In

In the mean while, Sir Jacob Lydear did not find the domeſtics of Muſhroom-place, ſuch abſolute adamant out of the noble preſence as in it; he got aſſiſtance for Roſa, and ſoon had the real pleaſure to ſee her revive. The firſt objects that met her eyes, which was himſelf, had nearly cloſed them again.

"Oh where, where am I?" ſhe cried, covering her face with her hand.

Sir Jacob was every way rapidly improving, under the tutelage of his fair relation, the Counteſs of Lowder, whom, as ſhe had taken infinite pains to cure him of his low attachment to Roſa, he had gratefully accompanied firſt to Scarborough, and then to London.

Sir Jacob Lydear's was an open, ingenuous heart; had his faculties been properly cultivated, when every leſſon has its moral, he might have been an ornament to ſociety; but it was his peculiar misfortune to have the veil of ignorance withdrawn by the hand of diſſipation: his paſſions were ſtrong; but that he felt for Roſa was now meliorated into a tender reſpect, mixed with melancholy regret, and he could not perſecute a being who ſo evidently ſtood in need of protection; he therefore paid one of the maids handſomely for attending her to the inn, and waited at a diſtance till he ſaw her enter; when, totally ignorant of all that was paſſing in his abſence, he returned to the company, convinced in his own mind, notwithſtanding Lord Denningcourt carried it off ſo well, that he was our heroine's ſweetheart; and much he wondered how it was poſſible for any man to forſake ſo ſweet a laſs, for all the riches in the world, which he ſuppoſed to be the cauſe of Roſa's letter and fit.

Roſa was in the mean while, in the utmoſt terror and trepidation: ſhe underſtood from the maid-ſervant, that Mr. Littleton was not at the Place; and concluded ſome miſtake had occurred in the delivery of her note: but the unaccountable and fatal chance that again expoſed her to the inſults of the two men in the world, who were equally the objects of her fear and hatred, confounded her.

The landlord, Sam, was equally confounded; and, as notwithſtanding his admirable faculty of *ſaying nothing*,

thing, he ſtood in great awe of the lord of the manor, he conſidered it as an highly important point to rid his houſe of a perſon ſo diſagreeable at the Place; he recanted the two aſſertions made, one by himſelf, the other by the poſtillion: firſt, he had no accommodations for the night; ſecond, he could procure a chaiſe to carry Miſs to London.

Roſa had lately proved, that with all her wit and ſentiment, ſhe was a little deficient in common ſenſe; but Sam's manœuvre was too palpable even for her; and though had he not been ſo eager for her departure, ſhe might have doubted the ſecurity of his little houſe, againſt the purſe and power of ſo great a man as Lord Lowder, or ſo headſtrong a one as the baronet, yet ſhe now reſolved to continue where ſhe was, at leaſt till day-light the next morning; and obſerving in Sam's face an expreſſion of determined inſolence, ſhe quietly retired to the room where her portmanteau was left, and of which indeed ſhe had taken poſſeſſion; and having locked the door, ſeated herſelf by the woodbined caſement, reſolved not to undreſs, but to wait till ſhe had the protection of broad day, and then take a guide to the great turnpike road, in hope of thoſe conveniencies ſo poſitively ſpoken of by the landlord.

She had no candle; and but for the friendly light of the moon, riſing in majeſtic ſplendour over the turrets of Muſhroom-place, muſt have ruminated on her hapleſs condition in total darkneſs, except, indeed, the lights reflecting from the windows of Muſhroom-place.

In this ſituation, ſhe had remained an hour, when ſhe was terrified at the ſound of a voice, which had made too ſtrong an impreſſion on her memory, to be eaſily forgotten: it was that of Lord Lowder's gentleman, juſt under the window.

With trembling hands ſhe gently opened a little of the caſement, and put her ear cloſe to it; but though ſhe could now have ſeen as well as heard the agreeable perſonage; after the firſt ſalutation of landlord Sam, the converſation dwindled into a ſort of growl, between the common organ of ſpeech and a hoarſe whiſper.

A thouſand terrific forebodings now aſſailed our poor Beggar: with great difficulty ſhe dragged the bedſtead againſt

againſt the door, and placed on it all the chairs, the little table, and whatever elſe ſhe could find, to add to her ſecurity; having done this, ſhe returned to the caſement.

The men were gone; the houſe not being overthronged by cuſtomers, was ſilent; and thus, ſometimes ſinking with terror, and ſometimes weeping in fond regret over the ſcenes to which the objects, on which the moon's brighteſt rays reflected, were attached, Roſa remained till the church clock ſtruck ten; ſoon after which a buſtle, firſt in the houſe, then on the ſtairs, and laſt a ſmart rap at the door, nearly deprived her of power to reſpire.

Firmly reſolved to continue within the barricades ſhe had employed herſelf in making, and in caſe of their being forced, to alarm the village with her ſhrieks, ſhe continued ſilent, trembling and gaſping for breath.

The rap was repeated yet more ſmartly; and Roſa would have demanded the buſineſs of the diſturber, had ſhe been able to articulate one ſyllable, but the effort died on her lips, and a third and louder rap almoſt deprived her of ſenſe.

"You muſt be miſtaken, friend," ſaid a female voice, in which harmony, ſweetneſs, and intereſt were blended.

Roſa ſtarted up; her cheeks fluſhed; her reſpiration became free; energy returned to her mind, and power to her faculties. It was a woman; one of her own gentle ſex. Some of thoſe whom ſhe knew, were indeed, imperfect models of what they ought to be; but others, oh, how above praiſe were they! Mrs. Buhanun, Lady Lowder, M . Bawſky, and even Mrs. Feverſham, had minds with whom her's could never aſſimilate, and from whom the ſoul of unreſerved confidence recoiled; but as the poſſibility that a bad intriguing man would, in any caſe, be abetted in his impure deſigns on an innocent woman, by one of her *own ſex*, could not occur to her, either from her own feeling, or experience, and as, among thoſe few vitiated characters which were ſometimes introduced as warnings in the books ſhe had read, the colourings were evidently heightened, the more ſtrongly to mark the contraſt of oppoſite virtues, claſſing them with the all-perfect heroines, ſhe had

had ſet the two extremes down for "monſters the world never ſaw," ſhe therefore haſtened to remove her fortifications, and on opening the door, was ſtruck with pleaſing aſtoniſhment, at ſight of a female, in whom every charm of grace, beauty, and elegance, were combined; and in whoſe faſcinating countenance, there was an expreſſion of candour and ſweetneſs it was impoſſible to reſiſt.

Surprize and joy at hearing this lady ſpeak, had raiſed a glow on Roſa's cheeks; but the anxiety, inquietude, and terror, left too ſtrong traces on her countenance, to eſcape the obſervation of the elegant ſtranger, whoſe looks alſo expreſſed her ſurprize at the diſorder of the furniture. She took Roſa's hand, and with a moſt prepoſſeſſing air of frankneſs, apologized for her late viſit; then looking round, added, "but what! in the name of heaven! have you been at here?"

What a moment was this for our poor Beggar; it was all aſtoniſhment, pleaſure and gratitude.—She was addreſſed with kindneſs by a being of a ſuperior order, of her own ſex, whoſe every accent invited confidence, and whoſe looks at the ſame time, more eloquent than language, ſpoke volumes of the goodneſs of her heart. Roſa could not ſpeak; the colour on her cheek varied from red to pale, and from pale to red: ſhe preſſed the ſoft white hand which was ſo condeſcendingly extended to hers, to her lips and heart, and ſtaggered breathleſs to a chair.

The lady having again caſt her lovely eyes round the apartment, ſmiled; "Come," ſaid ſhe, "don't alarm yourſelf; I ſee how it is; you are afraid of that ugly Lord Lowder, and I am not ſurpriſed at it; your friend is of a very different deſcription."

"My friend! thought Roſa, deeply bluſhing—my friend! has this lady then the power as well as the form of a ſupernatural being?—does ſhe know him to whom at leaſt I am a friend?

The lady was all obſervation as well as goodneſs; ſhe ſaw the bluſh without appearing to ſee it, and ſeating herſelf beſide the trembling Roſa, accounted for what ſhe was pleaſed to call her intruſion, by declaring ſhe was extremely affected at the ſtate in which ſhe had ſeen her

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at Muſhroom-place; and though ſhe perceived the family prejudice, which indeed appeared to her very abſurd, as a viſitor there, ſhe could not, with any regard to common decency, interfere, yet ſhe would aſſuredly have made ſome enquiries after her, even had ſhe not been happy to oblige Lord Denningcourt.

Roſa's delight, as the harmonious accents thrilled on her ear, and as encouraged by the condeſcenſion of the lady, ſhe gazed on her bewitching countenance, was now a little mixed with ſurprize. "Lord Denningcourt!" ſhe repeated.

A momentary ſurprize alſo paſſed over the face, which time had not power to rob of a ſingle grace, but it did not break in on the ſuavity of her manner, nor the harmony of her periods. She proceeded to ſay, that his lordſhip was no leſs concerned for the miſtake which had been the means of diſtreſſing her, than diſguſted at the unfeeling diſpoſition of his intended bride; but here ſhe corrected herſelf—ſhe had perhaps touched on a tender ſubject; perhaps Lord Denningcourt's engagement, were better not mentioned—and ſhe fixed her fine dark eyes on our heroine.

Roſa's tranquil brow gave no information of what the lady at that moment ſuſpected was paſſing in her heart: ſhe was more occupied with grateful pleaſure, than any curioſity reſpecting Lord Denningcourt or his engagements; that nobleman's happy faculty of *forgetting* had fixed him in her idea, as a very inſignificant character, at the ſame time that, not joining exactly in Mrs. Feverſham's opinion as to the meaning of his note, ſhe gave him credit for his good intentions.

The beautiful lady continued to ſtate, that his lordſhip, having been informed, through his valet, that lady Lowder's jealouſy was not entirely ungrounded, as far as reſpected her lord's deſigns, and being, as no doubt ſhe knew, intereſted in her ſafety—

Again the radiant eye-beam reſted on Roſa's face; but had it pierced the utmoſt receſs of her ſoul, there was no diſcovery to make.

After a ſhort pauſe ſhe proceeded:—His lordſhip had entreated her, in whoſe friendſhip and regard he had reaſon to confide—here the beautiful lady ſeemed a little

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at a loſs, and had not the rouge on her cheeks concealed "all ſeaſons and their change," a bluſh might probably have been ſeen; but in a moment recovering both the ſuavity and eaſe of manner, which ſo charmed our Beggar, again ſhe proceeded.—Lord Denningcourt had indeed but echoed her own ſentiments, in wiſhing to protect her from inſult, which, on account of ſome bet ſhe did not clearly comprehend, might poſſibly be offered her.

Now then it was, that for the firſt time, the name of Denningcourt raiſed an agreeable ſenſation in Roſa's mind. She was apprized of the, poſſibly principal, inducement Lord Lowder had to purſue her; and the means taken by Lord Denningcourt to prove himſelf her friend, by recommending her to the protection of an amiable and accompliſhed woman, was ſo delicate, ſo gentle, manlike, and ſo noble, that ſhe ſpoke her ſentiments and opinion of it with an energy and freedom, that no leſs ſurpriſed than pleaſed the beautiful lady.

With reſpect to Lady Lowder, Roſa ſaid, ſhe neither reſpected her character, nor regretted that ill opinion which her jealouſy or her prejudice evinced; and her lord was not more diſguſting in principle than in manner; he was, in her opinion, ſo contemptible a being, that the vanity of the moſt vain muſt be humbled by his notice; and a ſtranger, as from her humble rank in life ſhe was, to people in an elevated ſphere, ſhe rejoiced to find a Lord Lowder contraſted by a Lord Denningcourt.

The beautiful lady's eyes only ſpoke approbation of her ſpirit and manner, while ſhe aſked, with the moſt inſinuating ſweetneſs, if ſhe had been long acquainted with Lord Denningcourt.

Roſa anſwered, not only truly but circumſtantially, and obſerved with extreme pleaſure, that her ſimple detail of the adventure in Holborn, the interview at Mrs. Feverſham's, and the note which ſhe produced, evidently pleaſed and entertained the charming auditor, who apologizing for what was meant to ſerve her, though it might bear the odious mark of impertinent curioſity, aſked the explanation of an enigma, that always conveyed an indirect cenſure, which was, her aſſuming different

ferent names; as it appeared the family at Muſhroom-place, as well as Lord Lowder, knew her by that of Buhanun, while Lord Denningcourt underſtood from Mrs. Feverſham, ſhe announced herſelf by that of Walſingham.

Roſa's countenance fell under the beautiful lady's eye-beam at this queſtion; but it has been before obſerved, nothing but love ever leſſened her own ſelf-reſpect,—that high, that all-conſoling reſpect which conſcious rectitude only can inſpire, independent of local circumſtances, ſupported her; and ſhe anſwered, without the ſmalleſt heſitation, that the explanation the beautiful lady aſked, was ſo involved in the events of her humble life, ſhe could not give the one without reciting the other.

"You charm me," replied the lady; "your countenance is the moſt ingenuous, and your manners are the moſt frank I have ever met; you really are an exquiſite girl; no event of your life, however humble, can leſſen the intereſt I ſhall take in all your affairs."

Roſa feared, however important they were to herſelf, the incidents and misfortunes of her life were too inſignificant to amuſe; but under ſo ſtrange and ſuſpicious an appearance as the change of name gave her, ſhe was ready to avail herſelf of the lady's permiſſion, and enter into the explanation ſhe deſired.—A ſervant had brought lights, and partly arranged the furniture, and the lady drew her chair near the little caſement.

"I proteſt," ſaid ſhe, "this ſcene is quite romantic; how beautifully the moon riſes beyond the houſe of that over-grown knight, and what a ſolemn grandeur it ſheds over the ſurrounding trees; come, ſuppoſe yourſelf a diſtreſſed damſel, as indeed you are, purſued by that horrid enchanter, Lord Lowder, relating your adventures to——"

"To ſome charitable and virtuous princeſs," interrupted Roſa, in the ſame tone of raillery.

"Yes," replied the lady; "and depend on it, I will either commiſſion ſome of my knights to drive the enchanter from you, or take you from the enchanter: but begin, that I may determine which."

Roſa then gave a conciſe outline of her ſtory to the time of her quitting Lady Lydear's houſe, and as much

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Roſa anſwered, not only truly but circumſtantially, and obſerved with extreme pleaſure, that her ſimple detail of the adventure in Holborn, the interview at Mrs. Feverſham's, and the note which ſhe produced, evidently pleaſed and entertained the charming auditor, who apologizing for what was meant to ſerve her, though it might bear the odious mark of impertinent curioſity, aſked the explanation of an enigma, that always conveyed an indirect cenſure, which was, her aſſuming different

ferent names; as it appeared the family at Muſhroom-place, as well as Lord Lowder, knew her by that of Buhanun, while Lord Denningcourt underſtood from Mrs. Feverſham, ſhe announced herſelf by that of Walſingham.

Roſa's countenance fell under the beautiful lady's eye-beam at this queſtion; but it has been before obſerved, nothing but love ever leſſened her own ſelf-reſpect,—that high, that all-conſoling reſpect which conſcious rectitude only can inſpire, independent of local circumſtances, ſupported her; and ſhe anſwered, without the ſmalleſt heſitation, that the explanation the beautiful lady aſked, was ſo involved in the events of her humble life, ſhe could not give the one without reciting the other.

"You charm me," replied the lady; "your countenance is the moſt ingenuous, and your manners are the moſt frank I have ever met; you really are an exquiſite girl; no event of your life, however humble, can leſſen the intereſt I ſhall take in all your affairs."

Roſa feared, however important they were to herſelf, the incidents and misfortunes of her life were too inſignificant to amuſe; but under ſo ſtrange and ſuſpicious an appearance as the change of name gave her, ſhe was ready to avail herſelf of the lady's permiſſion, and enter into the explanation ſhe deſired.—A ſervant had brought lights, and partly arranged the furniture, and the lady drew her chair near the little caſement.

"I proteſt," ſaid ſhe, "this ſcene is quite romantic; how beautifully the moon riſes beyond the houſe of that over-grown knight, and what a ſolemn grandeur it ſheds over the ſurrounding trees; come, ſuppoſe yourſelf a diſtreſſed damſel, as indeed you are, purſued by that horrid enchanter, Lord Lowder, relating your adventures to——"

"To ſome charitable and virtuous princeſs," interrupted Roſa, in the ſame tone of raillery.

"Yes," replied the lady; "and depend on it, I will either commiſſion ſome of my knights to drive the enchanter from you, or take you from the enchanter: but begin, that I may determine which."

Roſa then gave a conciſe outline of her ſtory to the time of her quitting Lady Lydear's houſe, and as much

of

of Sir Jacob Lydear's behaviour as could be hinted at without naming the Montrevilles; her meeting with her mother; and a tender hint of thoſe propenſities which prevented her remaining with, or even making herſelf known to that unhappy woman; and laſtly, her diſappointments, diſtreſs, and accident, ſince ſhe arrived in the metropolis.

The intereſting regards of the beautiful lady's countenance, were invariably fixed on Roſa; during the recital of her truly humble ſtory; and when it was concluded, ſhe exclaimed, with vivacity, "So then, both your names are fictitious; well, my pretty mendicant, I almoſt envy, I certainly admire, and were it poſſible in nature for one pretty woman to love another, (you ſee if I have more vanity, I do not affect leſs frankneſs than yourſelf) I ſhould love you. Your own particular fate is rather extraordinary, but thoſe you have been connected with, are all common characters: it is your ignorance of the world that exaggerates both the virtues and vices of the narrow ſphere where your little adventures happened. Sir Solomon Muſhroom is a rich man with a ſordid mind—nothing is more common: Colonel Buhanun had, I dare ſay, been guilty of a thouſand enormities, for which he meant to atone in the old way, charity: Mrs. Harley was a good old faſhioned abecedarian, without paſſions or temptation to ſtep out of the beaten track of her grand-mother: the Major a true Scotſman, nice at calculations, who proved by the golden rule, that it would be œconomy to carry his daughters a model, whom he could pay in a coin more comeatable than money—ſuperlative benevolence:—Mrs. Buhanun was juſt ſuch a young wife, to an old man, as one meets in all parties, and ſhe has acted as theſe ſort of poor things always do act: Mrs. Walſingham was a prudiſh enthuſiaſt, who left the world in a rage, becauſe ſhe could not have her own way in it,—I have known an hundred ſuch: Lady Lowder is only one, among crowds of envious ſimpletons, who have every diſpoſition but power to be a petty tyrant: Lord Lowder, a man of the world, is at an early age a veteran in thoſe abſurdities, in which the innumerable Sir Jacob Lydears are only novices: Mrs. Feverſham is a toad-eater,—women of faſhion, when out

of

of ſpirits, which often happens, have half a dozen ſuch, merely to vent their ſpleen on before they are ſeen by their friends: Lord Denningcourt indeed is not quite ſo ordinary a character—he has the fineſt eyes in the world, good teeth, a noble demeanour, and his figure—in ſhort, he towers above his ſex, but ſtill he has his peers;—and as to me, tell me frankly, how would you deſcribe me?"

Roſa would not, ſhe replied, diſpute any point with ſo elegant and able a caſuiſt; if the virtues, ſo dear and acceptable to her heart, were indeed ſo common, what an enchanting world was that the lady was ſo well acquainted with, where even the vices, if general, would be repelled with the more facility; "But you, madam," ſhe added—"no—it is impoſſible—you cannot be a common character—I dare not hope it; *you* have *not*, I at leaſt have never ſeen *your* peer."

"Well, with all your inexperience, you are an agreeable flatterer; and as Lord Denningcourt intereſts himſelf in your affairs, and as I have really an inclination to be his double, ſpeak freely—how can I ſerve you? but before you anſwer, underſtand I am Counteſs of Gauntlet."

Roſa would inſtantly have riſen, both in reſpect to the high rank of the lady, and that countenance, which, in her preſent ſituation, was an acquiſition of the greateſt importance; but the Counteſs, with the moſt winning affability, commanded her to remain in her place, and again aſked how ſhe could be of ſervice to her.

Roſa was obliged to pauſe—tears of joy guſhed from her eyes. What! in the moment when hope itſelf was expiring, was ſhe again reſcued from deſpair—had ſhe met in a ſecond Counteſs, the angel of peace! and was ſhe indeed, by the very means which oppreſſed her with terror, bid to aſk favour from one whoſe high rank, but more, whoſe irreſiſtible ſuavity of manner, nothing could withſtand!

As theſe reflections paſſed in her mind, and as ſhe gazed in ſpeechleſs gratitude on that aſſemblage of expreſſive beauty which, with a thouſand ſmiles dimpling round the prettieſt mouth in the world, waited her anſwer, ſhe could ſcarce refrain from proſtration—ſo divine,

ſo

ſo ineffably good, did the terreſtrial angel appear; and when again urged to ſpeak, ſhe actually did drop, kneeling at her feet.

The beautiful Counteſs laughed out, and condeſcended to hand her again to her chair; where, after ſome ſtruggles between gratitude and ſenſibility, Roſa, after modeſtly enumerating the talents and abilities ſhe had acquired, hoped her ladyſhip would allow that, with a perſevering diſpoſition, induſtry, and application, they would qualify her for the place of governeſs in a genteel family.

The lady promiſed her intereſt; but, in the mean time, ſhe added, Lord Denningcourt wiſhed her ſafe out of the power of Lord Lowder—how was that to be accompliſhed?

And was Lord Denningcourt ſo good! oh! what gratitude was his due—how ſhould ſhe thank him! This, Lady Gauntlet alſo took on herſelf; and, after weighing the ſubject very maturely, ſhe was of opinion, that under the ſanction of her recommendation, to the people of the houſe, Roſa could be no where more free from inſult than where ſhe now was for that night; nor would any mode of travelling be more ſecure, and more free from danger and obſervation, than the ſtage: on the outſide of which, between Lord Denningcourt and her ladyſhip, they would contrive to place a guard, on whoſe fidelity they might depend, who would alſo conduct Roſa to Mrs. Le Croix, the beſt creature in the world, with whom ſhe might remain till Lady Gauntlet returned to town.

Nothing Roſa thought could be more wiſe, more delicate, or more cautious than this whole plan; ſhe kiſſed the hand of her good genius with an energy of gratitude more eloquent than words, and heard her, with true thankfulneſs at parting, recommend her in the ſtrongeſt terms to the care of landlord Sam, who, following her ladyſhip with bows and ſcrapes to the park gate, promiſed a hair of the young lady's head ſhould not be hurt; and the inſtant he returned, waited on Roſa to know if ſhe would not pleaſe to want ſomething for ſupper.

But, though the commands of a *ladyſhip* were too abſolute for him to diſpute, Sam had ſuch a ſecret miſgiv-

ing

ing about the diſpleaſure of the lord of the manor, that he heard with infinite pleaſure, that the next morning at eight, his cares on that ſubject would end, by her departure. To facilitate this deſirable event, he was up himſelf before ſun riſe, and ſummoned her an hour at leaſt before it was neceſſary; when the breakfaſt was provided; for as he obſerved ſhe eat neither dinner nor ſupper, it was, he ſaid, to be hoped ſhe had the better appetite for his good tea and nice toaſt; and, moreover, he would walk with her himſelf to farmer Brill's cloſe, and ſee her ſafe in the ſtage.

For the fears and miſgivings which ſuggeſted ſuch extraordinary zeal and caution, Sam had a motive more gigantic than any thing that appertained to Roſa.

An incident of a ſtill more perplexing nature had occurred in the arrival of a ſtranger, as unwelcome as unexpected, at Penry while Roſa was at Muſhroom Place, whither the ſtranger had alſo gone, and, as if brought to the village on the ſame errand, had alſo viſited Dr. Croak, and, finally, been turned out of the White Horſe by the ſecret order of Sir Solomon Muſhroom, whoſe ire, being excited by this ſecond impertinence, was denounced againſt the, in this reſpect, innocent landlord.

Roſa having paid her bills, that is to ſay, for dinner, tea, and ſupper, which ſhe did *not*, and for the breakfaſt ſhe did eat, roſe to depart. Sam took her portmanteau, and again ſhe paſſed the memorable bench at the door, where John and Shakeſpeare, with the addition of a decent potation of fine amber, had beguiled many a long ſummer day; but ſtarted back, as if a reptile had croſſed her path, at ſight of Lord Lowder's *gentleman*; but a ſtout groom, in the Gauntlet livery, paſſing at the ſame moment, telling another footman in a different livery, he was going outſide the ſtage, by order of the Counteſs, to town, was ſuch an indubitable earneſt of the lady's protection, that her courage returned; ſhe paſſed on—every hat taken off, and every knee bent, to the graceful figure, who was little ſuſpected to be the Beggar, of whom every body in the village had heard.

They croſſed the cloſe, and approaching a ſtyle next the road, obſerved a ſhabby-looking man ſitting with his back towards them, with a book in his hand, and an oaken

oaken ſtick on his ſhoulder, run through the knot of a bundle tied up in a ſilk handkerchief.

Landlord Sam ſtarted back—Roſa involuntarily did the ſame; and the groom, who kept their pace, followed their example.

"Cot ſo, Miſs," cried Sam, "I beg your pardon; yonder is the ſtyle, where you will ſee the ſtages paſs; but (laying down the portmanteau) I have left my keys in the bar, and muſt run back this moment."

Roſa had no time to expreſs her amazement before he was out of ſight, and before the groom, reſpectfully taking off his hat, took up the portmanteau, and offered to carry it. Roſa thanked him; and a ſtage in that moment happening to be approaching, they haſtened to meet it, and ſaw the mean-looking, way-faring man, as he appeared, get into the coach.

The groom, who got firſt to the ſtyle, hinted, that ſuch a fellow was by no means a companion for the young lady, whoſe trunk he delivered, and had half perſuaded the coachman to oblige him to ride on the out-ſide, when Roſa joined them, and no ſooner ſaw that the poor man had a wooden leg, and concluded, by the yellow emaciated hand which reſted on the door, while his face was turned towards the village, that he was in weak health, than ſhe put an end to the nearly concluded oration, and ſeated herſelf in the coach with as much caution as if the fineſt and moſt delicate invalid lady had been her companion.

The door was cloſed, the groom mounted the coach-box; and thus, with bettered proſpects, renovated hope, and a heart painfully divided between regret at for ever leaving what ſhe conſidered as her native village, and anxious anticipation of her future deſtiny, Roſa was once more on her road to the metropolis.

CHAP. XXII.

History of a Wooden Leg.

THE morning was fine, and though the roads were strewed with autumnal leaves, the bosom of grateful nature seemed to expand, in all the vernal sweets of the departed season, to receive the warm rays of a bright sun, shining from a cloudless sky.

Rosa having placed herself in the position which she thought most accommodating to her fellow-traveller, had now, from a curve in the road, the full view of Mushroom Place, which "*the rich man, with a sordid soul,*" had crowded with guests who despised every thing about him but his wealth. She counted eleven men sweeping and rolling the fine lawn after the sheep, which were constantly turned in for the night, in order to preserve the verdure; recollecting the magnificence of the internal of the house, and observing the beauty of the grounds and the surrounding landscape, she softly repeated,

"Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;
"Health to himself, and to his infants bread
"The labourer bears: what his hard *heart* denies,
"His charitable vanity supplies."

Scarce had she finished, when, from a voice half broken with sighs, tremulous from weakness, yet hoarse from excess of feeling, she heard,

"Time hath a wallet at his back,
"Wherein he puts alms for oblivion—
"A great sized monster of ingratitude,
"Whose scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
"As fast as they are made, forgotten as soon as done."

and saw the right arm in full swing, the humid eye, sunk with sickness and dejection, the pallid, yet well-remembered face of her early friend, honest John Brown. Surprise rendered her speechless: she continued to gaze on him with an eagerness of affection, which

was

was connected with a lively and painful remembrance of paſt ſcenes, while the back of his right hand was not drawn lightly acroſs his eyes, to hide the tear which often, as he once thought, diſgraced his manhood, but preſſed againſt his cheek to receive the copious diſtillation of ſorrow.

"Mr. Brown! is it Mr. Brown! is it poſſible!" ſaid Roſa, unable to articulate another ſyllable.

Mr. Brown no longer wore the ſmart cocked hat and ſtiff cockade, which formerly in martial pride, was placed on one ſide his neat, well-powdered head; nor was his tight figure ſet off either by the Colonel's handſome livery, the military uniform of the army, or the plain drab of Landlord Brown;—an old blue coat, a black waiſtcoat, much too large, and a ruſty hat, flapped before, and cocked into a ſharp point behind, covering his undreſſed black hair, made an alteration ſo much to the diſadvantage of his appearance, that, without the aid of his friend Shakeſpeare, he could not have been recogniſed even by the penetrating glance of affection.

John, with his eye ſtill dwelling through his tears on Penry, heard himſelf named, but it was without any emotion of intereſt, ſurpriſe, or curioſity; not even glancing at the perſon who ſpoke, he anſwered, with the good manners inherent to his nature, "At your ſervice."

"And will you not ſpeak to me, then?" cried Roſa, recovering from aſtoniſhment into a tranſport of joy, "not look at—not know your little friend Roſa?"

John turned full round, his lips quivered, he eſſayed to ſpeak, deeply ſighed, and ſunk off the ſeat, inſenſible, at her feet. "Here now was a ſituation!" The coach was going on at a furious rate, and all Roſa's efforts to ſtop it would have been vain, as John's poſition prevented her calling from the window, had not the groom removed himſelf from the box to the roof, and unknowingly let a corner of his coat hang within her reach.

"I told you," ſaid he, helping to raiſe him, "this poor fellow was not fit to ride in the coach with the young lady."

"Fit!" repeated Roſa, "he is fit to ride with a prince—take care how you lift him."

John

John revived; and though too much affected to quote a line applicable to his own case, "Dear Miss Rosy!—yes, it is you," he cried' "you, who,

"So perfect and so peerless, are created
"Of every creature best."

They told me you was gone from this cursed village—yes, they said—but no matter what they said;—it is you—I have found you—but, alas, I have lost my master for ever!

"Ah! he was a gentleman—valiant, wise, well accomplished."

I hoped to find at least his grave; and so,

"———— like a drop of water,
"That in the ocean seeks another drop,"

I went away and left you, my dear Miss Rosy, and my poor wife, to

"Common friends, without faith or love;"

but you can tell me where my poor Betty is—for no tidings could I gain of her in yon hard-hearted village."

Rosa wept in agony.

"Come, friend," said the coachman, "as you are better, let us help you either into the coach or the basket—you see the lady can't speak."

"Ah!" replied John,

"———— her voice was ever sweet,
"Gentle and low—an excellent thing in a woman."

Yes, to be sure, I will go in the basket."

"Indeed, Mr. Brown, you shall not," said Rosa; "we will not again part so easily—you must ride with me, and tell me all that has happened—come, I insist—"

John put his hand to his hat first with an open palm, and then took it off, and stepping into the coach, said,

"Duty did never yet want his meed."

The groom stared, and again resuming his seat on the top of the coach, it proceeded.

As no description can do justice to the feelings of the friends whom chance had sent to Penry on the same day

in ſearch after old connections, we ſimply inform the reader, that John Brown, after hearing Buchan's letter, was ſeized with an irreſiſtible and longing deſire to aſcertain either the death or exiſtence of his beloved maſter. Buchan, it is true, ſaid he ſaw him fall; but after the loſs of one arm, it was moſt likely he was not in a condition to aſſiſt his maſter with the other; he might, John thought, have yet eſcaped death; but if he had fallen to riſe no more—if his ſacred remains had been left with common duſt on unhallowed ground, that ſad event was ſuch a blow to the peace of the faithful and affectionate ſervant, whoſe ſelf-reproach for not accompanying him ſtruck at that moment like a dagger in his heart, that he inſtantly reſolved to go to India, and traverſe every foot of its burning ſoil, rather than live in doubt of the fate of his patron and friend.

Accordingly, without taking time for ſecond thought, he darted from the preſence of Sir Solomon Muſhroom, and though no ſpeed could keep pace with his wiſhes, happening to meet a ſtage at the inſtant he gained the turnpike road, the ſhortneſs of the interval between his leaving the White Horſe as Landlord Brown, and that in which he found himſelf under the hatches of an Eaſt India ſhip, which had compleated her lading, and only waited the complement of ſoldiers ſhe was to carry out, is almoſt incredible.

The ſhip was unfortunately bound to Fort St. George inſtead of Bengal, ſo that, in order to make the haſty undertaking anſwer its own purpoſe, poor John, who had always valued himſelf on a ſtrict performance of his duty, had nothing for it but deſertion.

In one of the veſſels employed by the commander in chief to fetch rice, and, as ſome ſay, carry on a ſecret trade for private benefit, he, with great difficulty, got from Fort St. George; and after ſhifting from ſhip to ſhip, expoſed to many dangers, in the courſe of eighteen months arrived at Calcutta, where he found he had no poſſible chance of finding his maſter alive, and as little, of gratifying the faithful deſire of his heart, by dropping the tears of dutiful attachment on his grave, —as the butchers of Tippoo's army had paid no reſpect

to

to perſons, in removing the bodies of the ſlain from the field of battle.

Scarce had he pondered one moment on this grievous news, before he was taken up as a deſerter, and ſent to confinement, previous to his trial by a court-martial;—not only the preſident, but ſeveral other members of the court mourned the fate of the unfortunate Colonel Buhanun, and remembered his faithful ſervant, whom grief had at that time rendered totally indifferent to the event of the trial.

The officers, one of whom was the Roſcius of the theatre, who knew the integrity of his character, were aſtoniſhed to find him charged with deſerting his duty; and they called on him for his defence with a proportion of tenderneſs and anxiety, which awakened in him ſome of the latent ſparks of that military pride, which ſhrinks from a looſe or diſhonourable act, and the ſpirit of Shakeſpeare animating him as his eyes met the officer's, who was in his eſtimation the model of fine acting, he ſtood erect, and previous to the flouriſh of his right arm, had he not been ſhirtleſs, would have adjuſted his chitterlin, as he began with a low bow,

" Moſt potent, grave, and venerable ſignors,
" My very noble, and approv'd good maſters—

. . . . . .

" A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd
" Than I to ſpeak of my griefs, unſpeakable;
" Yet, that the world may witneſs that my end
" Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
" I'll utter what my ſorrows give me leave to ſpeak."

A whiſper, not much to the credit of John's mental faculties, now went round, and the concluſion that he was out of his ſenſes, diſpoſed every heart to pity; but he very ſoon convinced them that his madneſs had method, when he began to abuſe himſelf for not accompanying ſo good a maſter, as it was, he ſaid, his indiſpenſable duty to do; it was no longer the actor, but the man, who mingled tears with ſelf-accuſation. The court felt the generous motive, but diſcipline was of ſuch importance in that remote clime, it was impoſſible to acquit him, and he was ſentenced to receive three hundred

laſhes; theſe were afterwards mitigated, firſt to two hundred, then to one, and before the puniſhment was inflicted, to fifty; but the firſt ſtroke was that which gave John more pain than a thouſand—he was diſgraced—juſtly diſgraced.—He had, in his own opinion, neither done his duty as a ſoldier, nor a ſervant. From that hour, robbed of his own eſteem, he loſt all pride of appearance, and was afterwards ſo often puniſhed for dirt and neglect of duty, that he became a nuiſance, who was once a martinet. The thoughts of home, of his wife, and the beautiful girl to whom he was, in the moſt binding ſenſe, guardian, did not contribute to his reformation, but on the contrary gave a zeſt to the arrack he greedily ſwallowed.

The actor captain, who was ſtill his friend, employed him ſometimes in little offices about the theatre; and as that was the only duty he could be depended on performing with ſobriety, reſtored him to the Lord Mayors, fighting heroes, and walking Lords, which he had formerly filled with eclat. Happening, however, to be called to the theatre unexpectedly, when he was literally full of ſpirits, in his haſte to obey orders, he fell through a trap door, and broke his leg. The ſtate of his blood, and the heat of the climate, rendered immediate amputation abſolutely neceſſary; againſt hope he recovered the accident, cured of his propenſity to liquor, but in ſo weak a ſtate as promiſed a ſpeedy termination to his adventures.

As he was now no longer capable of ſerving in the army, or enacting a ſenator at the theatre, he was returned to England: and in hope of being received by his wife in his own village with joy, ſet out on foot to make the eſſay, with a few dollars collected for him at the theatre, in his pocket, and his wardrobe tied in a ſilk handkerchief, and hung on a ſtick acroſs his ſhoulder.

The firſt place he ſtopped at in Penry, was the poor barbers, who were ſuch friends to young Croak. Neither maſter nor miſtreſs being at home, he ventured to aſk ſome leading queſtions of a lad, to whom he was a ſtranger, reſpecting the ſtate of affairs at the White Horſe, and felt a pang little inferior to his firſt laſh for deſertion

deſertion in India, when he was told that his wife was turned out of doors, her goods ſold, and ſhe obliged to go to ſervice to the Miſs at Dr. Croak's;—out of breath and heart, he ſtumped away to the doctor's.

Doctor Croak's prudence had even increaſed in the ſhort ſpace ſince Roſa's viſit; he had now the penetration to diſcover a league between her and the man ſhe had long conſidered as dead; and according to this concluſion, to give Mr. Brown any information reſpecting his wife, would be in effect, to tell Roſa where to find Elinor.

John prefaced his enquiries after his wife, by declaring he was

"As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands."

And he deſerved to be ſo, Mrs. Bawſky ſaid.

John, flouriſhing his arm, anſwered,

——————"go to your boſom,
"Knock there, and aſk what it doth know."

"Go you about your buſineſs," cried the doctor, in a rage.

"Nay then," anſwered John,

"I will be maſter of what is mine own."

"Ah, to be ſure," replied Mrs. Bawſky; "and pray now, good Mr. Brown, what *is* yours?"

"Very little, indeed, madam," anſwered John, mildly; but

"There are more things in heaven and earth
"Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy."

"Me dream of philoſophy! you have loſt your ſenſes as well as your leg, Mr. Brown."

"And you, madam," retorted John, with unuſual acrimony, "have loſt nothing; even your pride continues to

——————"Flow as hugely as the ſea,
"Till that the very means do ebb."

The doctor's ſore place was touched;—"the means ebb," what could that allude to but his unjuſt prodigality; he had however ſtill *the means*, he proudly ſaid, to

turn a vagabond out of his houſe; and the doctor rung the bell; but, oh grief of griefs! that bell which in the days of triumph could ſummon two or three attendants, was now only anſwered by a dirty maid ſervant, who could not execute her maſter's high beheſts; ſo there ſtood the vagabond flouriſhing his right arm, as the doctor did his crutch.

"Come, good Sir," ſaid he,

"Let your reaſon with your choler queſtion
"What 'tis you go about; to climb ſteep hills
"Requires ſlow pace; anger is like
"A full hot houſe, who——"

"None of your impertinent preachments," cried Mrs. Bawſky, but tell us what you want, and get about your buſineſs."

"I have already told you I want my wife;

"Why ſhould calamity be full of words?
"Windy attornies to their client's woes."

Again the doctor felt himſelf inſulted;—nothing was ſo dreadful to him, at this moment, as the name of an attorney: but Mrs. Bawſky took on herſelf to make the final anſwer: "His wife was not there, nor did ſhe either know or care where ſhe was,—ſhe had left them a long while, and perhaps had taken another name before this; and now he was anſwered, there was the door."

John, with a full heart, followed the direction of her pointing finger, and took his ſolitary way to the village. Some of the old inhabitants did, ſome did *not*, and others *would* not recollect him, as weary and diſheartened, he approached the old White Horſe; where, ſeated on the bench of the door, he called for a pint of amber, and deſired to ſpeak with the landlord.

Never was aſtoniſhment equal to Sam's at the rumour which reached the White Horſe before its old maſter, of his being alive and returned to Penry; he haſtened in the interim to Muſhroom-place, to communicate the unwelcome intelligence to Sir Solomon Muſhroom.

The lord of the manor, who was quietly taking his afternoon's nap, was ready to pour the heavieſt vengeance on the head of his tenant, for preſuming to ruſh into his retirement, when he had the happineſs to be relieved

relieved from himſelf, had not his wrath been aſſuaged by the importance of the news.

Poor Sir Solomon! yes, though in poſſeſſion of half a million we will dare to call him poor, thought all the powers of heaven and earth were combining to plague him; this was not the firſt *agreeable* ſurprize he had lately experienced; however, as John was returned little better than a beggar, he might be managed with more eaſe than ſome other of his torments. Softening his harſh features, he commended the zeal of his landlord Sam, and diſmiſſed him with orders by no means to ſuffer the ſcoundrel to lie about the White Horſe.

Sam bowed, and promiſed to run every ſtep to his houſe, in order to execute the commands of the Lord of the Manor; but happening to be invited into the ſervants' hall, where forty livery ſervants were drinking with as much zeal as their betters, he could not reſiſt the invitation to join ſo happy a party.

Mean while poor John Brown occupied his old place on the bench, undiſturbed by the officious welcomes which generally fatigue proſperous travellers on their return home. He had loſt all his friends, his wife, and his home, but his memory was ſtill unimpaired: he had another errand at Penry, which was to enquire after Roſa. Sir Solomon Muſhroom was her guardian, and it was therefore moſt likely he ſhould either find or hear of her at the Place; having therefore ſwallowed his amber, and depoſited his bundle in the bar, away ſtumped John to Muſhroom Place.

The knight, who poſſibly expected this viſit, had juſt given previous orders; and he was admitted in the very inſtant Roſa was ſupported back to the White Horſe.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom, whoſe taſte was improved by an intercourſe with the great world, was ſitting on a crimſon damaſk arm-chair, in a ſuperb library, where ſome hundreds of elegant bound books, never opened, were taſtefully arranged, and the ſplendour of every thing about him had an effect, very gratifying to his vanity on John, who, awed and confounded, ſtood ſilent before him, with his hat hanging to his finger and thumb.

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The knight coldly expreſſed his wonder at ſeeing him again; hoped he was come to pay the long ſtanding debt owing to him; and added, if ſo, he was ready to deliver up his *no ſecurity*, the leaſe, and he dared to ſay the perſon in poſſeſſion of the White Horſe, would gladly give it up, as it was indeed not worth keeping.

John had not a word to throw at a dog. He certainly knew that Sir Solomon Muſhroom had lent his wife an hundred pounds: he remembered certain demands from different tradeſmen; and he alſo had a faint recollection of divers debts due to himſelf, but the particulars were all a chaos; and againſt ſo point blank a demand of an acknowledged debt, he had not even a quotation from Shakeſpeare.

Something he mumbled in a low voice about Miſs Roſy.

There again the ſuffering knight was deeply injured;—after coſting him more than he could reckon, that ungrateful girl had gone, no one knew whither, and never ſo much as written one word of acknowledgment to him for all he had done for her.

John was no longer dumb; he had witneſſed the Colonel's will, whom he knew had made a large depoſit in Sir Solomon's hand, and was certain the gifts he had himſelf received were accompanied by remittances for his maſter's avowed heireſs; he hemm'd, cleared his voice, put his ſtump forward, and with the old flouriſh of his arm began,

——————" To lapſe in fulneſs
" Is ſorer than to lie for need; and falſhood
" Is worſe in kings than beggars."

Inſolent! abominable! preſumptuous! but he ſhould be puniſhed, yes, he ſhould rot in a jail.

John continued,

——————" To be worſt,
" The loweſt, moſt dejected thing in fortune,
" Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear;
" The lamentable change is from beſt;
" The worſt returns to laughter."

Therefore the poor cripple did not fear boldly to aſſert the truth, and charge the great man with fraud and cruelty

cruelty: nor did the great man heſitate one moment about giving directions to turn the inſolent wretch, not only out of doors, but off his premiſes; at the ſame time ordering the beadle to be appriſed of him, as of an ill-diſpoſed wanderer.

Sam was ſtill in the houſe, taking refreſhments with the ſervants; and as he did not chuſe to appear perſonally in it himſelf, he ſent home orders to turn John and his bundle out of the White Horſe.

Againſt the laſt act of barbarity the wooden legged hero's heart could not ſupport itſelf; he ſtruggled with a ſtrong fellow the hoſtler, and two ſoldiers quartered in the houſe, as long as he had breath or ſtrength; when, being overpowered, he burſt into tears, and ſobbed out as he ſtumped on, his arm robbed of all proweſs, quietly hanging by his ſide,

" Let me look back on thee, oh thou wall
" That girdleſt in thoſe wolves—dive into the earth
'till . . . . .
——" breathleſs wrong"
" Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe,
" And purſy indolence ſhall break his wind
" With fear and horrid flight."

As the evening was now advancing, poor John, ſad and ſorrowful, though not quite pennyleſs, crept into the old barn, the former ſhelter of Roſa, where, quite exhauſted with grief and wearineſs, he reſted his jaded body till ſun riſe; deprived of that happy expectation which had the day before given him ſtrength and beguiled the long way, he felt himſelf ſcarce able to drag his heartleſs trunk to the ſtyle, where he had ſo eagerly taken the ſtage for London, in ſuch different, though not leſs grievous circumſtances, on hearing of the death of the colonel.

This relation, which he gave Roſa with the ſimplicity of truth and pathos of genuine feeling, beguiled her of her tears, and ſhe in return gave him the outlines of her ſtory; but, with the reſervation of every incident concerning the Montrevilles.

Sir Solomon's denial of any knowledge of her, and his charge of ingratitude, were inconſiſtencies for which

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ſhe could no otherwiſe account, than that he wiſhed to keep her from the recollection of all who had formerly known her. John's concluſions were to the ſame point, ſtrengthened by his poſitive and invariable idea, that though, as he told Roſa, he had power

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
"To throw a perfume on the violet,
"To ſmooth the ice, and add another hue
"Unto the rainbow,"

he certainly had alſo the mean wickedneſs to deprive an orphan of her right.

The accidental meeting of this poor, but faithful friend, was a ſecond joyful acquiſition to Roſa, and it ſeemed to her as if her fortune was wholly changing. The protection of Lady Gauntlet was an unexpected advantage, but the reſtoration of John Brown was a treaſure in poſſeſſion.

Before the coach reached town, John remarked, that as ſhe was going to belong to grand folks, it would not be ſeemly for her to ſhew ſhe was acquainted with a poor cripple like him; he knew what ſort of gentry the ſervants of great folks were, both in place and out—and God forbid he ſhould diſgrace her whom his dear Colonel ſo honoured.

Roſa, in the warmth of her own ſentiments, would have oppoſed the arguments of honeſt John; but as they were like his principles, invincible in a right cauſe, and as ſhe could not but be ſenſible of the importance to her future exiſtence of every point of her conduct at this period, ſhe acceded with reluctance to his arrangement, on condition he accepted half of the little ſtock of money her purſe contained.

John in the ſame inſtant produced his canvaſs bag, with intention to ſhare his dollars with her, becauſe, as he ſaid, it was meet and fitting ſhe, who was ſo handſome and ſo tender, ſhould want for nothing; whereas, he was an old, battered, miſerable being, who had already bore hardſhips of all ſorts, and, with the bleſſing of God, he was able and willing to bear as many more.

Roſa would not admit his having been borne down with misfortunes as a reaſon why he ſhould be expoſed

to

to more; nor that, maimed and ſickly as he then was, he was a jot more fit to brave calamity than herſelf.

"Thank you! God love your dear ſoul!" cried John,

"Accurſed, and unquiet, and wrangling days,
"How many of you have mine eyes beheld!"

"but as for you,

"I would I had ſome flowers of the ſpring that might
"Become your time of day."

Can you

"——keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
"When mine is blanched with fear?"

no, he was hardened by endurance, and therefore fit to ſuffer."

As London was now in ſight, Roſa ended the friendly conteſt, by inſiſting on John's taking half her gold, and accepting half his dollars, as an earneſt on both ſides, that their ſtock ſhould be joint and for their mutual benefit; to which John agreed, on the further condition, that, at every meeting, a freſh and equal diviſion ſhould take place. This being acceded to on the part of Roſa, John repeated his aſſurance, that the great Sir Solomon, to whom, however, he confeſſed he was indebted, certainly defrauded her; the will he did not indeed ſee delivered into his hand, but he knew what part of the Colonel's fortune was in England, and how it was diſpoſed of;—there were a few thouſands in India ſtock, a few in the bank, beſides what he left in Sir Solomon's hands; which, if no will could be produced, muſt all go to the heirs of Major Buhanun, of whom ſhe had ſpoken with ſuch reſpect.

As Roſa always underſtood from the Major, that he was ignorant where that property lay, which the Colonel's dying actually, though not virtually inteſtate, left him heir to, ſhe heard with unfeigned joy, the communications of John, and reſolved to write to Dr. Cameron, to appriſe him of the fortunate diſcovery; and though the experience ſhe had had of the principles of both Mrs. Buhanun and her huſband, precluded every idea of their ſharing any part of the unexpected wealth with her, yet

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ſhe hoped to prevail on them, through the doctor, to make the old faithful domeſtic of their relation eaſy for life: in this hope it ſtruck her, that the beſt way to make a forcible and laſting impreſſion in his favour, would be to make him the bearer of the fortunate intelligence; ſhe therefore propoſed to him, without aſſigning any particular motive, that he ſhould go to Scotland, and explain to the heirs of his late maſter, what he knew of his affairs.

In all John's impatience to go to India, though every thing elſe beſide the object on which he was bent, ſeemed to be expelled from his thoughts, he had not forgotten the intereſt of the orphan ſo dear to the Colonel; and although he knew Sir Solomon Muſhroom had the will, and could not ſuſpect him of ſo baſe an act, for ſo vile and mean a purpoſe as retaining in his own hands a very few thouſands, the property of another, while his own undiſputed fortune was ſo immenſe, yet, when loſing ſight of Engliſh land, he reproached himſelf for riſking ſo ſacred a depoſit as the poſthumous letters of his kind maſter, by carrying them with him into ſituations where their ſafety could not be a moment inſured.

There was a ſimplicity about John's character that enforced belief: he told, what his officer thought, a ſtrange, incoherent tale about the nature of the truſt repoſed in him; but he told it with ſo many ſymptoms of truth, that he got leave to ſend the letters incloſed in an envelope, addreſſed as before mentioned, with ſome packets of the captain's from Madeira: Recollecting this circumſtance, and not doubting but the reſpect he had ever felt for the Colonel was the proper ſentiment every other perſon would feel for ſo good and great a man, and that, conſequently, to know his will, and to obey it, would be one and the ſame thing, he joyfully embraced Roſa's propoſal; he could go, he ſaid, round to Scotland by ſea for little or nothing—for as he had been ſo often and ſo long on ſalt water, it would be hard if he could not work out his paſſage; but he would firſt go to the India Houſe, and make a few enquiries there, then he would next get a few tight clothes, that he might not diſgrace his dear young lady when he waited on her for orders, and

then

then he would ſet off for the north, under the banner of hope.

The flush of animation which overſpread John's pallid countenance as he uttered the laſt word, aroſe from his generous and diſintereſted attachment to Roſa,—while ſhe, who had not the ſmalleſt idea of advantage to herſelf, was equally elated in the hope of ſeeing him enjoy the comfortable ſubſiſtence he had ſo well earned out of the fortune of his deceaſed maſter.

The ſtage, which inned in the city, ſtopped at the firſt coach-ſtand. Lady Gauntlet's ſervant appeared at the door, and ſaid, his orders were to attend our heroine to Madame La Croix.

Roſa looked anxiouſly at John: ſhe had heard from her new protectreſs that Madame La Croix was the beſt creature in the world; but where that beſt creature lived, was a point on which ſhe was totally ignorant; and as her old friend had abſolutely fixed that ſhe muſt not appear to know him in his preſent ſhabby plight, ſhe could not well aſk the ſervant for the addreſs of the perſon to whom he was going to attend her.

John underſtood the language of the heart better than many of his ſuperiors, and his countenance was ſo plain an index to his own, that ſhe could not miſtake the confidence with which he meant to bid her make herſelf eaſy, and leave every thing to him.

Stepping into the hack, ſhe once more fixed her eyes on John, and could not reſtrain her tears,—while he, affecting to look out of the oppoſite window, gave a ſtout hem! and ſhe was again ſeparated from every being of whom ſhe had knowledge, or for whom ſhe had affection.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

30
68
MAY